









The Abbot Courant

January, 1929

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JANUARY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-NINE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LV, No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1929

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McKEEN HALL

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THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. LV

JANUARY, 1929

No. 1

Editorials

Girls, this is 1929, the year of the Centennial. Aren't we lucky, we who are in the school now, to be right here during Abbot's hundredth year? The Centennial Celebration is a big event in all our lives. We are looking forward to it as the hundredth anniversary of *our* school. Abbot girls who graduated years ago will return to mingle with those of later years on an equal footing. We shall all be there, all with the same purpose—of wishing Abbot good luck in the years to come. We are sure that if one hundred years have gone by with such fine results there will be hundreds more, with every year better than the last.

Plans are going forward for a wonderful celebration in June, and we are all so proud of our school that we want to have the finest one possible.

But stop and think a moment—a young tree cannot grow straight and tall, cannot branch out beautifully, unless when it is first planted it has strong props. We like to think of the Centennial plans as the

little tree and of Abbot girls as the props. The little plans cannot grow into a wonderful and well-rounded celebration unless we do all we can to help them. So let us all resolve to prop the plans of the Central Committee to the best of our ability.

The present program begins with Saturday, June first, and lasts until Wednesday, June fifth. Saturday as usual is Rally Day; Commencement comes on Monday; Tuesday is Alumnae Day with special Alumnae entertainment, and Wednesday is to be given over to the Centennial Celebration. Wednesday is to be a great and solemn day—the climax of it all.

Long conferences behind closed doors, the coming and going of the alumnae, create a feeling of suspense and make us curious about what the days between June first and fifth will bring forth, what interesting plans are being made.

Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones, former president of the Alumnae Association and Executive Secretary of the Central Committee for the Centennial, is living in Andover and goes in and out of the Alumnae Office in Abbot Hall with Miss Jane Carpenter. Mrs. Chipman, who is the president of the Alumnae Association now, comes out from Boston often, and Miss Margaret Kyle from Plymouth, who has charge of the dramatics in connection with the Centennial, may be sighted at a meal, now and then.

There is now in preparation a volume of poems written by Abbot girls. These verses were, for the most part, originally published in the COURANTS of years past, and the book is representative of the spirit of the centennial year. In these poems we can see that much the same scenes and thoughts were beautiful to old Abbot girls as inspire us today.

This book has been compiled so that we here in the school may enjoy the work of our older sisters, and they ours. There will be a copy waiting for each of us and each of us will want her copy.

A hundred years have come and gone since "The Abbot Female Academy" was opened. Since that time many changes have taken place. The present Andover Hill is very different from that which the young ladies of 1829 knew. Then the heart of the Hill was the

Seminary "Common", now the Phillips campus. On one side of this plot were three severe rectangular brick buildings, which are still standing though differently arranged, and on the other side was the row of dignified colonial houses where the professors lived. At the north end of the "Common" stood the "Carpenter Shop", a plain stone building now part of the Phillips Inn.

On the west side of what is now Main Street stood, and still stand, many old houses. In 1832 there was built, about opposite the tower, a brick building. Here many firms of printers, one of them that of Mr. Draper, had their headquarters. The next building (coming north along Main Street, toward Abbot) was the Mansion House. This was a handsome dwelling built for Samuel Phillips, which was later destroyed by fire. The next one, where the Pages now live, was a very plain boxlike building. As we see it today, though it is still severe, the plainness has been removed by the addition of window blinds. Next in order was the Phelps House, planned by a Dr. Griffin of Philadelphia. His tastes were most luxurious and this has always been the most beautiful of the homes of Andover professors. A near neighbor, in the next house but one, lived Squire Farrar, who was for so many years a trustee of Abbot Academy. His house is still in existence but has been moved to the western side of the hill. Then it stood where the Archaeological building is now. Turning down School Street, there was just one more house before we reach Abbot. This was the house of Jonathan French and was situated on the corner of Main and School Streets.

On the eastern side of the "Common" stood the Phillips Academy building, now the dining hall. It was a plain brick building with a cupola on top. On a street that ran west close by Squire Farrar's house (Phillips Street today) was a row of homely barracks—the Phillips Commons.

What a change! Not many of our "dear old girls" of the first few years of Abbot would recognize the Hill that we know. It is more beautiful architecturally today, but it can never be fuller of noble and happy thoughts than it was a hundred years ago.

The sky was a dull gray and tiny drops of rain beat down upon the world. A bell clanged and from Smith Hall and the nearby cottages came a group of young ladies on their way to chapel in Abbot Hall.

There were not many, for this was in 1879, but the full skirts and large umbrellas made their number seem greater. All were wrapped up warmly, some in old coats and the more fashionable in long silk rain-coats. They tripped along daintily, holding their voluminous skirts daringly above the ankle so as not to get them splashed. The skirts swished cheerfully and the umbrellas jostled pleasantly overhead, as they were borne up the stairs. In spite of the dreary weather a spirit of cheerfulness pervaded the umbrella region.

Now it is 1929! A cold gray drizzle envelops the world. A bell clangs and from Draper Hall and the nearby cottages hurries a rather long line of young ladies—perhaps we should say “girls”—who are on the way to Chapel in Abbot Hall. No long skirts swish cheerfully up the stairs and there is no pleasant jostling of umbrellas, but there are bright shiny colors—all varieties. There is happy laughter and gay chatter as each girl hastens to gain shelter, and the same Abbot spirit of cheerfulness prevails.

Some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Flagg went up to the wilds of Wilton, New Hampshire, to purchase from Miss Catherine Abbot a mirror which once belonged to Madam Sarah Abbot, founder of the School. It is interesting for us to have this mirror because of its associations with Madam Abbot. To most of us she is the prim, precise old lady we see in Abbot Hall. But what vision and foresight she must have had to have given that first \$1000 to found The Abbot Female Seminary, the first academy for girls in New England! We think this mirror will make all of us realize as we perhaps have never realized before that Madam Abbot was a real human being, not merely an uninteresting person in a picture, whom we are in the habit of looking at.

Chapel is the cornerstone around which Abbot Academy is built. In thinking of their Alma Mater Abbot girls through all these one hundred years have thought of Chapel because it is the nucleus of Abbot Academy life. There we meet almost daily in common worship. There we hear announcements of the events which make up each day. There we begin and end our life at Abbot.

There will be a great many who will be sorry to hear that Chapel has been enlarged this last summer. There is no need for anyone to

mourn, for the front of the hall, the part which really counts, has not been changed, and a lovely big window has been added at the back.

Let us also speak of the slight change in the McKen Rooms—the new nook. This is a change which likewise should not be regretted, for it gives a feeling of expanse to the rooms.

We who have seen these enlargements are glad of them, for we realize that it means that Abbot Academy has grown in its one hundred years of life, and it means that the circle of Abbot girls who think of the McKen Rooms and Chapel with affection is growing larger and wider each year.

Formulae are tools to work with in math we know, but perhaps we don't realize the formulae we use in everyday speech, especially to get us over the embarrassing places. There are many, but the most interesting are those that contain "nothing", "no one", or "no place".

How often have you exchanged a few words with your neighbor and then been asked to repeat your words? Here is a chance for the formula "er-nothing" plus a sweet pathetic smile. Unless your poor teacher has been sorely tried the incident is invariably closed with only a reproachful look.

"Nothing" plus "much" is a very useful formula. If you are in a hurry and are asked what you did at a certain place, a casual "Nothing much" suffices very nicely. Or perhaps you don't care to discuss what you have done. Then this formula is very good. Perhaps you are a person that doesn't like detail. How conveniently "Nothing much" answers all questions about what you wore, what you ate, and what you saw. Of course if "no one" is substituted it isn't very nice, but many have been known to say nonchalantly, "No one much".

Very frequently you make a remark which you realize is not a very complimentary statement about one of the persons near you. What would you do without "nothing"? In cases like this deep embarrassment plus the laughter of the privileged few who heard your remark usually accompanies the "nothing".

There are a great many clever people who can think up a brilliant answer to such embarrassing questions, but we think most of us prefer the simple formulae.

We fancy that in the minds of underclassmen lurks a vague suspicion that the Seniors are *very* privileged characters, and that Senior privileges are endless. We, the COURANT Board, for the benefit of deluded underclassmen, here inscribe a list of Senior privileges:

1. The privilege of the very front Chapel seats, thus bringing us nearer to the source of excitement.
2. The privilege of calmly walking out of all doors without a backward glance at underclassmen.
3. The privilege of the Senior Parlor where we get our assignments, meet our friends, and if we room by ourselves find solace for loneliness.
4. The privilege for College Seniors of weekly Monday math tests and hasty scurries in the early afternoon hours, to know our fate.
5. The privilege for Academic Seniors of taking Bible IV all year, with no vacations.
6. The privilege of front rooms; where we may behold School Street's day and night life; where we may watch Friday night callers ascend the steps; where we may have front seats at the famous Phillips' celebrations.
7. The privilege of the new hat shop where only Seniors may buy real Parisian hats.
8. The privilege of Intervale, to which we all look forward, which keeps tired Senior-Mids working when they want to stop—because they want to go too; whence we dispatch many postcards to keep up hope in underclassmen hearts; and which we extol in word and song.

This issue of the COURANT comes out at the beginning of the new semester, and we of the COURANT Board want to wish you all the best of luck during the coming months. Above all we hope that this semester may be one of the happiest of your school life thus far.

We have a little story to pass on to you. Last Christmas a girl just about your age came home from school for the holidays. She arrived at home about six o'clock in the afternoon and found a large beautifully decorated tree all lit up in the front porch. At first she thought the tree was lovely, and she was quite excited about "that tree out in front that 'blinked' 'neverthing!'" But then deep in her heart she

began to wish that that beautiful tree was up in the playroom where it had been other years. She began to feel older. She really shouldn't mind not having a big, wonderful tree in the playroom. Why didn't she grow up and get over such childish ideas?

Christmas Eve came and the family didn't even bother to go up to the playroom—they had their presents in the living-room.

"Well, at least the whole family is together!" she murmured.

Then, the first package she opened contained a dear little woolly teddybear who turned somersaults when he was wound up! We heard that she played with it almost all evening and that she made the remark, "I guess I don't have to act grown-up all the time after all, and I suppose that customs do change about Christmas trees and things!"

We hope that you won't have any occasion to be down-hearted during these months; but if you should, and things go wrong assure yourself that good luck will soon be here and that that teddybear is bound to come!

The *COURANT* is *your* magazine. The editors are doing their best to make every number better than the last, but without your coöperation they are helpless. By far the greater part of the material in the magazine is written, not by the editors, but by members of the school. Examine this issue and see if it is not true. Thus the magazine is yours. It is of the school, by the school, and for the school. Therefore it stands to reason that if there is something you do not like, or some change that you think would be valuable, it is up to you to let the editors know. We invite all helpful and constructive criticism. Any help that you can give us will be gratefully accepted, and any faults that you have to find with the *COURANT* we will do our best to remedy. "If you like our work, tell your friends; if not, tell us."



Ship Ahoy

Ship Ahoy! "The Abbot" set sail May 6, 1829, with its captain, Mr. Goddard, a few mates, and a small crew for a cruise. The reason for the launching of this ship was that the crew might enjoy higher and freer education and go forth to nobler living. As we in the hundredth year look back and see in how many ports this ship has dropped anchor and carried forth the message of the first captain, we are happy to realize that we are a part of it and a member of its present crew to welcome those who have helped to take this thought around the world. May we of the present crew stand fast with our mates and captain, Miss Bailey, that future generations may enjoy what has been bequeathed to us. Ship Ahoy!

Barbara Graham, '31

Moon Mystery

I see the moon rise over the pines
As I turn from the sunset's glow,
And I ask myself for whom she shines
 And glimmers so.

Does she smile at the stars which 'round her lie
Where she's tucked them all in bed,
Who gaze at her with twinkling eye
 And nodding head?

Does she lighten the way for ships at sea
By sprinkling gold from her rays,
Making the dark before them flee
 As from a blaze?

Or does she smile at her thoughts of love—
At her plans for lovers' schemes?
I pray her light which streams from above
 Fulfills their dreams.

Elizabeth Jane Osborne, '29

The Jungle Horror

It was the gruesome, rattly, creaky hour of three A.M.— the hour when life ebbs to its lowest depth—also the hour when most anything may happen. I twisted and turned in my little white bed. A crack, a rattle; did I dare open my eyes? I did, and what was wrong? I was not at Abbot but in a deep jungle. Huge moss-hung cypress trees (I don't know how I knew they were cypress), cacti, and other flora and fauna of the tropics surrounded me. I gasped. What was approaching? Through a deep thicket plunged a great tiger. The underbushes crackled. He seemed to lick his chops as he leaped at me, but strangest of strange marvels, he missed me and soon disappeared behind me. I turned to run but almost stepped on a horrid lizard. In a daze I sank into a heap on the ground. There was no escape. Civet cats, muskrats, cows, foxes, leopards, and even a funny old seal very much out of place and climate took turns jumping at me with open jaws. Always as they leaped they missed me and disappeared. A slow old tortoise plodded my way. A snake hissed at me. A lamb bah-bahed. A cow mooed. Another leopard sprang harmlessly upon me. Then blank nothingness swelled about me. With a thud I came back to Abbot. It was seven o'clock. There was no longer a jungle about me, you are saying. Yes, in a way there was. I got up from my lamb's wool covers, I brushed my hair with a tortoise shell comb, I put on my lizard-skin shoes. There in my closet hung the roommate's cow coat and my muskrat. And in the closets near by were caged leopards, seals, civet cats, and beavers. But there were no moss-hung cypress trees.

Millicent Smith, '29

Essay Contest

What the Well-dressed Girls Are Wearing

Fashion experts have agreed that sweaters and skirts are the latest thing this season. They are particularly smart when combined with a brilliant scarlet, blue, or some vari-colored scarf, although belts are being worn a good deal.

After having been banished from the Court of Fashion, lisle and cotton hose are coming into their own. They are considered smarter than any silk or chiffon stocking and are being worn by all leaders of fashion. Sometimes a roll of red, blue, brown, or orange appears just above the shoe-top. This is considered especially good.

Heels are coming down. The newest shoes are being made "sans heels" entirely. Tan or black is the accepted color.

Bobs are growing out, although this is sometimes carried to the extreme.

In hats we have infinite varieties. There is the beret, worn rakishly over the ear, which is perhaps the most popular, as it can be worn by a "Prep" or a Senior with equal grace and style. We also have "chic" little felts worn to match the rest of milady's costume. A great variety of other hats have been seen to suit every age and every taste.

Alice Hoyt, '30

Essay Contest

Our Boy

A little boy who lives quite close to me
Comes every morning to our kitchen door;
His manners are as nice as they can be,
And every visit makes us want him more.
Of course we thought he always came to call,
To sit and chat and show us all his wealth;
He freely wandered round the rooms and hall,
And never failed to ask about our health.
But came a rude awakening one day,
When someone asked him why he must depart.
He said he never came to make a stay—
He only came, he said, to get a tart.
We find his frankness has a winning charm—
He gets a tart, we trust it does no harm.

Mary Angus, '30

Modern Poetry

Modern poetry is composed of contrasts: on the one hand the realists, who pound out large experimental chords of unlovely, though true, descriptions; and, on the other, the impressionists, who modulate aimlessly through thousands of delicately minor emotions.

Free verse—and almost all modern poetry *is* free verse—is based on elaborate rhythmic patterns; subtle extended cadences; and designs employing complementary and contrasting colors, ideas, and emotions. Design is, perhaps the most important element of a poem; it must have related, sympathetic, parts, but it must also have contrast and variation—and design is the arrangement of these parts in such a way that each detail, although strictly subordinated to the whole, receives due recognition and emphasis.

The Imagists, a group of three English and three American poets, stated, more than ten years ago, "We believe concentration to be the essence of poetry"—and modern poems have been compressed and intensified resolutely, ever since. Although this condensation enriches and deepens the "new" poetry, it makes it, also, infinitely harder to understand. We find that modern poetry—because it expresses only the essence of an idea—requires, of the reader, not only a quick imagination but also a very definite creative ability.

Therefore, to get the most out of modern poetry, we must become *permeated* with it, capable of losing ourselves completely in its infinite stimulation, exhilaration and excitement; we must become accustomed to receiving and identifying, almost simultaneously, the evanescent, though compressed, emotions that it expresses; becoming very sensitive to the subtle, rarefied, atmospheres that surround certain words; and, finally, we must become eager to pursue and conquer, by active effort, the *real* and vital emotion the poet is trying to show us.

Mary Roys, '29

To Trip

On the hearth rug now he lies,
Shaggy coat and limpid eyes.
Do you see in that red blaze
Memories of olden days?
Do you, Trippie?

Do you see the rocky crag
Where you played all day at tag?
Tell me, Trippie, do you want
To go back to your old haunt?
Do you, Trippie?

Trippie, please, Oh don't say yes.
What would happen? Can't you guess?
I would simply cry and cry,
Then I'd pine away and die.
Shall I, Trippie?

Olive Warden, '29

The Wap of the Indian

The monotonous creaking of a rocking-chair was the only sound in the warm cabin room, and the blazing logs gave the room a glow which the drear winter sky could not overshadow. Although the cabin was small it was furnished with good furniture and oddities from all over the world. The mother and daughter seated in the room seemed to reflect the cheerfulness of the fire, and to complete the good taste of the master.

"Have you watered the tomato plant today, Minty?" said the mother.

"Yes, mother," and as she spoke the girl went to the window to inspect the quaint box with its rare plant. "The berries are such a lovely color, and look most good enough to eat. Do you think they are really poisonous, mother?"

"Most certainly, dear, didn't your father tell you distinctly that the man who sold the plant to him in New Orleans warned him never to taste the berries. I've heard that they sometimes bear fruit weighing as much as half a pound, but then that's only hearsay. Is your father in sight yet? It's getting quite dark now."

"I can't see him, but perhaps he's still at the big house with the men," Minty said as she went to the fire and turned the meat on the spit.

"Is that your father coming? I hear some one walking slowly in the snow? Run see, Minty!"

At this juncture the door of the cabin was forced open by the bulk of a falling body, and an Indian lay panting on the door-sill.

"Mother! he's dying—shall I touch him?"

"No, Minty, he might hurt you—but no, he is wounded or hurt. Run fetch some water!"

That night as they all sat around the couch watching the heavy heaving of the Indian's chest, even the father of the house seemed awed by the helplessness of this giant man. Yet the doctor had promised that after a month he could walk again. But what to do with a bed-ridden Indian for a whole month? The hired men grumbled outside, saying it was bad luck to keep an Injun under your roof,

but the father said they must be human. So the red man stayed on with the Manses, accepting humbly the service the white people rendered him. And soon they all began to love the great eyes of the man which watched them eagerly, kindly, as they moved about the cabin doing their chores. Minty loved to imagine all sorts of tales about her new friend, and in her youthfulness tried to teach Yobenish, the Indian, some English. He learned a few words.

After a month Yobenish was able to walk enough to get around the cabin, but Mr. Manse thought it best to keep him until he was wholly strong again. Then one evening Yobenish disappeared, and the family knew he had returned to his people.

As the winter wore on Minty grew restless, and begged her father to let her do something for the big house—as they called the large log home they were building about a mile from the cabin. She complained that she too must have a hand in building the new house. So Mr. Manse allowed her to fasten a chain to Belle's saddle and drag logs from the clearing to the big house. Each day Minty grew more enthusiastic about her new task, and she would rise early in the morning so that she might start out with her father and trail the logs till sunset. All the while her mother feebly protested that Minty should be at home.

One evening Minty did not return with the men for supper, and her father rode back and forth between the clearing and the big house looking for her. He found no trace of his daughter until Belle came trotting up from Bear Creek with an empty saddle. The father sat stupified as if he were stricken in his saddle. Everything seemed to whirl around his head. Minty gone! He was off, racing to the cabin wondering what he could say to her mother. When he reached the cabin his wife read the dread in his eyes. From ten miles around men were summoned, and they scoured the country-side till daylight for Minty Manse, coming back tired and discouraged to the wide-eyed mother. Minty had been stolen by the Indians, without doubt, as there were no tracks in the snow except five steps of a moccasined foot which led to the edge of Bear Creek, and these were not continued on the other bank.

Work was stopped on the big house, and men, horses, and blood-hounds were worn out by their continual search for Armintha Manse, the pretty blue-eyed girl who was now missing for two

weeks. Mothers came from every corner of the scattered neighborhood to console Minty's mother. But she was heartbroken.

As days went on it seemed useless to search further, and the men went back half-heartedly to finish the big house. Mr. and Mrs. Manse seemed to have lost all interest in its progress, the house would be so empty without Minty. In spite of all the new house was finished, and there was a grand feast in the cabin on the last evening. Neighbors and helpers were there to celebrate the event, and to help the Manses move on the morrow. Each had brought his or her share of the feast. But as they all sat down to the heavily burdened table a hush seemed to come over the company, and Father Manse's voice trembled deeply as he asked the Lord's blessing and was almost a whisper as he begged God that Minty might be safe, and some day brought home to them.

The amen was barely spoken when the door opened and the Indian, Yobenish, stood there carrying a smiling Minty on his shoulder. She was dressed from head to toe in a beautiful Indian outfit of white doe-skin elaborately beaded. Everyone gasped as Yobenish put Minty down in their midst, then raising his hand he spoke in his broken English, "Indian never forget," and then he was gone.

The mother cried for happiness, and Minty sat up far into the morning, telling the wondering folks how Yobenish had kidnapped her gently, and carried her in the night to the Indian village so that she couldn't see which way she went. There she lived in a wigwam and was waited on hand and foot by two squaws, who made her beautiful Indian dress. The chiefs and young braves entertained her with war dances, and she was never frightened. It was the Indians' way of thanking the Manses for befriending their chief.

Gwen Jones, '29

In the Morning

Deep, deep, sea-blue,
slipping
easily
into pale, irregular, splashes
of emerald-green and turquoise;
sparkling
with the sudden, sharp, brilliancy
of crushed-silver sunlight;
flashing
merrily
with little, swift-curling, white-caps
that catch the sunlight
in tiny, evanescent, rainbows
of loosely-blown spray.

At Twilight

The sea
is an old, old, dress
of softly-heavy, dove-gray velvet,
ornamented
delicately
with the old, tarnished-silver lace
of moonlight.

At Night

The flickering fragments
of moon-reflection,
on the blackness of the water,
are the color of crinkled tin-foil
or tinsel, Christmas-tree ornaments—
the color of mica
when the light strikes it—
the color of thin iridescent flakes
of mother-of-pearl—
the color of light
reflected
obliquely
from black, veined, marble.

A Study in Blue and Gray

Characters:

Billy, a little boy.

Grandpa, an old southern veteran.

Time: Morning.

Place: The shady lawn of a southern plantation.

SCENE I

GRANDPA: Well, Billy, what is the battle going to be today?

BILLY: Shall we have it "Bull Run?"

GRANDPA: O by all means. The first victory of the Gray. Fine!

BILLY: But Grandpa, I meant the second battle of Bull Run.

There were two, you know, and the second was won by the Blue.

GRANDPA: Tut-tut, my son, always begin at the beginning and work up. That was my motto and I was a colonel.

BILLY: But—

GRANDPA: And no buts about it either. Always store up all the advice you can get from your grandfather. I wonder where I could have put my hat. The sun is quite glaring.

BILLY: But, Grandpa—

GRANDPA: Tut-tut, my son, never try to argue with your elders. They are always right in the end. Billy, can't you be a little bit more helpful? You know I can't see to talk in this sun, and it delays the war to keep following the shade around the tree.

BILLY: But Grandpa, I've been trying to tell you that you are sitting on your hat.

GRANDPA: By Jupiter, why didn't you say so! Such slowness in a child is unnatural. Why, when I was a boy I was my grandfather's right hand, and as spry as a monkey. That's why I got somewhere in this world.

BILLY: O Grandpa! That's just what Aunt Jemima was saying yesterday—that we were all descended from monkeys. I didn't believe it then but I see now.

GRANDPA: We won't discuss that just at present. On with the first battle of Bull Run!

BILLY: Yes, Bull Run. Hurrah for the Blue!

SCENE II

Time: Evening of the same day.

Place: Verandah.

BILLY: Grandpa, why didn't the Gray win the war? You were a Gray, weren't you, Grandpa?

GRANDPA: Yes, my son. The good old Grays. Those were the days. I wish you could have seen *my* regiment in the battle of Richmond. Such courage was never seen in a group of men. Twice the flag-bearer was shot down, and then I—

BILLY: But you didn't win, did you, Grandpa? You even ran.

GRANDPA: Well, I wouldn't say "ran"; we were forced to retreat. You see, to remain meant certain death.

BILLY: Then Grandpa, I'd like to have been the one that was doing the chasing.

GRANDPA: You are too young to understand, Billy. Sometime when you are older I will explain why the Gray didn't happen to end on top.

BILLY: Can't you tell me now? I feel much older, and Mother says that sometimes when she's talking to Daddy I'm even too quick to understand.

GRANDPA: By the way, Billy, that makes me think. Your mother would have had you in bed now if she were here.

BILLY: O but Grandpa, we must have the siege of Richmond now. If we wait until tomorrow the Gray will be entirely escaped.

GRANDPA: O, I think the siege can wait. For you know, it lasted for many days. If you go to bed now, we'll have a longer battle tomorrow morning.

BILLY: Do you promise, Grandpa? But if you'd like to be the Blue tomorrow I would be the Gray just this once, and we'll have the *first* battle of Bull Run!

Elaine Burt, '30

The Washerwoman

She was a washerwoman by the day.
To watch her work was just as good as play.

Her ruddy dimpled arms would rise and fall
And send a soapy shower over all.

Her dress of faded blue all spotted over
Was not to make a show, but just to cover.

Barbara Lord, '30

After the Thanksgiving Dinner

Around the empty festive table sat
The young, the old, the tall, the lean, the fat.

The place where Johnnie'd spilled a piece of pie
Could still be seen by using half an eye.

And relatives were now so gay each cranny
Was filled with such good cheer as was uncanny.

Barbara Lord, '30

Lobe — An Allegory

Once a certain man was journeying to his home after several years spent in the waste lands round about. He came to a great mountain where climbing roses grew, but he walked on and left them to their too eager growth.

Toward the top of the mountain he noticed several small flowers of white. He would have liked to pick them, but he did not for they seemed to him to have taken the holy vows of sainthood.

At the foot of the mountain he quenched his thirst in a blue ribbon streamlet. Looking toward the other bank he noticed a small blue violet. He leapt across to the bank and with a cry of joy caught it to his lips.

As he traveled home he kept it in his hand and at every tiny stream let it drink of the clear running water.

At home he was welcomed with great gladness by his parents and a feast was prepared in his honor.

But alas! In his excitement he had thrown away the tiny violet. It had faded;—and *died*. But then, it was only a violet.

Characters and Places

The man	Any man
The waste lands	Days of unfruitfulness
The mountain	A mountain of doubt
The roses	Social climbers
The white flowers	Nuns and children
The streams	Love
The violet	A girl
His father	Arrogance
His mother	Self-conceit

Miriam Bass, '31

To a Snake

Searching my ball in the rough,
I see you, lazy, sun yourself,
Your slim, black form
Stretched at full length.
You cast your beady eyes toward me,
Then glide away
Like a lightning flash,
Swift, silent, never to return,
You leave me shivering,
Clutching my golf-stick tight,
Ready yet daring not to kill,
For you are God's creature
And so am I.

Elizabeth Bowser, '29

Anger

A smouldering fire,
A sudden, sharp flame,
A bed of embers,
Then—pain.

Olive Warden, '29

Conscience

Skin and bones and black as night is he,
A prowler of the fences after dark;
And no one can get rid of him, you see;
On every neighborhood he leaves his mark.
When all the world is still, desiring sleep,
Then comes that thing each soul to interview;
Into the Book of Deeds he'll let you peep
To find if you have anything to rue.
And if you have, you'll wait for peace in vain,
For he will prowl and yowl continually
Until for want of peace and calm again
You'll gladly to sincere repentance flee.
And yet how little we appreciate
That visitor who saves us from our fate.

Elaine Burt, '30

In Which Anita Makes a Discovery

"I've decided that I'm going to make a fortune," announced Anita Parrish at breakfast one Sunday morning.

The Reverend John Hawkes Parrish looked up in dismay from his grapefruit. "My dear," he complained mildly, "I thought that you were going to help my social workers. They need young people, and you volunteered to give up all your time for the coming two months for the 'Friendship Branch'."

"I haven't forgotten that, Dad, but I intend to kill two birds with one stone, that is, do social work and at the same time bring in a neat little sum—"

Mr. Parrish suppressed a wry, knowing smile behind his napkin. "Church social work is not usually a success financially, Anita. But what is your plan?"

Anita's black eyes twinkled. Otherwise she managed to look serious as she stated clearly and precisely: "I am going to write a dictionary."

"A — what in the name of fortune has a dictionary got to do with social work?"

Anita sighed. Being a minister's daughter for nineteen years, she had learned the art of being patient. "I've been asked by the Friendship Branch of the workers to bring the more erratic, aristocratic, elderly people of the parish to more friendly relations with the more extremely modern of the younger generation."

"Not a half-bad idea. I need more understanding between my parishioners. But I don't see yet where the dictionary comes in."

"It's a *new* sort of dictionary," Anita explained rather dubiously. After all, *would* her father fail to see her point? "It's a dictionary in which American slang is anglicized, or, rather, translated into proper English." Having so bravely explained her idea in one breath, she gravely scrutinized her father's face and found there a look which she so many times before had analyzed as his "*possibly—but still—*" look. To avoid further questions or any kind of argument she went on hastily explaining. "That will help the more severe aristocrats understand the slang of my generation and, on the other hand, my

generation can enrich its vocabulary and so avoid the use of slang."

Mr. Parrish raised his eyebrows and inquired, with the ironic humor that even ministers indulge in at times, "My child, will you kindly tell me from whom you conceived this brilliant idea?"

"Why, from you."

In spite of himself his mouth opened wide, and he stared rather dazedly at his daughter, who went on explaining:

"Don't you remember the time that you went as chaperon on the young people's sleigh-ride to Wolton?"

A new light was beginning to dawn on the Reverend's face.

Anita continued: "You came home utterly bewildered and begged me, almost on your knees, to translate a dozen phrases for you. That's what my dictionary will do. It will be valuable to ministers and teachers who come in contact with modern youth as well as those elderly and exclusive people who *avoid* this so-called younger, flamboyant generation. Here's an example:—Slang: Step on It—Anglicized: Precipitate with Acceleration—or, another—Izzat so? translated—Might I inquire if this is strict conformity to fact?"

At this point the Reverend Mr. Parrish had to leave for church, but the next time he had a chance to speak to his daughter at any length he inquired how her dictionary was coming along. Anita sighed. She had given up her brilliant plan. After all, there really wasn't much slang that *could* be anglicized, when one came right down to it.

Edith Smith, '29

What a Story Brought About

The editors were busy—working feverishly on "*The Eagle*". At frequent intervals they would glance at each other, and groan. Finally Anne spoke, "Sally, this is certainly terrible! I've waded through all these piles of manuscripts, and they're *simply hopeless*—just *hopeless*! There's not a one of them that has any possibilities at *all*! Have you come across anything that *might* do, with some polishing up?"

Sally wearily answered, "Not a one. I *don't* know what we're going to do. We haven't one-third of the material we need."

"Well, the only way is to go over everything again together, and see if between us we could fix some up."

So the girls went over it all again, sorting out the absolutely hopeless from the maybe-possible ones.

At the end of their task Sally unceremoniously threw all the useless stories into the wastebasket. Then she said, "Anne, between us, maybe we can rewrite a few of these. The authors have the ideas, but that's positively all. It's going to mean a dreadful lot of work—I don't know how we can do it, except to take cuts most of this week, or else get excused from English because of doing this. But it has to be done"

From a small, cheap, and cramped room came sounds of crying—pathetic crying. If one entered the room, one would see a girl lying on the bed, her face buried in the pillows, and her whole body shaking. And if one walked over to her side, and asked her what the trouble was, she would probably tell. But no one ever came, or sympathetically asked what the trouble was. . . . Why? Brenda did not know. All she did know was, that she couldn't get over the very bad habit of stuttering, and people hated to talk to her, and shrank from her, because they couldn't talk to her. That was what she thought, but it wasn't really true. The truth was that Brenda was over-sensitive and conscious of that impediment. She hated to meet people—she avoided them, because of it. . . . She would

leave it all and go home next week!—But O! how she *did* wish she had some friends in the college. Finally she dried her eyes—she might as well do her studying now. . . .

The next day in English, Miss Stuart announced that she had an exceptional composition to read to the class. She read it. At the end, there were many cries of, "Who wrote it?" Miss Stuart did not answer at first, then she said, "This belongs to Brenda." A slight gasp went through the class. . . . Brenda? *She*? Brenda heard the gasps of astonishment, and wondered if after all her story would not make her more unpopular than ever. She sat through the forty-five minute period, with burning cheeks,—greatly embarrassed.

After class, she tried to rush out, unobserved, but she was stopped by Sally, who, with a friendly smile, said, "Brenda, your composition was wonderful. You know, I think you could help the '*Eagle*' Staff a great deal. We've been looking all over for your type of writing, and wouldn't you come over to the office this afternoon? I know I'm asking a lot, because the work will be rather difficult, but I think you could do it."

Brenda caught her breath. This girl was not thinking about her speech but smiling straight into her eyes.

"Why—yes—" she stammered, "I would like to immensely."

"I'll see you then around three? Thank you so much, Brenda."

Sally left then, and Brenda stood staring after her. *She*, of all people, had been asked to help out "*The Eagle*"! She dashed gaily up to her room, her heart singing.

That afternoon Brenda was told what was wanted of her: could she rewrite some of the compositions, and also, could the magazine have her story, so praised by Miss Stuart? Brenda's joy knew no bounds. She worked constantly all afternoon, and then Sally asked her to supper at the Inn. What? Asked out to supper? Not have to eat in the dingy dining room of the cheap boarding-house? . . .

Every afternoon she worked steadily and brilliantly in the office of "*The Eagle*". By the end of the week, everything was cleared up, straightened out, and the magazine was ready for press.

The following Tuesday the issue came out, and Brenda's story had a prominent place in it.

That story was the cause of the change in Brenda. She had been so happy over her work in the office that she had quite forgotten to be

self-conscious—had been friendly, and had also forgotten to avoid people. She had become, as they say, “popular over night.”

Tuesday afternoon Sally called a staff meeting and Brenda was unanimously elected assistant-editor.

Brenda could not sleep that night. Her happiness was supreme. She decided not to go home—she knew now that she was no longer just a “drop in the bucket,” but that she had at last found a place for herself in the college.

Helen Dodge, '31

A Moment

The rhythmic-pulse of purple blood swelled high!
Down from her side the lady flung a jewel;
In anger her voice was raised,
And then, more softly, fell.

Broken her trysts by moonlight's glow;
Her hopes, her prayers, her tears.
All until that moment dear
Gone, now, from her future years.

What had she done?
Alas! that one moment of passion
Should reverse an epoch!

Elizabeth Sharp, '31

My Trip Abroad

A while ago as some of my chums and I were discussing the different places we had visited, the idea came to me how few and how peculiar were the memories I held of my trip abroad. This may be because I was too young fully to appreciate all I saw.

I have faithfully remembered the boats on which I traveled because the first thing any one asked was, "On what boat did you sail?" and the second "Where did you go?" The first is the more simple. I went over on the "Caronia" and returned on the "New Zealand." My brother took care of me—supposedly. Most of the time, though, I spent watching while he and the "men" played leapfrog or other games familiar to children.

My first impression of England was very disheartening. It seemed to me that it rained every instant that I desired to be outdoors. While indoors I was constantly being told to lower my voice, for on the boat I had acquired a most shrill tone. The rest of my impressions of that country were of less importance. Shakespeare was as yet unknown to me, though I thought at the time that he was foolish to have his bed built right in his room from which he would be unable to move it.

The next important thing that came to me was my conception of Paris. I can still see my father and me in the Place Vendôme. There I received quite an extensive history of the column that stood in the middle. It just happened, though, that I became quite confused and when I recounted the tale of Napoleon's cannons being melted to make a huge statue to my mother I called the finished product the Tour Eiffel. Every once in a while now when my tongue doesn't form the right words I am teased and the story of Napoleon's tower is recounted once more. The most brilliant recollection of Paris was the fact that I had an attack of pneumonia. That held up proceedings quite a while. While I was convalescing I visited Versailles. It happened that all the fountains were playing. As children aged eight will, I had to investigate and incidentally fell into one of the smaller basins. This did not prove tragic, though, because of the nurse's kind and immediate attention.

At a later date we went to the battlefield at Rheims. For miles in any direction all that was visible was a white expanse of chalky soil; in a few places trees—or what remained of them—were silhouetted against a glowing sky. There were deep holes made a year before during the shelling of the city. Life was just returning to that ancient town. In one place a restaurant had been opened (for the tourists mainly, but some of the wealthier peasants dined there). Great gaps in the roof made the diningroom open to the sky. While we were eating, it started to rain. The waiters, mostly disabled soldiers, hurriedly moved the tables into some sheltered corner of the house. All was so pitiful! Even though I was but a youngster, I felt that call of a deeply wounded France for aid against such wanton destruction.

After we were through "seeing Paris" the whole family went to "sunny Spain". We visited its playland, the Trocadero, which, if I remember rightly, is located somewhere in those unexplored regions about Madrid. There I had my first real disappointment. The men in charge of the grounds thought I was too young to go on the huge roller coaster! I can still see that big, rather rotund gentleman try to comfort me by saying that he would take me around the place and show me all the points of interest (which he did for a consideration).

We left Madrid after a while and went to Monte Carlo. This needs no explanation. This time neither my brother nor I gained admittance. At least they could not deny us the privilege of gazing at the well-lit Casino with rather envious hearts.

From then on was one great rush until we reached Belgium, for we had come to see part of the Olympic Games. What could be more uninteresting than sitting on a hard bench on a sun-baked grandstand and watching girls and boys run around a big circle and great big men playing tug-of-war? Really I could *not* understand how anyone could do it.

Elizabeth Brown, '30

November Evenings

An inky, black, and yet well-lighted sky
With brilliant, shining stars that gleam on high;
A full, entrancing moon, and cool, refreshing breeze,
The rustle of the last few golden leaves—
November evenings have a mystic charm
That calms the world and shields it from all harm.

Alice Eckman, '30

One Night

The night, to me, seemed cold and bare and dark,
I heard the pines and other trees together
While whispering their tales of woe, when hark!
I heard a voice that swished just like the weather.
This voice was just a murmur in the breeze,
And said, "Keep on, keep on, keep on, keep on;"
And as I heard this whispered through the trees
I said, "Go on, go on, go on, go on."
I heard the ice-skates gliding o'er the ice,
And thought it would be nice to be there too;
The people looked like playful little mice,
Who thought that life was worth while living too.
And then my soul—it danced with joy and glee,
For then my heart—it loosened and was free.

Beatrice Throckmorton, '30

A Bit of Conversation in an Antique Shop

Time: Present.

Scene: An antique shop in New England. There is one room with a great deal of furniture, china, and old metal in it. Everything is a bit dusty but altogether fascinating. There is a door backstage, on the left.

Characters:

Paula Garrett

Bob Garrett

Jerome Evans, Paula's brother

Mr. Dawson, an old man, proprietor of an Antique Shop

Paula and Bob have been married for about a year. They have been very happy and as yet have had no quarrels of any description. It is almost too peaceful. However, they have just moved into a new house and are furnishing it. They are visiting all the antique shops they can find, for they are both ardent admirers of old things and have the means of supplying themselves with them.

Jerome came along because he was bored and because he rather enjoys the country. He sat in the rumble seat.

(Enter Paula and Bob)

PAULA: My dear, isn't this a perfect place! I think it's darling. Don't you *love* it, Bob?

BOB: Yes, it looks interesting.

(Enter Mr. Dawson)

MR. DAWSON: Is there anything I can show you?

BOB: If you don't mind, we would just like to look around and see what we can find.

MR. DAWSON: Certainly. I'll be back in a moment.

(Exit)

BOB: Let's see, where's the list? We've got to find things for about three more places. There's the corner of the living room and the east bedroom chair and the little table in the hall.

PAULA: Yes, but don't you wish we had found this place before? I see millions of things I want this minute.

BOB: No doubt you do, infant, but let's start with the hall table.

PAULA: Fine idea, Robert. I continually bless your Aunt Emily for giving us that sweet table.

BOB: Yeah, Aunt Emily's a good soul. (*Looking at his watch*) I have that darned appointment in an hour, so we'll have to be systematic. You start looking on this side and I'll do the other.

(*Re-enter Mr. Dawson*)

PAULA: O. K. by me. I shall probably be exclaiming right and left with joy. . . . Oh, Bob, the darlingest knocker, . . . for the front door—look!

BOB: That *is* good looking (*To Mr. Dawson*). How much is this?

MR. DAWSON: Only five dollars, sir.

BOB: All right, we'll take it.

PAULA: Oh, you darling! Thank you so much. (*She starts looking again, after a minute*)

BOB AND PAULA: (*At the same time*) Here's the very thing! O, I say, look at this.

PAULA: (*Showing Bob a vase*) Look, isn't this lovely? For the table, you know.

BOB (*unenthusiastically*): Yes, but look at this tray. It's absolutely what we both thought of.

PAULA (*nodding*): Yes, it *is* pretty, but the vase is really much nicer, don't you think, dear? It's such a heavenly—

BOB (*Interrupting a bit coolly*): Now, Paula, here's what we have been looking for, it's just the thing. So let's get it. The vase looks expensive and you know we can't get them both. (*Turns to Mr. Dawson*) How much is this vase?

MR. DAWSON: Seventy-five, sir.

BOB: And the tray?

MR. DAWSON: Only twenty-five.

BOB: There, do you see? You always pick the most expensive things.

PAULA: O Bob, why couldn't we get the vase? The color is so perfect and really the tray is sort of ordinary, don't you think?

BOB: No, *I do not*. And what is more, I'm going to buy it.

PAULA (*sarcastically*): My! you are so masterful! Well, I tell you I won't stir from here until you buy this vase. You know perfectly well you can afford it.

BOB: Isaid I was going to buy the tray. (*To Mr. Dawson*) Will you please have this sent to: R. B. Garrett, 171 Park Lane, Glencoe, Mass.

PAULA (*Shrugging her shoulders*): Have it your own way, but I'm not leaving this place until you buy the vase. That's all!

BOB: All right, stay here then. I'm going. (*Starts for door. Just as he turns, Jerome enters*)

JEROME: Oh-h'lo. Say! What happened to the love-birds?

PAULA: Oh, shut up! We asked for no remarks. (*To Bob*) Well, are you still going?

(*Jerome wanders about the room*)

BOB: Now Paula, can't you see, how much *better* the tray would look.
Just

PAULA (*Interrupting, furiously*): No, I can't! And I see no reason at all for your refusing to buy me the vase. Just being stubborn, I suppose. Typical, isn't it?

BOB: Oh, if that's the way you feel—Good-bye. (*Turns to go*)

JEROME: Oh, I say, look at this stunning pair of candlesticks!
(*Brings them over. They are lovely old silver ones, with very graceful lines*)

(*Same time*) PAULA: My dear, they're marvelous! BOB: They're beautiful, aren't they?

MR. DAWSON: Those candlesticks are over two hundred years old and have been in one family for generations. They were sold because of necessity and they are only one hundred and fifty. It's very reasonable.

BOB: Oh-ah-er-Paula, why don't we buy these instead of the tray or vase. They'd go with the table and they aren't so awfully expensive, for what they are, I mean.

PAULA: I was just going to suggest it, dear. I'm sorry I was so silly about the vase.

(*Exit Jerome*)

BOB: Oh, you weren't at all. I was the one.

PAULA: Oh, no. It was I, but it makes no difference.

BOB (*To Mr. Dawson*): Would you mind sending these candle sticks to the same address and canceling the tray? Thank you.

JEROME (*off stage*): Are you all coming or not?

BOB: Just a minute. Good-bye (*To Mr. Dawson*).

(*Bob and Paula go out but Paula comes back to the door*)

(*Calls softly to Mr. Dawson*) Good-bye—Someday I'm coming back to buy the vase!

Helen Simpson, '30

A Dialogue

Time: Now

Place: Anywhere

Characters:

Just any young man }
Just any young girl } called for brevity Dick and Sally

MAN: Well—today's one more day, just one right after the other.

O you don't know how tired I am of it all!

GIRL: O don't be silly. You shouldn't feel that way about things. It just ruins your disposition.

MAN: That's all right. Tell me what in the world I'm living for, Sally. What in the world are you living for? What good is it doing any one—except perhaps my tailor or my insurance man—that I keep on existing? There's not a bit of point to life, Sally. No matter how you look at it, you just start life and grow older and go to school and study. You learn and learn and learn and what good does it do you? Where do you use all this so-called Education?

GIRL: Why, Dick, you use it all through life. Surely you wouldn't want to be a rough, uncultured person.

MAN: It wouldn't make any difference to me, except I might live on a different street. But why should I? I'd be just the same person in spite of lack of education. Why do people look down on uneducated people? They're the same human beings with the same souls, but lacking that veneer that helps to make *us* hypocrites. But there, I forgot. I was telling you the stages of a human life. You leave school and get a job. After working your head off to learn, you are just as liable to end up flipping pancakes in a down-town chain restaurant—and to see the Irish boy who blacked your boots as the high muck-a-muck of the whole restaurant system. Then, Sally, you get married and struggle along, and the children yell and scream until they drive you out or drive you crazy. And every evening you listen to the same radio announcer or see the same movie actors at the same theatre. Then you get old. Then what good are you? You're perhaps somebody's Grandpa to tell bedtime stories to. Then

you're bound to die. Sally, who remembers you when you die? No one. They forget on the way back from the funeral. The undertaker remembers longest because he has to send the bill. Now—can *you* find any purpose in living, or rather existing?

GIRL: Dick, do you really feel that way? Why living is the most wonderful thing there is! We're lucky to have a chance to. Why if we look at life in the right way we can't help loving it. The world's so beautiful and every one in it is so kind. I don't think you do mean it, Dick. You're just talking.

MAN: Sally, do you think an optimist could have a good effect on an honest-to-goodness pessimist if she worked 8 hours a day and overtime too?

GIRL: I think so, Dick.

MAN: Will you, Sally, just for me?

GIRL: Of course—you always knew I would.

Elizabeth Bowser, '29

A Cabin

'Neath tall and shelt'ring pine trees on the plain
The squatter's cabin stood with door ajar.

The smoke curled laz'ly up and down again,
While from its windows with their broken bar

A ray of light shone forth to greet the guest
And guide his footsteps, coming from the west.

Barbara Healey, '30

To an Orchestral Score

Materially, a study in black and white; but, in reality, a true means for the inspiration of Man!

Can anything higher, more powerful, of nobler aspect, result from the genius of an artist's brain? No; for it has been well said that "music is the art to which the other arts aspire."

Often we wish to be transported from this sordid and mercenary world to another and far more beautiful one, where we may relapse into a state of delightful imagination and restfulness. The medium? Music.

If we are not already musically disposed, can we not cultivate a taste for something which always in our later life will prove delightful to us?

Elizabeth Sharp, '31

School Diary

SEPTEMBER

Tuesday, 11—

The new girls arrived today. How strange and queer everything seemed to them!

Wednesday, 12—

Today the old girls returned. All through the halls rang a perpetual chorus of "Hello" and "Have a fine summer?" Meanwhile the new girls took their various placement exams.

Thursday, 13—

Chapel—the first this year and for many the very first at Abbot! The "new" chapel certainly looks fine, but we are all glad that the front remains unchanged.

Saturday, 15—

The new girls had their intelligences tested today, and we are sure they passed with banners flying.

Sunday, 16—

In chapel this evening Miss Bailey took education for her main theme. She explained to us that real education is growth—growth from the inside out, not just the addition of "accomplishments."

Tuesday, 18—

We got well acquainted at the "Old-girl-New-girl" dance in Davis Hall this evening.

Saturday, 22—

We all had our turn at Intelligence Tests today. It was as much fun as usual, and we certainly hope the results show some signs of gray matter.

Sunday, 23—

Dr. Burnham described the "Shining Sword of the Spirit" in chapel tonight.

Tuesday, 25—

How we laughed tonight! Several of the corridors put on stunts for our amusement. Their subjects ranged all the way from "An Abbot Evening As It Isn't" to a pantomime of Alfred Noyes's "The Highwayman".

Saturday, 29—

In Hall Exercises Miss Bailey talked to us about developing our characters, and emphasized the fact that it is the little things that count.

Sunday, 30—

This evening Mr. Stackpole gave us a fine talk on the right kind of spirit. Also Fidelio made its first public appearance.

OCTOBER

Tuesday, 2—

The Senior Picnic! While the rest of the school was having a bridge-dance, the Seniors were reveling around the pines at Haggett's Pond. When they returned they sang to their Senior-Mid sisters and then went off to their turned-down beds.

Thursday, 4—

In the recreation room after study-hour the Gargoyles and Griffins received their new members. Both clubs outdid themselves, singing to each other, the new girls, and themselves.

Sunday, 7—

Mr. Henry, rector of the Episcopal Church, spoke to us this evening.

Tuesday, 9—

The Senior-Mids went on their picnic to Pomp's Pond this evening. Just as they finished eating there came a hard shower, and the picnickers were forced to flee up the hill to the camp for refuge. But after they got home they came cheerfully singing into the recreation room, where the rest of the school was dancing.

Thursday, 11—

We were assigned our regular chapel seats this morning. Last year's Senior-Mids felt pretty fine as they took the front seats.

Saturday, 13—

Miss Carpenter gave us a very good talk about colds, their care and prevention.

Sunday, 14—

This evening one of Abbot's very dearest old girls, Ellen Emerson Carey, '77, was our speaker. Mrs. Carey spent forty years as a missionary to Japan, and she gave us a most inspiring talk about her work there.

Monday, 15—

In chapel Mrs. Carey spoke again for a few minutes. In the afternoon came the first Gargoyle-Griffin contest, a hockey game which ended with a 1 to 1 score. This evening many of us enjoyed hearing Geraldine Farrar at George Washington Hall.

Tuesday, 16—

The Gargoyle-Griffin basketball games were played this afternoon. An account of them is to be found on another page. In the evening we had free time until eight o'clock and then silent time.

Saturday, 20—

There was a rare treat for those who were home this afternoon. The Roth Quartet of Budapest played a lovely program. Many of the girls were at the Harvard-Army game, while here in Andover the rest of us eagerly awaited the news of the score.

Sunday, 21—

Professor Kirtley Mather of Harvard gave us a most interesting and inspiring talk in chapel. He told us how we could reconcile science and religion; they are not only reconcilable but inseparable.

Saturday, 27—

Miss Carpenter gave us a second hygiene lecture this afternoon. Her subject was "Bodily Mechanics," and after hearing about all the dreadful things that poor posture brings we decided we'd rather stand up straight.

Sunday, 28—

Chapel service with Miss Bailey leading it was as inspiring as it always is when she speaks to us. And then to finish the lovely service we had a short organ recital by Mr. Howe.

Tuesday, 30—

Our great day comes tomorrow! In preparation for it we had study hour tonight and lights out at nine o'clock.

Wednesday, 31—

Bradford Day! The great day for which we've all been working came at last. What fun it was! And the score, 20-20. That made it even more fun. In the evening the teams received their letters and numerals while we looked on clapping and singing. Then after singing to Miss Bailey we tumbled up to bed, a sleepy but happy crowd of girls.

NOVEMBER

Sunday, 3—

Our speaker this evening was our old friend Miss Ann Wiggin of the International Student Service. She gave us a most interesting and inspiring talk on the conditions and terrible need of the European students.

Tuesday, 6—

Mr. Howe's recital this evening was the first of the faculty recitals for this season. We all enjoyed it, for the rich tones and the great variety of the organ are very beautiful.

Saturday, 10—

The Andover-Exeter game took place this afternoon. Many of us went, of course. Andover was the victor, so we enjoyed the torch-light parade. After the celebration Dr. Barbour, who has come to us for so many years on the night of the game, talked to us about "The One Good War", the war with "the world", as the Bible puts it.

Sunday, 11—

This was Armistice Day, and in the evening Miss Kelsey spoke about the work the Abbot girls did during the War. It was so interesting to hear about what our "older sisters" did during that terrible time.

Monday, 12—

All over the country Armistice Day was observed today. In accordance with the President's proclamation we too kept silent for two minutes at eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, 13—

The German department presented "Einer Muss Heiraten", a one-act play. Others of the department sang some German songs. The play was very amusing, and although few of us could understand the words, we all were able to follow the actions and gestures.

Sunday, 18—

Thanksgiving is surely on the way! We got our verses this morning. In the evening Dr. J. Edgar Park talked to us about the "Five Toys of Childhood". As usual we got much pleasure and benefit from his sermon.

Tuesday, 20—

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow the alumnae of the Advisory Board are with us. They visited our classes, where we recited with fear and trembling, and our rooms, where we hoped they didn't look too closely at the dust under the beds.

On the hockey field this afternoon the Gargoyles beat the Griffins with a score of 5-0.

This evening brought us a concert which we have long been anticipating. Miss Friskin and Miss Nichols, assisted by two members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played a series of three trios. We expected great things of this concert, and our hopes were more than fulfilled.

Friday, 23—

If the Gargoyles beat the Griffins on Tuesday, then turn about is fair play. The Griffins were again victorious in basketball. For an account of the game see the sport page.

Saturday, 24—

The Seniors gave us a model class meeting this afternoon. This was just the best fun both for the onlookers and those who took part and should prove very helpful and instructive.

Wednesday, 28—

Thanksgiving at last! We had the beautiful old Thanksgiving service in Abbot Hall just before lunch. And after lunch such a hurrying and bustling about! At last we were all gone and Abbot was left to comparative peace and quiet.

Friday, 30—

It's all over! By dinner time everyone was back tired but happy and already looking forward to Christmas vacation just three weeks away.

DECEMBER

Sunday, 2—

Miss Vryling Buffum was our speaker in chapel tonight. She told us about the Kentucky mountaineers and the work that is being done by such schools as the Hindman School, in which we are so interested.

Monday, 3—

Mr. Ellsworth is here again. It certainly did seem good to see him, for we remember how interesting he was last year. And this

year he was even more delightful. His lecture this evening was on Milton and Bunyan and other writers of the time between the death of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of Queen Anne. It was illustrated by beautiful lantern slides, as are so many of Mr. Ellsworth's lectures.

Tuesday, 4—

In chapel Mr. Ellsworth spoke on "The Change in American Humor." He quoted many of our American humorists and soon had us rocking with laughter. He told us of Mark Twain, whom he knew very well, and many other celebrities as well as some humorists with whom we were unacquainted.

Wednesday, 5—

This afternoon the crew of the good ship "Gargoyle" invited the rest of the school to a deck party. There was "dancing on the for'rard deck" and a fine entertainment by members of the crew and passengers. Davis Hall had quite lost its usual aspect, and we could almost feel the ship rock as we looked around us there.

Saturday, 8—

This afternoon we had a fine concert of local talent—the music pupils. This was the first of the pupils' recitals, and we all found it most enjoyable.

Sunday, 9—

Our chapel speaker was Dr. Wilson, former pastor of the Free Church. His subject was "Prayer" and his talk proved very inspiring.

Tuesday, 11—

A great treat we had tonight—the A. D. S. plays "Jazz and Minuet" and "Martha's Mourning" were the two plays presented. It certainly was good of A. D. S. to work so hard for our enjoyment. The plays were well presented, and we had a fine time.

Saturday, 15—

This afternoon we had about a hundred little visitors. The little children of Andover came and had a grand old romp in Davis Hall. Santa was there too with a toy and a useful gift for every one, to say nothing of an orange and a brand new penny for each little boy and girl.

Sunday, 16—

The Christmas service was held tonight in Davis Hall. It was just as wonderful as it always is. It gave us the holy feeling of Christ-

mas, and Miss Bailey's address on "The Light of the World" made each one of us stop and think for a moment whether or not we had that light in us.

Monday, 17—

"Happy Birthday, Miss Bailey!"

Wednesday, 19—

Miss Bailey invited us all to her birthday party tonight. After the festive dinner we all went to the drawing rooms and there we sang carols, old and new and in many different languages. And afterwards we all took advantage of our once-a-year privilege of visiting after lights. What fun it was!

Thursday, 20—

We're off! Three weeks of vacation and all it brings.

JANUARY

Wednesday, 9—

Back again. How time does fly! Such excitement as reigned here tonight. We all had a wonderful Christmas, but now it's over and we are ready to settle down to work again.

Saturday, 12—

Miss Florence Jackson was with us today. She told us about the many different lines of work upon which a woman may venture and something of how to go about choosing our life work.

Sunday, 13—

In chapel this evening the Rev. George Avery Neeld of St. Johnsbury, Vt. was our speaker. He told us how we must "let our light so shine before men".

Tuesday, 15—

This evening we were all thrilled by the story that Joan London told us about her father, Jack London. She is a charming speaker, and as she told us of the fascinating life of her father we all sat entranced.

HONOR ROLL—FIRST QUARTER

Louise Anthony	91
Dorothy Field, Lois Hardy, Elizabeth Jane Osborne	90
Catherine Bowden, Frances Sullivan	89
Katherine Blunt, Charlotte Butler, Lucy Copeland, Marjorie Turner	88



The Gargoyle-Griffin Club

This is the second year that the Gargoyles and Griffins have been in existence. All fall the Green and Orange have been great rivals in hockey, basketball, tennis, archery, clock-golf, and croquet; and also the members of the two clubs may be seen trudging to Mill's Hill or riding down Prospect Hill in order to gain honor for their club. We have had a very successful fall season, which the unique Griffin and Gargoyle party ended—a great success. We are now looking forward eagerly to the winter Carnival, which will take place in February and which is always a gala occasion.

The friendly rivalry between the two clubs is remarkable.

"Whether a girl plays for the victory of the Gargoyles or whether she strives for the Griffins she is proud to play her best for the sake of the game itself and for Abbot Academy."

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize—"

The results of the fall events are:

Hockey game, tied by the Gargoyles and Griffins 1-1.

Basketball game between 2nd teams, won by Griffins 8-3.

Basketball game between 1st teams, won by Griffins 25-5.

Hockey game, won by Gargoyles 5-0.

Basketball game between 2nd teams, won by Griffins 4-2.

Basketball game between 1st teams, won by Griffins 18-0.

Winter Sports

We have only to walk down Abbot Street as far as our toboggan chute to see the extent of winter sports here. Girls in gay winter sports costumes may be seen taking the ski-jump with skill or sliding down the sporty toboggan slide! If we look more carefully at the foot of the hill may be seen the skating pond covered with bright-colored objects, and on close observation the skaters of Abbot will be recognized. There are a great variety, from the graceful fancy skaters to the beginners who have come from places where ice is almost unknown. Winter sports are made a great deal of, and the winter season is brightened by them.

Bradford Day

Wednesday morning, October 31, was a great day in the history of our school athletics. At ten minutes of seven every Abbot girl awoke and no one needed a second bell. There was a mad dash for the windows and, whoopee! The day was clear and cold, a day that put pep into the most disheartened. But today pep was not lacking in any one, for were we not going over to Bradford for our annual Athletic Meet?

Abbot arrived in buses and sporting blue berets only to find Bradford decked out in yellow and white berets. It is not necessary to say we had a wonderful time, competing in tennis, riding, hockey and basketball with our "friendly enemies"; and not only the games but the lunch in the grove was great sport. Both teams played well and hard, and every one was satisfied with the final result, a tie, 20-20.

Alice Butler, '29

Items of General Interest

Edward Coe Mills, who died in Boston on May 25, 1928, was a member of the Board of Trustees from 1904 to 1913. Mr. Mills had been engaged in the leather business in Boston for many years. There were many links connecting his family with the school, as his mother, Mrs. Rebecca Smith Mills, 1843, his wife, Helen Holmes, 1884, and his daughter, Helen (Mrs. Farnsworth), 1909, were Abbot students.

Birth: A daughter, Louise Sanford, to Mr. and Mrs. Miller T. Colby (Sarah Utter) of Pasadena, Calif., April 28, 1928.

Birth: A son, Frank McClellan, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank McClellan Gunby (Ruth Marceau) of Boston, August 30, 1928.

Birth: A son, Henry Ernest II, to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson T. Montgomery (Miriam Hague) of Buffalo, December 2, 1928.

Miss Bean is spending a year's leave of absence in England. She is studying at Oxford and is very much interested in her work there.

Miss Walker, who is taking Miss Bean's place, is a graduate of Manchester University. She is from Manchester, England, and is a very interesting teacher.

Miss Mathews is back with us this year after a profitable year abroad, and she has brought back many interesting reminders of her trip.

It was due to Miss Mathews that we had the very effective nativity scene in the reading room before Christmas. A table was covered with sand, and at one end was the manger with Mary, Joseph, and the Child, about whose head was a halo made by a tiny electric light bulb which shone from behind the manger. Traveling across the desert came the Three Wise Men, who were guided by the Star of Bethlehem, which was represented by a tiny electric light bulb suspended from the ceiling.

Miss James, who took Miss Mathews' place last year, is with us this year also. She is teaching what heretofore was Miss Bailey's psychology class and also the Special English class.

Miss Hammond and Miss Burt have taken an interesting-looking house together this year. It is the famous Anne Bradstreet house, one of the oldest in Massachusetts, on the Main road between Andover and Haverhill beyond the Corner Cupboard.

Madame Riest is living in Sherman this year, and Miss Mathews is staying at the Infirmary.

Just before Christmas vacation through the efforts of Mme. Riest the girls in the French department were given an opportunity to look over and to order one or more French calendars. The calendars are in book form about twelve inches long, seven inches wide, and an inch thick. They are beautifully illustrated and contain stories and space for a diary which might be appropriately kept in French. We are certainly indebted to Mme. Riest for some beautiful books.

Miss Moses took her master's degree at the School of Education, Harvard University, last summer.

Friends wish to offer their sincere sympathy to Miss Jenks for the death of her father last spring and to Miss Hopkins for the death of her father this fall.

We believe that the COURANT BOX near the Exercise Card files has been a success, and, therefore, it will be continued the rest of the year. Contributions are always welcome.

The editors are very glad to print the following message, which will interest many old girls:

"Viele herzliche Grüsse sendet all meinen früheren deutschen Schülerinnen von den Jahren 1890-1910.

Ihre sehr oft in Liebe an sie denkende,

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER,
Pretzsch an der Elbe, Germany"

News from the Societies

We are indebted to Odeon for two fine subscriptions—one to a magazine, "Poetry," and the other to the Book-of-the-Month Club. The current numbers of both may be found in the library.

Through the efforts of A. D. S. two plays were presented, "Martha's Mourning" and "Jazz and Minuet". Both plays were interesting and well put on.

Les Beaux Arts, as always, has been carrying on interesting work. At one of the meetings Miss Mathews spoke about Spanish Art.

"Art for Amateurs" by Cox was given to the library by this society.

Exchange Column

How many of our readers know where to look for the *COURANT* exchanges? They are on the table in the reading-room where the big dictionaries are kept. These exchanges are magazines from many different schools, representing many different types. The editors merely wish to call the attention of the school to them and urge you to examine them. Below is printed a list of the various magazines for reference.

Exchanges for 1928-29:

- Bleatings*—St. Agnes School, Albany.
- Lasell Leaves*—Lasell Seminary, Auburndale.
- The Magus*—Milton Academy Girls' School, Milton.
- The Punch Harder*—Punchard High, Andover.
- The Spark*—Park School, Snyder, N. Y.
- The Tattler*—Ithaca High, Ithaca, N. Y.
- The Budget*—The Vail-Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J.
- The Chestnut Burr*—Springside, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
- The Quill*—Bradford Academy, Bradford.
- Boston University News*—Boston University, Boston.
- The Calhoun School*—309 West 92nd St., N. Y. C.
- The Hebronian*—Hebron Academy, Hebron, Me.
- Kendall Hall*—Prides Crossing, Mass.
- The Quill*—Billerica High School, Billerica, Mass.
- Rosemary Question Mark*—Rosemary Hall, Greenwich, Ct.
- Students Pen*—Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.
- The Scroll*—Washington Seminary, Washington, Penn.

A. D. S. Plays

MARTHA'S MOURNING

MARTHA	Audrie Griffiths
AUNTY	Janice Lovell
NEIGHBOR	Eleanor Jones

Time: Late Afternoon

JAZZ AND MINUET

A Comedy in one act

By RUTH GIORLOFF

MRS. VAN HAYDEN	Louise Anthony
ELEANOR PRUDENCE VAN HAYDEN }	Despina Plakias
PRUDENCE VAN HAYDEN }	
RICHARD TOWNSEND }	Mary Francis
ROBERT TROWBRIDGE }	
NETTIE }	Eleanor Jones
LUCY }	
MILORD DEVEREAUX	Cleone Place

Time: Evening. Now and one hundred and fifty years ago.

GERMAN PLAY

Einer Muss Heiraten

Lustspiel in einem Aufzug

von

Wilhelmi

Personen

JAKOB ZORN	Polly Francis
WILHELM ZORN	Despina Plakias
GERTRUDE, ihre Tante	Mary Eaton
LUISE, ihre Cousine	Doris Seiler

Ort der Handlung

Garten der Bruder Zorn, unweit einer Universitätsstadt.

Alumnae Notes

The Library of Bowdoin College has just received from Nora Archibald Smith a unique memorial of the literary work of her late sister, Kate Douglas Wiggin.

By the terms of Mrs. Wiggin's will, Miss Smith was made her literary executor, and in the last five years has arranged for publication not only her sister's first novelette, but a number of her plays, educational essays, and critical articles. In the discharge of her trust, Miss Smith has now devised a Kate Douglas Wiggin Memorial, which is to be enshrined in a special case in the Library of Bowdoin College, of which institution her distinguished sister was made a Doctor of Literature, in 1904.

The Memorial will take the form of a collection of Mrs. Wiggin's notebooks, her scrapbooks, the original manuscript of her first published story, three volumes (in her own handwriting) of her lectures to kindergartners in the California Kindergarten Training School, San Francisco, and a number of unfinished sketches for plays, essays, and stories.

There will later be added her first Diary as a child, and her Travel Notes and Letters, in various volumes.

The notebooks are twelve in number, and represent the last editions of a set which Mrs. Wiggin had kept throughout her lifetime as an author, and which were continually cut, changed, and rewritten as she used, outgrew, or destroyed the material they held.

There are also books of titles and suggestions, lists of Christian names which struck her as vigorous and stimulating, and voluminous collections of children's sayings and quotations from favorite writers.

The collection is to be inscribed—

Methods of an Author KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

1856

Death: Caroline Plimpton, wife of the late Rev. Edwin A. Adams, at Walpole, November 12, 1928. She was sister of Elizabeth Plimpton, 1856, and mother of eight children. Six are living, four of whom are engaged in educational work. She and her husband were missionaries in Bohemia for ten years, and later ministered to the Bohemians in Chicago, building up among them a strong Christian church. "Mrs. Adams's life was a radiantly beautiful and happy one, and she was greatly beloved in the home circle, and in the larger one which included friends in the church, community, and in many faraway places the world around."

1858

Death: Ellen G. Ellis, October 29, 1928, at Andover, after several years of failing health. She was sister of Elizabeth, 1856, and Maria (Mrs. Stork), 1861.

Death: In Boston, August 10, 1928, Henrietta Hamlin, wife of the late Reverend George Washburn, daughter of Henrietta Jackson, 1829, and sister of Abbie, 1866, Caroline, 1866, H. Clara, 1873, and Alice, 1887. Mrs. Washburn belonged to a famous missionary family, was born in Constantinople and spent much of her life there. As wife of the president of Robert College she had unusual opportunities in her relations with generations of students as hostess and friend. Many of these became men of influence in public life in Bulgaria and Turkey. For the last few years Mrs. Washburn had lived in Boston, keeping still in close touch with the Near East people in this country. She is spoken of as "a woman of strong character and convictions who held, through sheer force of personality, those who surrounded her to a high level of life."

1861

Death: Sarah F. Smith, wife of the late William E. C. Stebbins, at Brooklyn, N. Y., May, 1928.

1867

Death: Minnie I. Boardman (Mrs. Samuel W. French) at Milwaukee, Wis., November 4, 1928.

Death: Adeline Stowell, wife of the late John Roper, at Northampton, June 14, 1928. Her death came as the result of a fall a few days before. For the last twenty years she had lived mostly in New York. She had seven children, four of whom lived to grow up. She had travelled much in Europe and particularly delighted in Italy. Her daughter says of her, "She had an unusually happy, bright disposition with a nice sense of humor, and never allowed trouble or sorrow to make her repine."

1870

Death: Word has been received of the recent death of Ellen P. Battles, of Norwood, wife of the late William O. Webber. She had lived for some years in Brookline.

1872

Death: Anna R. P. Niles, October 28, 1928, at Reading.

1873

Through Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker, news has come to the *COURANT* of the death, after a period of two years of invalidism, of Florence Elizabeth Waters, wife of the late Henry A. Phillips, on March 4, 1928, at Worcester. When at Abbot she completed the course which gave her the so-called "diploma in Latin", a study in which she was greatly interested, and which she continued all her life. She afterwards studied abroad for several years. Mrs. Phillips was the sister of Mrs. Lilian Waters Grosvenor, 1872. For years Mrs. Phillips had lived in the historic Waters house in the town of Millbury, where her many friends will greatly miss her lovable character and gracious hospitality.

1876

Death: Eudora I. Moody, of Hudson, June 28, 1928. Miss Moody had been for twenty years a well-known dealer in antiques. Previously she had, with a friend, conducted a private school in Hudson. Miss Moody is spoken of as an ideal friend, of rare common sense, scorning sham and unaffected by petty jealousies, with an abiding faith that gave her patience and courage in facing life.

1878

Death: Jessie R. Holmes (Mrs. Charles E. Legate) died November 3, 1928, at Scarsdale, N. Y.

Death: Margaret C. Webster, wife of the late James H. Stone, at Evanston, Ill., May 12, 1928.

1879

Death: Caroline Caverly (Mrs. Henry Haven Swift) Pittsford, Vt., July 4, 1928.

Death: Helen M. Chamberlin, wife of Arthur H. Pray, at Boston, December 28, 1928, and on January 5, Arthur H. Pray. Much sympathy is felt for Helen, 1899, and Elsie, 1900, in this double bereavement. Mrs. Pray was the daughter of Abbie W. Chapman, class of 1845, who was a teacher and for a brief period acting principal at Abbot.

Caroline Potter, as regent of the local chapter of the D. A. R. in Brunswick, Maine, recently presented to the First Parish Church, for the chapter, a tablet in memory of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The tablet was placed on the pew occupied by Mrs. Stowe during the years she lived in Brunswick, while her husband was professor at Bowdoin College. Mrs. Stowe lived afterward in Andover, sent her daughters to Abbot, and showed herself in many ways a warm friend of the school. It was she, it will be remembered, who suggested the idea of the famous "levee" or "festival" which was held in 1854 to raise money for furnishings for Smith Hall.

1882

Died: In Brooklyn, N. Y., November 24, 1928, the mother of Edith E. Ingalls. Miss Ingalls taught at Abbot from 1885 to 1890.

Professor and Mrs. H. C. Morrison (Marion Locke) spent last summer in England. Professor Morrison teaches in the School of Education at Chicago University. Their

son, John, is the instructor of Economic Geography, and Hugh is in the Art Department. Robert is at the Harvard Business School.

Mrs. Eugene Wilde (Effie Dresser) is living in Winchester. Her address is 6 Lewis Road, Winchester, Mass.

1886

Death: Annie L. Cummings, wife of Frank L. Perry, at Woburn, December 26, 1928. A loyal, steadfast friend of the school, she for many years had rarely failed to be in Andover for Abbot Commencement.

1888

Death: Lilla Chase, wife of Edward W. Boutwell and mother of Bernice Boutwell, at Lowell, January 15, 1929.

1890

Professor and Mrs. Carl Plehn (Elizabeth Brainerd) are travelling in Europe on leave of absence for a half-year from the University of California at Berkeley. Their daughter, who is a graduate of the Department of Architecture at Berkeley, is studying at Les Beaux Arts in Paris.

1894

Death: Bess Lynde Eaton of Malden, May 20, 1928, at Atlantic City, N. J., after a brief illness. She was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Boston Abbot Club and her happy, responsive face and buoyant manner are greatly missed.

1895

Death: Polly F. Butterfield, wife of Frederick W. Whittemore, of Mansfield, May 10, 1928. Daughter of Elizabeth Jenkins, 1857, sister of Bell Joy Butterfield, 1888.

1897

Mary Smith Churchill is much absorbed in her work in interior decoration in New York. Many women are glad to take advantage of her skilled advice in the selection of furnishings. Her daughter, Molly, was married in January to Stephen A. McClellan, of Hartford.

Death: Mary Frances George, at Haverhill, August 8, 1928, after an illness of some months. Though quiet and rather retiring in manner, she always gave the impression of having great power in reserve. She was president of her class, and was always depended on for sound sense in committee conferences.

1898

Death: Gertrude E. Holt, wife of Rev. Byron F. Gustin, at North Amherst, July 10, 1928. Her mother, Parthenia Boutwell, was in the class of 1854.

Death: By accident, Joseph A. Rand, husband of Nellie F. Flint, in Andover, September 1, 1928.

1903

Marriage: Helen Estelle Nason to Henry Bullen, July, 1928. Address: Boris Bros. Ranch, Birney, Mont.

1904

Helen Abbot Allen is now living in Andover, and her daughter, Helen, is at Abbot Academy.

1907

Death: Herbert L. McClearn, husband of Christine Wyer, after a brief illness, December 25, 1928, at Dedham.

1910

Laura Jackson Austin sends us the news of her husband's death in July. She is in Coronado, Cal. (740 J Ave.) and hopes to make her home there permanently.

Ruth Newcomb had charge last summer of the Craft Department at the Keewaydin Camps for girls at Barton, Vt., where Florence MacCreadie, 1909, is personnel councillor.

1911

Margaret Baker conducts the "Come and See Shop" in Newtonville. In the summer she has a similar gift shop in Gloucester.

Classmates and other Abbot friends of Katherine Ordway Parker, of Hartford, will learn with sorrow of the death by drowning, early in the fall, of little two-year-old Helen.

Death: Helen Vail, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., October 15, 1928, after a long period of ill health. Her kindergarten training combined with her love of children made of the "Little Folks Shop" which in recent years she conducted at her home, a helpful agency in the neighborhood. The seasonal openings, in which the children participated, were important events.

1912

Amelia Dodge, of Pittsburgh, visited the Alumnae Office one day last summer. She is thoroughly interested in her brokerage business.

1913

Enid Baush Patterson dispenses all sorts of unique and artistic articles at her "Daisy Craft Shop" in Newton.

Birth: A daughter, Edna Francis, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garside (Emma Holt), of Andover, March 18, 1928.

1914

Death: Miriam Bancroft, wife of Walter C. Jenkins, at Hankow, China, August 3, 1928.

1915

Norma Allen Haine, "well known Hartford contralto", sang a number of Italian, German, and English songs at a concert given in December under the auspices of the Hartford Seminary Foundation.

Marriage: Esther Sheldon (Shinn) Salzman to Kenneth Furber Caldwell, at Hingham, July 17, 1928.

Birth: A son, William Anthony, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Whittemore (Mattie Larrabee), of West Roxbury, November 27, 1928.

1916

Birth: A daughter, Nancy Lovett, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Randall (Katharine Odell) of North Conway, N. H., September 17, 1928.

Death: Sylvia Gutterson, wife of Philip C. Pearson, in New York City. Four sisters, Constance, Edith, Maud, and Hildegard, her mother, Emma Wilder, 1874, and her grandmother, Priscilla Phelps, 1841, were all much-loved students at Abbot.

Marriage: Marion Adelaide Selden to William Baldwin Nash, Harvard, 1913, at Andover, June 30, 1928. Address: 13 Farwell Place, Cambridge.

Birth: A son, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Woodman (Josephine Walker) of Concord, N. H., July 11, 1928.

1917

Engagement: Gwendolen Brooks to Arthur Witherell Reynolds, Harvard, 1922, of Winchester.

Birth: A son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Henry Chen (Tsing Lien Li) Shanghai, China, June 4, 1928.

Birth: A daughter, Gale, to Mrs. Donald Falvey (Lidwine Curran), Boston, October 29, 1928.

Ruth Jackson French's husband died in November, 1927, after a long brave struggle with illness. Ruth has made a home for herself and her little daughter in Pasadena. She sends snapshots of themselves and their attractive little bungalow and the flower-filled patio. She hopes to come East for the Centennial. Her address is 248 South Parkwood Blvd.

Cornelia Newcomb Lattin's husband has recovered his health after an illness of two years, and they are keeping house again, at Maplewood, N. J. Mr. Lattin has a position as assistant patent attorney for Cooper Hewitt Electric Company in Hoboken.

1918

Marriage: Ruth Emily Allen to Kent Tenney Healy, November 3, 1928, at Cheshire, Conn. Address: 1285 Boulevard, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Margaret Hinchcliffe, teacher of Domestic Science at Punchard High School, Andover, studied at the Fitchburg Normal Summer School last summer.

Marriage: Helen Florence Martin to Henry Augustus Thomas, Jr., at Newport, N. H., October 6, 1928. Address: 12 Copley St., Jamaica Plain.

Marriage: Katharine Augusta Righter to Richard Henry Morris, 3d, in Orange, N. J., September 8, 1928.

1919

Marriage: Louise Rice Clement to Donald McPherson Gray at Waterville, Me., September 29, 1928.

Marguerite Morgan, pianist, with her two sisters, played at Kensington Palace for Princess Beatrice in November. This is the third time they have appeared before royalty. The sisters wore costumes copied from paintings by Goya, and gave a program of oldtime English, French, and Spanish compositions, selected by the Princess.

Harriette Harrison is spending the winter in Italy, France, and Germany. She spent Christmas in Palestine.

1920

Marriage: Hilda Apthorp Heath to George Sisson Safford, M. I. T., 1921, at New York City, June 30, 1928.

Birth: A daughter, Georgia Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mills (Leonore Wickersham), of Raleigh, N. C., June 10, 1928.

Birth: A son, Daniel Payne, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. McMullen (Bertha F. Worman) of Newton, June 5, 1928.

Marriage: Charlotte Vose to Franklin Proctor Clark at Bangor, Maine, June 30, 1928. Address: 2 Washington Circle, West Hartford, Conn.

Birth: A son, Stephen Thurston, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin L. Whittier (Caroline Grimes), of Baltimore, Md., November 28, 1928.

Birth: A son, Charles Hawkes, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller (Betsey Hawkes) of Bristol, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1928.

1921

Birth: A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin C. Bennett (Elizabeth Weld) of Rock, Mass., August 12, 1928.

Birth: A daughter, Mary Stoddard, to Mr. and Mrs. Hardwick Bigelow (Marion Kimball) of Andover, January 7, 1929.

Marriage: Aya Ebina to Raymond K. Oshimo in Kyoto, Japan, September 12, 1928. Mr. Oshimo is teaching in Doshisha University, of which Aya's father, Dr. Ebina, is president.

Marriage: Mary Harrison to Stanley Emil Perez, at Dunkirk, N. Y., October 6, 1928.

Frances Keany has recently had several signed articles about books in the *Boston Transcript*. She has taken up some work in publicity for Jordan Marsh Company.

Elizabeth McClellan, student at M. I. T. in the department of architecture, studied last summer at Fontainebleau, France.

Marriage: Carol Parker Perrin, of Buffalo, N. Y., to Gardner Dunton, June 2, 1928.

Marriage: Marion Ellen Swan to Thomas Olin Parnell, of Manchester, N. H., at Waltham, August, 1928.

1922

Ruth Hill took the part of Lona in Arthur Schnitzler's play "Anatol", which was presented in December by the Experimental Theatre at the "Barn" on Joy Street.

Marriage: Lois Kirkham to Stanley Hart, at New Britain, Conn., December 1, 1928.

Engagement: Florence E. Phillips to Theodore Carter Cooke, of Hartford, Conn.

Marriage: Alice Katharine Tower to Norman Wheatley Kirkby, at Essex Fells, N. J., January 10, 1929. Address: 1 Center St., Charham, N. J.

Kathrine Weeks is now industrial secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Marriage: Susana Jane Welborn to Riley Randolph Osborn, at St. Louis, Mo., March 25, 1928.

Marriage: Dorothy Winifred Williams, of Nanking, China, to Allen Davidson (Amherst, 1922, Harvard Law School, 1925), at Auburndale, September 15, 1928.

1923

Marriage: Martha Elizabeth Buttrick to Irving Emerson Rogers, at Andover, June 16, 1928. Address: 28 Richardson Ave., North Andover.

Marriage: Barbara Clay to George Roland Crampton (Amherst, 1925), at Lawrence, October 31, 1928. Address: 49 Grove St., Boston.

Eve Cross has recently gone to Paris to spend a year in the study of music and design. She will attend the New York School of Design.

Elizabeth Eaton is studying at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston this winter.

Marriage: Sarah Evans Finch to Arthur Hartwell, at Duluth, Minn., August 7, 1928.

Engagement: Ruth A. Holmes to John Brooks Durant (Harvard, 1927) of Cambridge.

Emily Holt has found opportunities opening in Hartford for her work in voice training. Besides staging plays, she gives private lessons to children and to club women. Her mother, Hanna Greene Holt, 1894, is keeping house for her this winter.

Marriage: Helga Marie Lundin to Allan Winfield Buttrick (Philadelphia College of Textile Engineering, 1925), in West Roxbury, September 22, 1928. Address: Heathcote Apartments, Munro Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Marriage: Martha Snyder to Clarence E. Purrington, at Wakefield, June, 1928.

Marriage: Dorothy Armstrong Taylor to Waller Beall Booth, Jr., at New Rochelle, N. Y., October 19, 1928. Address: Argyle Court, Ardmore, Pa.

Raymah Wright has a position with Ginn and Company, Boston.

1924

Laura Bliss, who graduated last June from the University of Vermont, received honors in Zoology as well as membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Death: Priscilla Bradley, of Hartford, Conn., April, 1928.

Marriage: Elsie Hale Draper to Lee Winslow Court, at Canton, October 31, 1928. Address: 1 Draper St., Canton.

Engagement: Priscilla Draper to George Mortimer Mansfield.

Engagement: Helen C. Epler to Sherman Tenney Baketel, of Methuen. Helen graduated from the Massachusetts General Hospital and is now doing Public Health work in Boston.

Marriage: Alice Hobart to Edmunds Lewis Whitney, at Boston, January 1, 1929.

Marriage: Ruth Hubbard Kelley to Elwyn Lionel Perry (Tufts, 1923), at Newton Highlands, September 1, 1928. Address: 8 Church St., Williamstown.

Marriage: Kate Louise Potter to William Frank Kobera, Jr., at South Hadley Falls, September 15, 1928. Address: Suite 35, 191 Audubon Rd., Boston.

Marriage: Marjorie Louise Wolfe to William Frank Staples, at Camp Hill, Pa., October 8, 1928. Address: 520 Cherry St., Fall River.

Marjorie Wolfe had a book of poems, "Many Moods", published in November, 1927, by the Stratford Company of Boston.

1925

Dorothy Beeley "made the dean's list" at Smith College for the year 1927-28.

Ruth Connolly, a senior at Smith College, studied last year at the Sorbonne. Helen (1927) joined her in Paris and they spent the summer in travel.

Doris von Culin Doehne has completed a course at the Peirce School of Business in Philadelphia.

Birth: A son, Gilbert Grosvenor, to Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Coville (Lilian Grosvenor), of Tokyo, Japan, November 17, 1928.

Marriage: Alice Margaret Hougen to Elmer James Ball, September, 1927. Address: Nekoosa, Wis.

Engagement: Charlotte A. Kitchin to Frederick Edmund Sears, Jr. (Harvard, 1927), of Concord, N. H.

Theodate Johnson is songleader of the Senior Class at Wellesley. She took the part of the hero, Sergius, in Shaw's "Arms and the Man", presented by the Wellesley Barn-Swallows.

Engagement: Natalia M. Jova to William Evan Simpson (Knox College, 1926), of Galesburg, Ill.

Birth: Lee Estes, to Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mayo (Annie Dunn Estes), of Texarkana, Texas, January 2, 1929.

Marriage: Elizabeth Carter Righter to William Matthew Farrar, Jr., in West Orange, N. J., September 29, 1928.

Marriage: Elizabeth Mary Ward to Donald Forrester Saunders, in Sterling, Ill., August 18, 1928. Address: 259 Melwood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

1926

Alice Abrahamson is a Sophomore at Wellesley.

Adelaide Black is a secretary at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston, where she studied last winter.

Anstiss Bowser, Simmons, 1930, was elected to the Academy, the honorary society at Simmons.

Katharine Clay is working in the Alumnae Office at Abbot.

Alice Cole (Mrs. Horace Cross) is living in England. Her address is Maris Mead, Bath Gate Road, London, S. W. 19.

Ruth Copeland graduated last June from the Academy of Speech Arts in Boston. She writes of plans to work in Chicago soon, and ends thus, "I'm coming on for the big birthday party if I have to walk." Good spirit!

Louise Douglass is at Miss Wheelock's School in Boston.

Frances Flagg is in Mr. Hammond's Choral Society at Mt. Holyoke.

Emily Lyman is studying at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston this winter.

Edda Renouf, Smith, 1930, has gone to France with the French Unit.

Marriage: Edna Russell to Herbert George Watson, in Hartford, Conn., June 15, 1928. Address: 200 B Sigourney St., Hartford, Conn.

Marriage: Virginia Spear to Joseph York Houghton in Chevy Chase, Md., June 7, 1928. Address: 402 Shepard St., Chevy Chase, Md.

Alice Taylor has gone from Bryn Mawr to France to take her junior year at the Sorbonne.

Fuki Wooyenaka was appointed Recording Secretary of the class of 1930 at Wellesley College.

1927

Katherine Farlow, who was last year in the Treasurer's office at Phillips Academy, is now secretary to a member of the firm of Harris, Forbes and Company, Boston.

Marriage: Persis Christine Goodnow to Gordon Kenneth Brown in Paris, France, July 27, 1928. Address: 86 Forest St., Keene, N. H. She received sophomore honor for work done in her freshman year at Wellesley.

Sylvia Miller graduated from the Wanamaker Institute last June and is now doing secretarial work in her father's office, "H. C. L. Miller Inc.", in Philadelphia.

Ruth Perry, Smith, 1931, was on the Dean's List.

Marriage: Virginia Ryland Pontious to Eben O. Porch, Jr., at North Kansas City, Mo., July 16, 1927. Address: 3714 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Marriage: Alice Rogers to Charles Lawrence Bankart, at Rivermoor, September 1, 1928. Address: Brentwood Court Apts., 520 High St., West Medford.

Engagement: Dorothy Spear to George Albert Crafts.

1928

Married: In Wolfeboro, N. H., July 21, 1928, Frances Gould to William Mayo. Constance Rundlett, Abbot '28, and Ellen Faust, Abbot '27 were bridesmaids.

Marriage: Marian Heathman Smith to Theodore Louis Max, at New York City, October 24, 1928.

1928

Of the Class of 1928 five are at Wellesley, Frances Anderson, Ruth Cushman, Lois Dunn, Margaret Nivison, and Barbara Vail. Margaret was excused from Harmony and was admitted to a class in Counterpoint because of her work in Harmony at Abbot. Theodora Talcott is the only one at Vassar and Gwen Cochran at Smith. Louise Hyde and Margaret Graham are at Mount Holyoke. Louise got her all-college letter for making the tennis team, and Margaret was on her class hockey team. Patty Snell and Katherine Ross are at Radcliffe. Katherine won the Anniversary Scholarship at Radcliffe given for this part of the country. Isabelle Bartlett is at Connecticut College, and Betty Schuh is at Wheaton. She made the freshman tennis team there. Jean Frederick is at Cornell. She received a University Undergraduate Scholarship in Home Economics as a result of competitive examinations. She was chosen to represent Cornell in the Cornell-Pittsburgh debate. Christine Bliss and Elizabeth Hollis are at the University of Vermont. Winifred Dudley is a Sophomore at Oberlin College on account of her work done at Abbot. Elizabeth Whitney is at the University of California. Katherine Adams is working in Lord and Taylor's. Katherine Bourneman is in a Library at Newark, N. J. She went abroad last summer. Virginia Gay is at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Elizabeth Jackson is at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dorothy Jennings is at the Old Colony School. Beatrice Lane is at the Lesley School of Kindergarten Training. Helen Leavitt is at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston. Eleanor Leech is at Miss Wheelock's School of Kindergarten Training. Josephine Paret, Constance Rundlett, and Elizabeth Ryan are at home. Emily Sloper was abroad last summer. Mary Piper is at the Boston School of Physical Education. Susan Ripley is at Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, N. Y. Jean Swihart is studying in Switzerland. Her address is Hotel Pension Nuss, Vevey, Suisse. She spent Christmas in Villars, Katherine Willauer is in Paris. Barbara Wentworth is at the Garland School of Home-making. Marion Quin is at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston. Dorothea Dow is in Boston this winter.

School Organizations

Senior Class

<i>President</i>	LOUISE ANTHONY
<i>Vice President</i>	GRACE STEPHENS
<i>Secretary</i>	LOIS HARDY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH BOWSER

Senior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	KATHIE FELLOWS
<i>Vice President</i>	HELEN SIMPSON
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Junior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	MARGARET O'LEARY
<i>Vice President</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHERINE BRACE
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY JANE MANNY

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<i>President</i>	MARIETTE WHITEMORE
<i>Vice President</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Secretary</i>	HARRIET BOLTON
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Gargoyles

<i>President</i>	CLEONE PLACE
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM

Griffins

<i>President</i>	MARY EATON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Student Government

<i>President</i>	MILLICENT SMITH
<i>First Vice President</i>	CATHERINE BOWDEN
<i>Second Vice President</i>	ELIZABETH JANE OSBORNE
<i>Third Vice President</i>	MARY FRANCIS
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTINA ROLLINS

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<i>Vice President</i>	CHARLOTTE BUTLER
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH BAKER
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<i>President</i>	ALICE BUTLER
<i>Vice President</i>	KATHERINE KENNEDY
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHERINE BLUNT
<i>Treasurer</i>	ANN MILLER

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<i>Basketball</i>	BARBARA SMITH
<i>Tennis</i>	ELIZABETH OSBORNE
<i>Riding</i>	MARY BACON
<i>Clock-Golf</i>	GWEN JONES
<i>Croquet</i>	JANE LINN
<i>Archery</i>	VIRGINIA DRAKE

"A" Society

<i>President</i>	KATHERINE KENNEDY
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	LOIS HARDY

Odeon Society

<i>President</i>	OLIVE WARDEN
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	EDITH SMITH

A. D. S.

<i>President</i>	DESPINA PLAKIAS
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<i>President</i>	HELEN HURLBURT
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The Abbot Courant



Centennial Number

June 1929



JUNE — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
TWENTY-NINE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

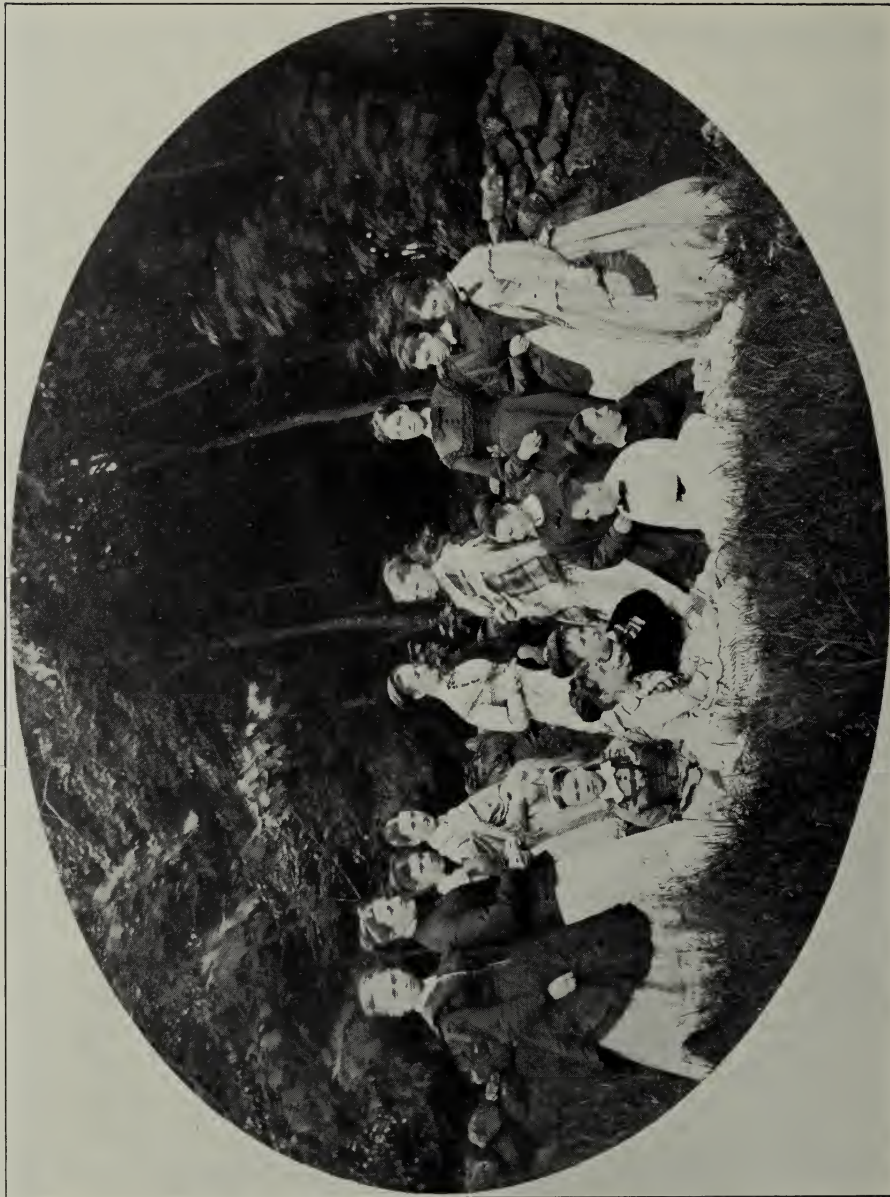
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1929

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CLASS OF 1869

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. LV

JUNE, 1929

No. 2

1829 - 1929

I have just been reading about the "Abbot Female Academy". The extract is from an article published May 27, 1829, in the "Journal of Humanity", the first number of the first paper published in Andover. The opening sentence reads, "This institution was opened, in this place, on the 6th inst., with very flattering prospects".

It is difficult to place oneself in imagination back on that opening day, to realize all the curiosity, the interest, the thrill with which those favored maidens entered the new "Academy Building", wondering what this great new experience was going to mean to them. What dreams, what hopes, what ambitions were theirs! How full of life and fun and mischief they were! How ready to be guided by the "gentleman eminently qualified for the charge committed to him"! How appreciative of the opportunity offered them to enjoy "the best advantages of cultivating the mind, forming the manners and improving the heart"!

From the point of vantage of one hundred years we look back, rejoicing in that thrilling first day. Something was started then that has proved worthy to endure. A great experience in woman's education was begun, which passed on its results to the later seminaries of Mt. Holyoke and Wheaton and to all the great women's colleges of today. It was a clear recognition by the people of Andover that it was both safe and desirable to trust women with an education.

As we now rejoice in the outcome of that great experiment, as we give thanks for all the freedom and the enlargement of life that have come to women all over the world through the new training and the wider horizons that education has given them, may it be well at the same time to recognize that unless women accept, with their new freedom and power, the greatly increased responsibility, the value of the experiment may not yet be beyond question?

But that thought is very far from us as we greet at this anniversary time the splendid women of Abbot who are returning to us. Their offices, their schools, their homes and communities speak of the great contributions they are making to straight thinking and sane and true living. If that is the result of Abbot education, let us have one hundred years more of it.

Bertha Bailey

Miss Bailey

It is always difficult to estimate personality. It seems almost impossible when that personality belongs to a friend. Rightly—or wrongly—we take a friend's success for granted. Confident of her success, we are glad to see her assume new responsibilities, and we rejoice when she fulfills our expectations. That Miss Bailey has succeeded is witnessed by the excellent students that Abbot Academy has sent to our colleges. These students have in general not only made good academic records, they have also maintained a high standard of college citizenship.

I cannot hope in this brief space to do more than mention some of the qualities which have contributed to Miss Bailey's success. She has, I believe, a mind open to new methods in education and is enough of an adventurer to keep her educational policy alive and vital, while at the same time she is not given to doubtful experiment.

She knows that no institution is the product of a single individual, and realizes, therefore, the great importance of securing in her colleagues the same high ideals of scholarship and character which she herself embodies. Having secured them, Miss Bailey possesses the power of commanding their loyalty not to herself alone but to the high task of developing the intellectual and spiritual quality of the students under their charge.

Lastly, Miss Bailey has, I believe, a keen interest in young people, a genuine sympathy with their difficulties. She is herself young in spirit.

Ellen F. Pendleton

Editorials

From all over the world sailors are returning to Port Abbot to celebrate this year. Many crews have gone out of this famous port, well-trained for the voyage over the Sea of Life. Now we are thrilled indeed as ship after ship appears over the horizon, bringing its well-remembered crew back again safe and sound. These are the crews that have weathered the storms and are coming back without a spar missing and with every sail and rope in place. They bring to those of us still in training at Port Abbot news of the farthest oceans of the world and much advice that will help us on our voyages. But this they tell us most of all, "Sail forth bravely, but return as often as you can, no matter how far you may wander." And heaven grant that we may do this—that we may sail forth when we have completed our training here, and in later years, like them, return in perfect trim with all flags flying.

Don't we rather envy the "Old Girls" who are coming to meet their friends of years past again? Don't we wish that we were going to meet some one in our class that we hadn't seen for years instead of knowing that in about two minutes with a slight exertion of the vocal chords or the leg muscles we can see any of our class-mates? Perhaps the "Dear Old Girls" envy us for being able to stay here the whole year and see each other every day instead of once a year. Still, it must surely be a little more exciting for them than for us, though as we think more about the Centennial we find ourselves sharing their excitement and joy.

There really is little difference between them and us. Simply the small matter of years. They came for the same purpose for which we have come: to learn such things as we can absorb or as can be pounded into our heads. Perhaps when we see these dignified ladies it may be hard to think that they ever got a "C" or even a "D", and the most flexible imagination would be too greatly taxed to think that they ever received lower than that! And yet since we know that they are human—and girls—it is not so utterly inconceivable.

Then too—their love for Abbot is the same as ours. Perhaps theirs has become richer and fuller through the years, but is of the same quality and brings us all very close together.

We have chosen for illustrations in this number of the *COURANT* several pictures that we thought might prove interesting to our old girls. The first shows us the class of 1869 in the grove. Miss Emily Means is the fifth standing from the left. You would hardly recognize the grove now. We have the most charming little fountain with a garden around it and there are plenty of nice shady paths.

The next picture, belonging to the eighteen-fifties, is an Andover gym class who have paused a moment from their strenuous exercises with wands and dumbbells to let themselves be photographed. Could we picture ourselves doing Danish in those costumes? We hope present Abbot girls will not feel *too* envious at seeing that former Abbot girls wore earrings, not only in the grove but at gym.

The other two pictures are for those old girls who perhaps will feel lost without Smith Hall. The girls are climbing up on all roofs available, waving flags and shouting, to celebrate the [Fourth of July]. It must have been easy climbing out of windows and on to roofs in those bulky skirts.

We hope you old girls will feel much more welcome and encouraged to come back for our Centennial, because really, although Abbot customs and styles and buildings may be different, the Abbot Spirit never is!

Of all the guardian angels of Abbot among the very dearest are the Drapers. They were such close neighbors that they always seemed like members of the school family. It was in 1868 that Mr. Draper became a trustee of the school, but his connection is even older than that, for it was in 1841, while he was a janitor here, that he met the future Mrs. Draper, an Abbot girl. For thirty years he was never absent from a trustee meeting. We all know how much he did toward making Draper and McKeen Halls possible. In addition he gave the grove, a bit of property that he loved greatly, and when he died he made the school his virtual heir.

In the Abbot "Garden of Memories" there is a lovely picture. It is that of Mrs. Draper, a sweet old lady sitting in the front window

but
not Abbot

Close of Civil
war

of Draper Homestead. For years she sat there where she could watch the girls come and go. Always there was a cheery smile and a gay wave for any who looked her way. How she loved this dear old school, and what faith she had in it! Even now we can hear her say, "This will be the best year yet."

On too few occasions during the school year does Miss Kelsey tell us of the Abbot of other days. We have often wished that we might hear more about the escapades of our older sisters, more about Abbot girls who have become famous—Octave Thanet, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and all the others.

Now, however, we may look forward with the greatest of pleasure to Miss Kelsey's book, "Abbot Academy Sketches", which is being published this spring and which is the story of the daily life at Abbot. It covers the years between 1892 and 1912 and has been written that we "may become intelligent about and interested in the past and may feel more vividly its relation to the present and the future."

Some people have been working and planning for the last ten years that they might present an endowment fund at the Centennial in June. At the head of this group has been Miss Alice C. Twitchell. Miss Twitchell has worked hard and faithfully. She has not only raised a substantial fund, but has also made for herself a warm spot in the hearts of all Abbot Girls by her charming personality. We wonder how the girls of the next century will survive without the spicky little blue letters postmarked "Portland"!

Why will not grown-ups let *us* grow up in peace? It certainly is a sufficiently trying process without any well-meaning but disagreeable references to the increase in our stature and intellect. We just love those dear "friends of the family" who try to pat our heads or cheeks when we simply tower over them and prick our sensitive souls with that horrid exclamation, "My, what a big girl you are!" Or they may say, "Why, the last time I saw you, you were only so high!" and follow up this statement by placing their hand about a foot from the ground to designate the miniature things we once were.

We try to appear cool and say to ourselves, "What hyperbole!" in a supercilious tone, but it is rather distressing.

When we were very young we may have been able to endure, "I think I'll just have to pack you away in my suitcase and take you home to be my little girl," though perhaps we had awful visions of being "squdged" and jammed into a narrow suit-case and thrown around in a baggage car. But now even the most well-meaning speeches referring to the growing-up period strike distress and pain to our hearts. But perhaps it is just as well that we have to pass through this period, for when we finally attain a respectable age about which people can only speculate we ourselves shall have respect for the tender feelings of those who follow after us.

Once upon a time there was a small group of ladies staying at a summer hotel. They were all very fond of one another and they all admired the others' achievements, but being intensely human they just couldn't refrain from drawing their chairs closer and putting their heads together as soon as any of their number excused herself. Perhaps they merely remarked on her shiny nose or the color of her hat, but anyway they always remarked. There was a certain sensitive lady who had affiliated herself with this group. She adored chattering about her friends' weaknesses, but she had a dread fear of being discussed herself, so she never dared leave the group until all the others had gone, so there would be no chance for them to pick her to pieces. She had expected to spend her summer getting outdoor exercise, but instead she spent it waiting for the others to go. Sometimes we almost begin to feel like that lady. We join wholeheartedly in discussing possible improvements in our best friends. Then as the circle grows smaller and each departing guest has received her share, we begin to be afraid to go ourselves, afraid that, as soon as the door closes, we too shall become the subjects of loving conversation.

Wouldn't we have a great deal more peace of mind when it was time to leave if we felt sure that those who were left would not wholeheartedly join in a discussion of our good and bad qualities?

The twenty-fifth anniversary is called the silver anniversary, the fiftieth, rarer, the golden anniversary, and the seventy-fifth, still

rarer, the diamond anniversary. Nothing so material as silver, gold, or diamonds can express the symbol of our centenary, because Abbot's values are of the ideal and spiritual.

Let us turn our minds back to the day when the Abbot Female Seminary opened its doors. The stage-coach which carried the first maidens to its portals soon gave place to the steam railroad. Since then steam-boats have been perfected and vast ocean lanes of traffic have been developed, ever shortening the distance between the new world and the old.

Since those early days the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and the World War have been fought. But through all these years Abbot has moulded the ideas and ideals of the young women who have been fortunate enough to enter this academy. Abbot has always kept in tune with progress.

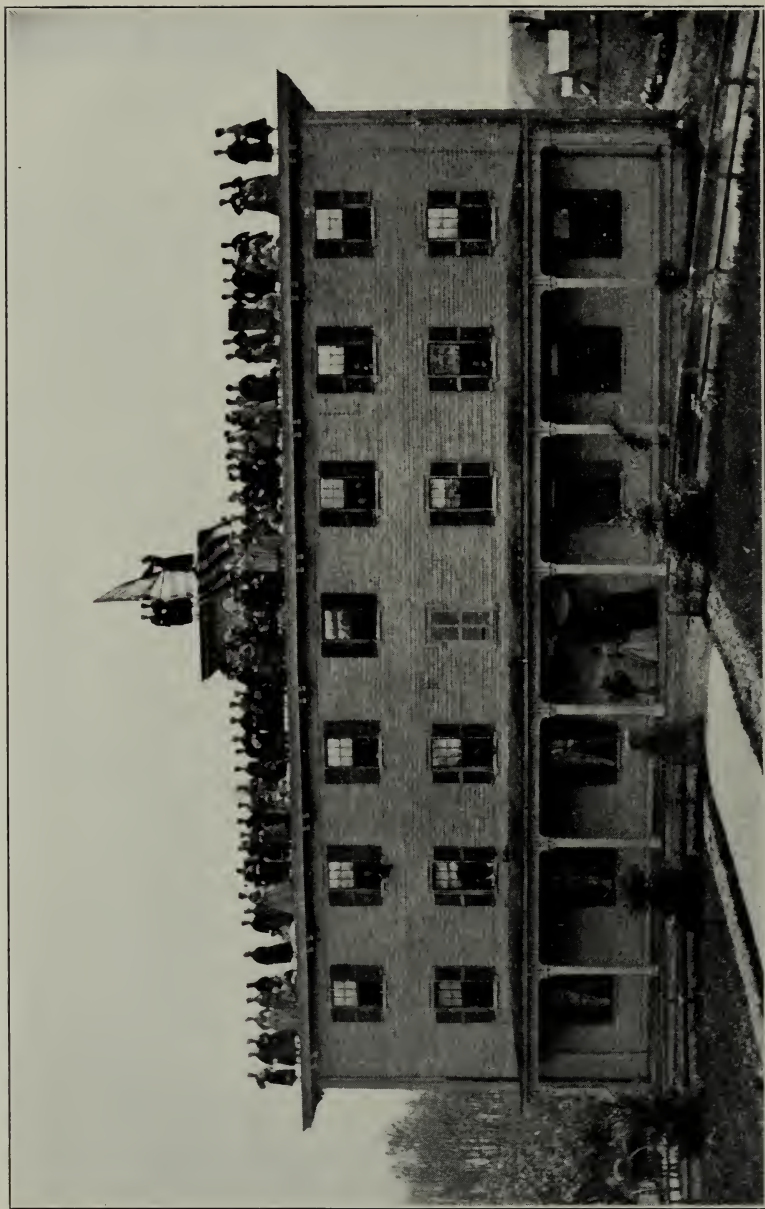
The telegraph, telephone, and radio have brought the world so closely in touch, ideals false and true are so easily disseminated that it is more important than ever before that right principles and high ideals be firmly fixed in the hearts and minds of the young women of today. We hope and trust that the classes of the second century will live up to the standards set for them in the past.

Not Albert Academy Students
but girls of Miss Edwards School
from Andover Street



AN ANDOVER GYM CLASS

Lottie Barrows Andover	Alice Buck Andover	Agnes Park Andover	Annie Edwards New York	Mollie Sybley Cincinnati
May Churchill Portland	Anna Colket Phila.	Nellie Sturtevant New York	Jennie Colket Phila.	Alice Alden Albany
Annie Poole New London	Kittie Felt Galena	Mattie McIntire Ann Arbor	Fannie Sturtevant New York	Dora Gale Exeter



SMITH HALL FLAG RAISING

After Fifty Years

A sunny June morning. A slender young oak, its scanty leaves fluttering in the breeze. Carpenters building beside it a platform with an arch above. A group of girls on the grass making, with hurrying fingers, the letters for a motto from field daisies. Other girls fastening them around the green-covered arch, to spell the words: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door", the motto of the Abbot Class of 1879. All of which means that the Seniors are preparing for their tree-planting.

In the afternoon, as a part of the celebration of the Semi-Centennial of Abbot Academy, comes the little ceremony. The Chief-Marshall, Rev. Mr. Hubbell, makes the announcements; Caroline Potter reads the Class History; Helen Page gives the Class Oration. Then, one by one, the members of the class put a spadeful of earth around the tree, and the Seniors are followed by a long line of Alumnae, eager to help plant the Semi-Centennial Oak. Then the spade is given by the President of '79 to the President of '80, who proudly bears it off. Proudly, because a Class Tree and a spade are new things at Abbot. Previous classes had planted vines with a silver trowel, on which the earliest date was 1873. This trowel had been kept in the President's top bureau-drawer and handed down from class to class. But when it was decided that '79 should plant an oak to take the place eventually of the Old Oak, which even then seemed decrepit, a spade was needed. A silver one was beyond our wildest dreams in those simple days, so an ordinary garden variety was bought, and our dear Miss Elizabeth Carpenter, who came from Boston Saturdays to teach drawing, decorated it for us with a tiny picture of Abbot Hall,—the "Academy building" as we called it,—our motto and class colors, twined with oak leaves, just as you may see it this June when it is used to plant the Centennial Tree.

Fifty years have made that sapling a sturdy, spreading tree. It stands at the Abbot Street end of the tennis court, in a line with the Old Oak and Sherman Cottage. The Old Oak has taken on a new lease of life, owing to diligent care, and the experts predict that it

will add two hundred years to its four hundred. In A.D. 2129, our Semi-Centennial Oak should be of suitable size to become its dignified successor.

As we members of 1879 come back for our fiftieth reunion, I think we shall want to see first the things that remind us of our own time, the Old Oak and our young Oak, then the Maple Walk, the Grove, and Abbot Hall. And when these have made us feel at home, we shall be ready to enjoy with pride all the new things that fifty years have brought to our beloved school, to add to her beauty and usefulness.

Julia E. Twichell, 1879

After Twenty-five Years

I was small for my age and conscious of my short gingham dress, "spring" heels, and pig-tails. I objected to being "taken to school", and so it is that I remember silently shaking hands with Miss Means in a sort of arena in which we two were the only people in the visible world.

"Weren't you afraid of her?" my family demanded at the supper table.

"No," I said, rather untruthfully.

But that position once taken probably affected my school-days more than anything that ever happened to me. Because I was not afraid of Miss Means, I was sent in to her with all sorts of messages from the school. My first year, I carried in a signed petition, from the day-scholars who had luncheon at the school, requesting soap and towels for our use. I think it was the way Miss Means laughed with me at the absurdity of not granting this request that permanently banished any shyness I felt in her presence. After that, until she died, I thought of her as a friend. I have never since met anyone more awe-inspiring nor more generally frightening. So I have always had the comforting experience of my first day at school—of walking right up to the lion and finding instead a warm-hearted human being who could stand more truth-telling than most, who was always interesting even to the people who did not like her, and who exacted as a sort of tribute, not to herself but to the enterprise for which she was sacrificing so much, one's ultimate best. It is impossible to claim that Miss Means created an atmosphere of social

ease. But the strain in the Abbot air of our day was a divine unrest. Something of the pioneer and the fanatic in Miss Means touched our spirits and made it all very exciting.

We were occasionally conscious of the intellectual interests of our teachers. We recognized Miss Bacon's extraordinary pleasure in the meaning of words. Latin translation was a heated pursuit of the right word. She assumed that a mere routine droning of the day's lesson bored us as much as it did her and she pounced with joy on any fresh interpretation. Whenever there was time, she read the lesson back to us in Latin—Virgil, of course, we remember especially—her voice, rapid and intense, giving with musical precision every shade of meaning. Miss Tryon in English was the best teacher I ever had in any subject. During one year—my fourth, I think—Miss Patterson was taking a course in design with Mr. Denman Ross. At the same time Miss Merrill was giving an extra year in mediaeval French. The *Chanson de Roland* thus furnished material for a required theme in English as well as an almost perfect field for experiment in the study of design. I mention this not because our achievements were remarkable, but because a synthesis of courses is supposed to be a modern idea. Somebody was certainly progressive at Abbot twenty-five years ago.

We liked school and had a good time, and, on Commencement Day in 1904, we had the immense pleasure of dragging our immaculate batiste trains across Abbot's dewy lawn. Our photographs in boned collars, pompadours, and picture hats are almost unbelievable but we cannot deny them. We admit playing hockey in woolen skirts two inches from the ground. But we insist upon having it publicly recorded that we could all "travel" three rungs at a time on a horizontal ladder, and that the high jump record in our day was forty-six inches.

Mary Byers Smith, 1904

**Grandmother's Reminiscences of Isabella Howarth
and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps**

"Your great-grandmother came to America from England when she was eight years old. Her father operated the mills on the Shawshen river. At that time the town lay largely below where the present station is, and there he built the old Howarth Homestead. Isabella and her sister Anne went up to Abbot through the South Church cemetery. They studied what you have in grammar school. Mother never told me much about it but she was very happy there.

"When I was small, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps used to drive down from her father's house on Andover Hill to teach in the mission school which was on the banks of the Shawsheen. My sister and I used to go to call on her often, and she had the loveliest tea-parties for us in her own little house in the garden. You know that she lived in the large white house on the hill which is now called the Phelps house. She gave me autographed copies of her books and I have her picture, too. When I was married she gave me the silver salt-spoons that you've seen many times."

Olive Warden, '29

The Centennial

It's not so very long ago—
O just a hundred years or so—
When Abbot Hall was all the school,
And scholars learned the "Golden Rule",
A sisterhood of girls began,
A guild, it might be called a klan;
And every girl who can remember
The joy of Abbot is a member.
It holds a place in every heart,
A big, or middling little part.
Can we e'er forget them all?
Abbot, Draper, Davis Hall,
They'll remember all the faces
Of the girls who had our places,
Sigh and think of by-gone singing,
Other voices gaily ringing,
Other laughter, other song,
For to them it isn't long.
And now old Abbot Hall will smile
Contentedly, for in a while
Will be returned each one we lack—
Its dear old girls are coming back!

Miriam Rand, '30

Down Through the Ages



'29 sends greetings to '29!
And to the classes since that time
Who down through the ages
Have passed many stages,
Especially in dress and its line.

First comes Madam Abbot,
Who, dressed in fine habit,
Wears a big sunbonnet white.
Her skirts are all flounces
As onward she bounces
And looks not to left nor to right.



Next comes a great rustle
As on steps the bustle,
A maid with a quaintly plumed hat;

After her comes a lady
With hat wide and shady,
And hobble skirts tighter at that.



At last comes the flapper,
So charmingly dapper,
But a true Abbot girl none the less;
Her skirts are right short,
But she's still a great sport,
And thus endeth the trials of dress.

Olive Elsey, '29



Abbot Through the Eyes of Phillips Academy

After chapel one morning in May, 1829, at Phillips Andover Academy a boy passed over the campus all alone. He was entirely heedless of all the happy pack of boys around him, for he had a bleeding heart.

A friend approached him and stroked him on the back. "Benjamin, why are you so downcast? Do turn around and tell a guy!" Benjamin went on for a step or two, still keeping his head bent low, but suddenly he raised it to his companion as though he must give up the great burden. "Paul, you heard what Mr.— said just a few minutes ago at opening exercises—about that new school being constructed just down the street here for girls. That is why I am as I am. It seems too bad if men can't be left alone. Here we are going along nicely for a matter of a very few years and now a feminine institution is set up!"

"Ben, you are not taking the Christian attitude toward such an idea. Why, do you know the main purpose of that school? To provide good wives for us ministers."

"To provide wives for us? Don't mention it. If anyone thinks he can stick a wife on to me, let him stop thinking. I think that is nerve, Paul—now I do. I shall never, never, never marry a woman from that school!"

So in 1836 Benjamin married Eleanor, president of the Senior Class of Abbot Academy.

After chapel one morning in April, 1929, at Phillips Andover Academy a boy passed over the campus all alone. He was entirely heedless of all the happy pack of boys around him, for he had a bleeding heart.

A friend approached him and stroked him on the back. "Bill, what is the matter with you—you haven't been yourself for weeks. Speak up!"

"Aw! It's nasty, Pete. We are forbidden to call on the girls tonight—and I have simply got to see Kay before the Prom down there. They have said that Abbot was started way back for the main purpose of

giving us good wives, and now they won't even let us call, simply because there is a case of measles somewhere in the vicinity. Soon they will stop allowing them to have any callers at all."

After chapel one morning in May, 1929, at Phillips Andover Academy a boy passed over the campus all alone. He was entirely heedless of all the happy pack of boys around him, for he had a bleeding heart.

A friend approached him and stroked him on the back. "Brace up, Larry, what's the matter?"

"Oh! It is just that little matter Mr.— announced this morning in chapel about the concrete wall being put up around Abbot Academy.

Mary McCaslin, '30

Speeds

Did you ever stop to think,
Miss 1929,
That your sister of a hundred years
Had no blue Packard fine?

She drove here in a coach and pair;
Prancing steeds were they,
For they brought her out from Boston
In exactly half a day.

Today a shiny roadster
Swings in the Abbot gate;
It left town not an hour ago
And still it isn't late.

In 20 hundred 29
To fly here from Broadway
Will take but that same hour,
And they'll all arrive that way.

Millicent Smith, '29

Emily Dickinson

Ninety-nine years ago, on the eleventh of December, a remarkable woman was born in Amherst, Massachusetts. Coming from a family of strict, stiffly-dignified, New England Puritans—"before Temperament was invented"—Emily Dickinson early learned to subjugate her flashingly brilliant personality to the tiresome duties which filled her life. In fact, so completely did she comply it seemed at times almost to stifle her genius. In later life she shrank more and more within herself, pouring out her love and tenderness on a chosen few, and scrupulously avoiding all literary fame, for "to publish is as foreign to my thought as firmament to fin"; and even her friends and relatives, although to them she was "the spirit of loveliness incarnate", saw less and less of her, for she appeared only on the rarest of occasions.

This seclusion has often been criticized, but it grew quite naturally out of the vague, suppressed melancholy that filled the depths of her being. She had formed the habit of repression; and, all her life, she renounced resolutely the things she unconsciously longed for, even before the temptation had time to grab her. This strength of mind sharpened her wits and deepened her understanding. She was famous for her brilliant, smashing epigrams and her genius for unusual, oblique combinations of thoughts and words. "The joy of mere words was to her like red and yellow balls to a juggler."

No woman has ever burned at so white a heat as Emily Dickinson; she was a fascinating mixture of ecstasy, dare-devil brilliance, whimsical originality, and deep tenderness. "Her spirit seemed to play through her body as the aurora borealis through the darkness of a summer night. Her solitude made her and was part of her."

She wore white almost exclusively. When asked to describe herself she says, "I am small like the wren; and my hair is bold, like the chestnut burr; and my eyes, like the sherry in the glass that the guest leaves."

Here is one of her poems that I am very fond of:

*An everywhere of silver
With ropes of sand
To keep it from facing
The track called land.*

I have chosen these seven quotations from her letters to show her brilliance, her depth, and her whimsicality.

Cherish power, dear; remember that it stands in the Bible between the kingdom and the glory because it is wilder than either.

To do a magnanimous thing and take oneself by surprise, if one is not in the habit of it, is precisely the finest of joys.

Longing, it may be, is the gift no other gift supplies.

If the gentleman in the air will please stop throwing snowballs, I may meet you again.

It is strange that the most intangible thing is the most adhesive.

To the faithful absence is condensed presence. To the others,—but there are no others.

(With yellow flowers during a torrential rain.)

I send you inland buttercups as outdoor flowers are still at sea.

Mary Roys, '29

Kahlil Gibran

Kahlil Gibran is a Syrian poet-painter of an ancient Lebanon family dwelling only a short distance from the famous Lebanon cedar-groves. He was born in 1883, and at the age of twelve came to the United States. However after two years he returned to complete his education at the Al-Hikimat College in Beirut. His return to the Orient was most fortunate, for undoubtedly in becoming anglicized he would have lost that touch of the Orient which is a distinctive quality in his poetry. In 1903 he revisited America, and after spending five years in Boston went abroad to study painting in Paris.

To read Kahlil Gibran is to find yourself alone with the Prophet, stretched out on the sands gazing up into a dark blue ether dotted with the twinkling lamps of the gods blinking in and out, while by your side the voice of the Prophet low and deep utters truths with a rare simplicity. It is this breath of the East that prevails throughout all his poetry. One may liken his verse to Arabian literature. It is condensed and satirical, "gold beaten thin", yet there are no superfluous words to mar the rhythm or obstruct the sense. The lyrical beauty of his verse depends a great deal on assonance. The verses in which the prophet speaks of marriage seem to me to be the most lyrical of any.

"Love one another, but make not a bond of love:
Let it rather be a moving sea, between the shores of your souls.
Fill each other's cup but drink not from one cup.
Give one another of your bread but eat not from the same loaf.
Sing and dance together and be joyous but let each one of you be alone,
Even as the strings of a lute are alone,
Though they quiver with the same music.
Give your hearts but not into each other's keeping,
For only the hand of Life can contain your hearts.
And stand together yet not too near together,
For the pillars of the temple stand apart,
And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shade."

Undoubtedly he has a poetic soul. It is so teeming full that his lyrics sing themselves into symbolic sketches. He possesses the gift of Rodin and Blake. As Rodin he unites the definite pattern of art to the infinite by symbolism. He follows Blake's love for the free bounding line.

In his lyrical beauty and melody his simple truths and philosophy mingle. Thus the Prophet speaks of parents and children:

"You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He bends you with
His right hand, that his arrows may go swift and far.
Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;
For even as he loves the arrow that flies so He loves the bow that is stable."

Carlyle says that poetry is but another form of wisdom and religion. Gibran's works are all spiritual in the biggest sense. A very good example are these verses:

"Is not religion all deeds and all reflection,
And that which is neither deed or reflection,
But a wonder and a surprise ever springing in the soul,
Even while the hands hew the stone or tend the loom?
And if you would know God be not therefore a solver of riddles."

Gibran has combined this lyrical quality with a keen but how broad and fine insight into human nature. Never does he stoop to squabble. The grandeur of his philosophy is revealed in this passage:

"He who wears his morality but as his best garment were better naked.
The Wind and the Sun will tear no holes in his skin
And he who defines his conduct by ethics
Imprisons his song bird in a cage.
The freest song comes not through bars and wires,
And he to whom worshiping is a window to open, but also to shut
Has not yet visited the house of his soul whose windows are from dawn to dawn."

The style of Gibran, vigorous and unornamented yet with its rolling swing, its vibrant feeling and idealism, are winning him his rightful place among the modern writers.

Cleo Higgins, '29

Mes Poissons Rouges

Vous nagez dans votre globe. Les rayons de soleil étincellent sur vos nageoires. Vous semblez de petites pépites d'or. Vos yeux froids me regardent fixement mais sans me reconnaître. Il me semble qu'après m'avoir vue pendant tant d'années vous me reconnaîtriez. Mais vous êtes oublieux. Votre vie est dans un globe de verre et non dehors. Vous cherchez votre nourriture parmi les cailloux, puis vous vous butez le nez contre le verre. Je m'étonne que vous ne la voyez pas, ou peut-être que vous voulez vous gratter le nez. Vous nagez entre les arbres liliputiens, et vous mangez leurs branches vertes. Sont-elles bonnes? Avec un étonnement hostile vous regardez ma petite nymphe, assise au fond, parmi les cailloux.

Vous êtes vulgaires et prétentieux, mes chers poissons rouges. Vous avez l'air de me dédaigner. Vous ne pensez pas, vous ne savez rien, vous ne parlez pas, vous ne vivez pas—vous nagez seulement. Alors—pourquoi me méprisez-vous et pourquoi ne répondez-vous pas quand je vous parle? Comme vous êtes entêtés. Pourquoi avez-vous cet air ennuyé? Si vous n'étiez pas dans mon globe vous seriez dans celui d'une autre personne et probablement elle ne vous aimerait pas comme moi. Je ne pense pas que vous soyez malheureux. Moi, j'aimerais beaucoup nager tout le temps dans un globe sans travail et sans souci. Je changerais volontiers avec vous! Non? vous ne voulez pas? Mais comme vous êtes raisonnables!

Elizabeth Bowser, '29

Une Allégorie

Tout l'été une hirondelle vivait dans le jardin. Tous les jours les enfants de la maison lui apportaient des morceaux de pain ou de graisse de rognon. Et pour les remercier elle chantait gaîment, joyeusement. Elle mangeait beaucoup d'insectes et elle devenait grasse. Elle était contente.

Un jour qu'il faisait frais le vent l'avertit de l'approche de l'hiver. L'oiseau frémit. L'hiver! Bientôt il faudrait s'en aller. Il faudrait quitter le jardin, les enfants et les bonnes fêtes—en somme, quitter tout ce qu'elle aimait. Elle trouverait quelque chose d'aussi bon peut-être, mais probablement que non. Elle devint triste. On ne sait jamais ce à quoi s'attendre.

Plus tard elle voyait des bandes d'oiseaux qui volaient vers le sud. "Venez avec nous, amie," disaient-ils. "Non", répondit l'hirondelle. "Je resterai ici encore un peu." Puis une nuit il gela et le coeur de l'oiseau gela aussi. Le matin un des enfants la trouva dans un coin du jardin, froide comme un morceau de marbre. Son oeil, autrefois clignotant, était comme un morceau d'èbene morte. Mais quand l'enfant la leva, il trouva une toute petite fleur qui sortit du sol sous l'hirondelle.

L'hirondelle qui chante dans le jardin est la fortune qui vient dans nos vies. Elle reste chez nous quelque temps—plus ou moins longtemps. Puis un désastre comme la gelée nous arrive et quand il est passé nous cherchons notre fortune et la trouvons morte, froide, réduite à rien. Mais si nous avons un peu de courage nous lèverons le corps froid et nous y trouverons l'espérance.

Barbara Lord, '30

Abbot in 2029 *

As I ascended the stairs to the roof-garage where I keep my aeroplane, I thought of the stories which my great-grandmother used to tell me when I was a small child of Abbot Academy as it was when she attended it, way back in 1929. I compared the Abbot Academy of 1929 with the Abbot First National Preparatory School for Girls of 2029.

"Just think", I remarked to my sister, who was awaiting me with the plane in readiness to start, "Just think, one hundred years ago all girls except those within a radius of three or four miles actually boarded at school, and Abbot was only one of the many schools for girls throughout the country."

"Yes", she answered, "and now we live in San Francisco, hop into our plane every morning and run over to what is now the only school for girls in the country. Only a few who are not within flying distance, girls from other countries who wish to see what a national school is like, have to live a little nearer, and even at that, most of them can go home for week-ends now that we have the kind of calendar which makes a week-end four days long. But don't you think that we had better be leaving?"

I agreed and we were soon in the air, winging our way eastward. Near the outskirts of Chicago we passed over Phillips National School for Boys, once Phillips Andover Academy, but, as Andover was hardly large enough for both Abbot and Phillips in their new form, it was thought best to move it and give the buildings to Abbot. (There is a tradition that, many years ago, there was a great crime wave in Chicago and they moved the academy out there to give the students a little diversion. When they tired of studying, they took a holiday and offered their services to the police to wipe out a gang.)

We soon reached the Abbot landing-field, put our plane in its locker and, since the field was so large that it would take quite a long time to walk to the buildings at the end of it, we went down into a place something like the old subway stations and pushed a

* A translation from Frengerit

button. A door opened; we entered a compartment and were immediately whirled off. Soon it stopped; we stepped out and found ourselves in front of Abbot Hall. This Abbot Hall is not the Hall of one hundred years ago. It is a huge place, one wing of which is built around the entire original Abbot Hall. This is kept nearly as it was one hundred years ago. In it is the old Physics laboratory where my great-grandmother worked in vain and upstairs is the old chapel, dear to many generations of Abbot girls, now used occasionally by the smallest class.

As for the circle, its sacred precincts have hardly been encroached upon. It now has a grove of trees with the name of the class by whom it was planted on each tree. In the center is a fountain, and one walk by which it may be reached divides the circle in two. However, the grassy parts are still kept as inviolate as they ever were.

The course of studies is rather different also. English, French, Spanish, and German have joined Greek and Latin as dead languages, for now we all write and speak an international language, Frengerit, derived from French, English, German, and Italian.

Abbot has absorbed the greater part of the land between here and Boston, and Andover also counts among its suburbs Lawrence, Haverhill, and Lowell.

I won't oblige you to listen to an account of the classes which my sister and I shall attend today, but let it be sufficient to say that in that respect Abbot hasn't changed any since 1929.

Grace Hadley, '30

How I Came to Know the Afghans

My experience happened last year, 1928, on February 10th. My father, mother, and I had been enjoying the many interests in Brussels. When we arrived we heard that the king and queen of Afghanistan had come to Belgium to pay a visit to its king and queen. As you all probably know, the Afghans were traveling in Europe about that time.

We saw them go up the street, preceded by the Belgian soldiers. The uniforms of the officers were simply marvelous. Their medals had a certain sparkle which sent a swift little shiver through me. I was simply dazzled.

On February 10th, a few days later, I came down to breakfast rather early, with my father and mother. A great many ferns were in the lobby, placed so that they made a beautiful green passage to a room off the lobby. We went to breakfast and my father asked the waiter in French what the idea was. His reply was that their King and Queen were giving that night a party for the Afghans. Imagine my excitement!

I dressed very quickly that night and with my mother went down to the lobby. There were some vacant chairs near the door, so we sat down in them. I just had to go into the room where the celebrated were going to eat and see the table! So I left mother behind and went and peeked in. Nobody was there and, I gazed upon the table in complete astonishment. It was formed in the shape of a square "U". There were two gilded chairs, which I imagine were the two chairs for the two queens, and at all the ladies' places were beautiful bouquets of flowers. I hurried to tell mother. I wished her to go in, but she refused.

We sat in the lobby for a few minutes. Presently there was a great commotion at the door, and ladies with tiaras on their heads and dressed in beautiful satins hastened to the door to escort the King and Queen of Belgium with their daughter, Marie José, and Prince Leopold with his wife, the Princess Astrid.

While I was sitting there, a very big man covered with medals of

all sorts came up to me and lifted my hand and kissed it. You just don't know how queer I felt; my knees shook so that I thought he would hear them. I don't know what happened to my mother, except I knew she was there with a little amused smile on her lips.

He said something to me which I scarcely remember. However I saw quite a bit of him the next day. I learned he had ten children, of three of whom I saw a picture. I later found out he was Ali Ahmad, Governor of Kabul.

Well, I must go back to my main topic. There was a great stir among the people: the Afghan King and Queen had appeared. They then went to dinner, and we did also. That night late we saw the Belgians leave the hotel and the Afghans go upstairs to their luxurious suites.

The next day we saw the Afghans start on their journey to England. I was in the lobby when they left, and watched the King stride up and down, looking rather mad because of something being held up. I saw the queen walking over toward me, and, getting afraid, I started to disappear. But she caught me before I had gone very far. Her brother who was with her could speak English, so he translated for her what she said and translated for me what I said. She then put her arm around me and gave me two kisses, said good-bye, and was gone.

That was not the last I saw of the Afghans, for they arrived in Berlin just when we did, but the crowd was so thick wherever they were that I didn't ever see them so close again.

Ursula Ingalls, '33
(*Courant Contest*)

To the Moon

Bewitching Beauty of the Night,
Shed your gleaming, radiant light
Upon the world below.
If 'tis winter, then entice
Youth to skate on frozen ice;
Then crystallize the snow.

Don't hide your light behind the trees,
Venture bravely in the breeze
To shine o'er every land.
Kiss the children's gentle sleeping,
Soothe the widows' mournful weeping
With your filmy hand.

In the summer, down below,
Cast soft shadows, hide the doe
When the blood-hounds cry.
Form weird figures in the woods,
Knights and ladies with queer hoods,
To catch the sleepless eye.

Rippling, roaring, raving, roaming,
Rumbling, rushing, flashing, foaming,
Waters, night and day.
Across the greatest you alone
Can make a path without a stone—
Called the Milky Way.

Light the weary traveller's path,
Give wanderers all a moonlit bath.
When your work is done,
Farewell to your sister stars!
Bid your brother, mystic Mars,
Wake the sleeping Sun.

Edith Smith, '29

University Echoes

"He's so awfully stuck on himself!" Helen exclaimed.

"And so dreadfully proud and overbearing, and everything that's mean, and horrid and vulgar!" Maidie added.

"Who's this dreadful he?" Jack inquired, as he joined the group of indignant girls.

"Alfred Locke," Grace explained. "He's unbearable. He's got to be called down, way down, ever so far."

"Can't you think of some way, Jack?" Maidie asked. "You are an expert at doing things you ought not to do."

Jack thrust his hands into his pockets and stood a moment in thoughtful silence.

"It's as easy as stealing watermelons," he said at length. "I'll do it, if you'll change your mind and go to Plymouth with me Saturday, Maidie."

Maidie looked up at the tall, handsome fellow.

"I was going with you anyway—if you didn't ask anyone else. I just wanted to see how sad you would feel if I refused."

Jack smiled happily.

"Girls are the most unaccountable creatures!" he exclaimed, turning to leave them.

But a dozen fair hands were stretched forth to detain him and their owners exclaimed in an eager chorus:

"What are you going to do to that Alfred Locke?"

"I haven't the faintest shadow of an idea," he replied calmly. "Maidie has promised to go to that picnic with me."

"The mean thing!" Grace exclaimed. "He won't help us a mite! Boys are all alike anyway."

"Yes, he will," Maidie asserted confidently. "He'll be as tractable as a pet dog until after that picnic, and it's three whole days."

About ten o'clock the next morning Locke entered the young men's study. He had just begun to wonder why there were so many boys and girls about when the janitor came to the door and said that someone wished to see Mr. Alfred Locke, Junior. Lockrose haughtily and crossed the room with the stately stride of which he was so

proud. His companions winked at one another, and silently followed behind him. He had just raised his gold-bowed eye-glasses to survey his guest when a loud, rough voice exclaimed:

"How be ye, nevy! I havn't seed ye sence the time ye fell inter the hog trough."

At the sound of the unexpected greeting Mr. Alfred Locke dropped his glasses quickly. He forgot the proud poise of his head, and his lordly manner deserted him. He turned red and then white, and gazed at his visitor in helpless amazement. The intruder was old, and thin, and tall. His straggling gray hair and beard evidently had never been submitted to the hands of a professional barber. He was clad in a pair of heavy cowhide boots, faded blue overalls, a coat neatly patched with many colors, and a wide-brimmed straw hat innocent of trimming. His face was wrinkled and browned by exposure to the weather, and his hands were rough and scarred. He carried a green cotton umbrella, and a wooden box neatly bound with rope and labelled in black letters "Use Pear's Soap."

"I—I think you must have made a mistake," Locke stammered.

"No, I hain't made no mistake," the stranger responded cheerfully. "Didn't yer ust ter live with me till yer father got rich, and that ain't more'n ten years ago nuther. Ye warn't ser rich es Job's turkey then. Yer ust to go bare foot, and the bees ud sting yer legs, and say how ye'd holler! Ye don't seem very glad ter see yer old uncle, but I reckon ye take arter yer mother. She was a proud gal, if she did have ter milk the cows. If ye ain't busy, I wisht ye'd show me where yer father lives. I ain't never been in Boston afore, and it's durned hard work ter git anywheres."

"I'm sorry," Alfred replied, hesitatingly, "I have to recite now. I can't go with you until two o'clock. I will get you a taxi."

"None o'yer taxis fer me. I guess most anybody ken tell me where Alfred Locke lives."

"It's a long walk. You had better ride," Alfred urged.

"I'd rather walk," the old man said, turning to go, "I'll be there when ye git home, sonny."

Maidie stepped up to Locke.

"It's a shame to let your own uncle go off like that," she said

sorrowfully. "He might get killed. I'm going with him; I'm not so awfully proud."

Maidie found the old man standing on the curbstone and looking helplessly up and down the street.

"I am going by Mr. Locke's house," she said to him. "If you will come with me I will show where it is."

"Yer an awful purty gal," her companion exclaimed, after they had walked some distance in silence. "I've a good mind ter kiss ye."

Maidie's eyes flashed indignantly—and she stopped suddenly.

"I guess I won't go any farther," she said.

With a quick movement the old man pulled off hat and wig and mask.

"Jack!" Maidie exclaimed in surprise. "But I might have known it was you. Alfred was awfully meek. He acted as if he knew you."

"That's the joke," Jack laughed. "It's the straight truth, everything I said. Father used to know them when they lived in the country. Do you think his hat will fit any better now?"

"It ought to," Maidie said. "Go somewhere and take off that rig. You are a perfect farmer."

Alma Hill, '30

Kansas, The Wild and Woolly West

Riding through Kansas on the train you see miles of beautiful rolling country, nearly all of which is cultivated. You pass miles of wheat fields, yellow and golden in the summer sun, miles of corn fields with their stiff stalks and their slender leaves waving to you as you pass. Near the center of the state the ugly derricks of the oil wells may be seen, each of which represents thousands of dollars. As your train rushes through the widely separated towns and cities you catch sight of prosperous communities whose new and business-like appearance are a great attraction.

Kansas, the Wild and Woolly West? Certainly not—today. But if you could have seen those same cities fifty years ago, you would have seen examples of real frontier life.

Wichita was incorporated as a town in 1870, made a city of the third class in 1871, and a city of the second class in 1872. In the years of 1871, 1872, and 1873 Wichita was indeed picturesque. Durfee's Ranch was headquarters, and there was located the post office whose postmaster carried the mail in his hat. Another prominent building was Buckhorn Tavern, which sheltered almost every type of frontiersman.

Imagine a small trading-post with a dirt street bordered by a board sidewalk. The town was always full of a mixed crowd of cowboys in big sombreros, Indians of half a dozen different tribes in brilliant blankets, and Mexican ranchmen in bright jackets. There was not a gambling device known which could not be found in open operation. A brass band from Kansas City was engaged for a year to play from morning to night. All men were noisy and familiar, all quick to draw a gun, and yelling and fighting mingled with the noise of the band. This was the border town, and this was Kansas, the Wild and Woolly West.

Virginia Drake, '29

The Poets' Spring

When poets sing the songs of Spring,
The words they like the best
Are flowers and bowers and bees and showers
And love and dove and zest.

So every time I hear a rhyme
That deals with spring again,
I wonder why they do not try
To find a new refrain.

If you or I should ever try
To do the spring song right,
We'd sing of chills and ills and pills
And skies all gray, not bright.

But what's the fun, when all is done,
To spoil the old traditions?
Let poets bring around each spring
A score of new editions.

Mary Angus, '30

Spring

Ye trees that bend to the breeze,
Ye flow'rs that sprout from the ground,
Ye birds that fly at ease
And fill the air with sound;

Ye tell the world of spring
And forecast summer days;
Ye wee birds chirp and sing
And cheer us with your lays.

How dull would this life be
Without your cheerful songs!
For chants of joy and glee
The world all winter longs.

Frances Sullivan, '30

Cannibal Women

The mention of cannibals always brings to my mind a picture of dark South Sea Islanders with rings in their noses, and crinkly black hair, seated around a fire over which is suspended a huge black cauldron filled with the delicious white meat of an unfortunate Caucasian brother.

As I gaze upon this spectacular scene set deep within my mind's eye, lo and behold, the world around the black creatures becomes as dark as they themselves. One ominous figure rises up from the circle of his black brethren and tosses a dry log upon the fire. Then, in a tumult, the dim shapes rise up and start dancing crazily around the fire and kettle.

Sound lends itself to my picture. The crackling of the burning logs mingles weirdly with the "holas" from the deep bass voices of the dancers, and the *booms* and *clangs* of the drums and flute-like instruments of three musical demons leaning against near-by palm trees.

As this scene slowly vanishes my thought travels somewhat farther back and dwells on a more serene scene. Well back from the fire's gleam and the dancing devils squat the ugly, careworn women of the tribe. They remain on the ground, listless, indifferent to the world, uninterested in life; their eyes gleam dully as they watch their lords, masters, superiors. They do not question the injustice of their bondage or the dominating cruelty of their lazy husbands, nor do they curse their own ignorance and hopeless future.

A few feet away from the women are grouped the girls; the luster of their hair and the deep dark pools of their great eyes shine enchantingly in the moonlight. The whole picture grows hazy, dim. Now it is gone, yet I still seem to feel the wistful gaze of those great dark eyes, and I am deeply moved. What can these beautiful young things hope for from the world? What ideals do their youthful minds mold? What can they look forward to? They gaze with contempt upon the ugly squatting figures of their mothers and grandmothers, yet they must realize, with a sharp pang pulling at

their heartstrings, that they must someday be taking their places among the careworn, fat, listless women. They can do nothing but resign themselves to the traditional life of their female ancestors.

When we Christians think of cannibals we sigh with relief that missionaries are now doing their great work among them, but we think mostly of cannibals as men. When we *do* think of cannibal girls we think of them as hula-hula dancers or as playthings for sailors. Sometimes I wonder what characters would be theirs, what careers and accomplishments, if they had had my chances in life!

Edith Smith, '29

1829

A song of crinoline,
A bud of May.
A lilac
On a blue-green day.

A rustle of skirts,
A whispered song,
A discreet bustle
The whole day long.

So much sewing,
So little Latin,
A bit of lace,
And a yard of tatting.

A song of crinoline,
A bud of May,
A lilac
On a blue-green day.

Miriam Bass, '31

The American Girl of Today

She silently comes in,
Sweetly curtsies,
Picks up her needle-work,
For idleness is a sin.

Evenings she spends at home,
Reading, or playing cat's cradle
Quietly with sister or brother.
Abroad she never does roam.

She is a delight to mama,
Priceless to dear grandpa,
Loving and tender to all,
And a treasure to kind papa.

Alma Hill, '30

May I Serve You?

"May I serve you?" says the teacher;
"May I serve you?" says the pupil;
"May I serve you?" says the next one
All the time.

It seems so very, very careless,
Really I can't see the point
Why they all say "May I serve you?"
All the time.

Isn't, "Do you want some spinach?"
"Will you have some succotash?"
Better than that trite old saying
All the time?

"May I serve you?" says the teacher;
"May I serve you?" says the pupil;
"May I serve you?" says the next one
All the time.

Elizabeth Brown, '30

Opposition

From the moment that George had arrived at his sister's house he had heard all about his niece's young man, Bob Johnson, though as yet he had not had the pleasure of meeting Bob. Betty's mother, who would approve of the marriage, commented favorably on his appearance, his looks, his money, his position, and his family. But, as yet, as often as Mrs. Evans threw Bob at her daughter, Betty found a way of tossing him back.

That evening at the supper table Uncle George found himself being introduced to Bob. As he shook hands he was thinking to himself, "So this is the paragon Betty must marry! If clothes make the man, this boy is right there."

But later, after Bob's departure, Uncle George made a remark which caused his sister to be displeased and brought a queer look into Betty's eyes.

"How did he seem to you?" Mrs. Evans had immediately wanted to know.

After thoughtfully smoking for a few minutes, Uncle George remarked, "Doesn't he seem conceited?"

Instantly Mrs. Evans was regretting that she had invited her brother to visit her, for he seemed never to lose an opportunity to comment unfavorably on Bob. Once he declared that he'd like to see him tackle a real job. But the opportunity came sooner than he had expected.

Betty had finally coaxed her uncle to go for a short spin in her motor-boat. The boat had been skimming the water when suddenly the motor coughed once or twice and then stopped dead. One glance showed Betty that they would drift helplessly out to sea if nothing could be done. They tinkered with the spark plugs, the carburetor, and the ignition, but all to no avail.

Then a long, slender boat came shooting toward them. It was Bob. Within an hour they were safe in port. Bob had climbed aboard, rolled up his sleeves, and soon found the trouble. But to Uncle George it seemed as though he took the engine apart and then proceeded to put it together again.

That evening Uncle George chanced to overhear words not intended for his ears.

"Bob, I wouldn't admit I loved you as long as mother kept throwing me at you. But when Uncle George said mean things about you, I simply had to admit that I did."

Crossing the veranda, George met his sister, who complained that he had spoiled everything. No matter how much she had talked Bob to Betty, he had always been ready to side with his niece.

"O I wouldn't worry," Uncle George dryly remarked.

At that moment Betty and Bob appeared with an unmistakable look of happiness. Mrs. Evans could not understand what had brought about the fulfillment of her dearest wish. The psychology of her brother had done that. A little opposition goes further with the modern girls than anything else.

Dorothe Gerrish, '29

Our Thoughts From Afar

(With apologies to Robert Browning)

O to have vacation now that Summer's near
And the weather is too glorious to be spent on lessons drear;
For a life of ease and of time that's free
Is the thought which forever comes to me;
I think of my friends, gay as life will allow,
Near my home—now!

O to be at Abbot now that Summer's gone,
And to live a life of comradeship that grows from dawn to dawn,
For the spirit there and the times so gay
Strengthen our loyalty more each new day;
And the halls will ring with a merry tune
At Abbot—soon!

Alice Eckman, '30

The Estivaux

Mr. Estivaux is nearly forgotten now and the story of his life is very shadowy, but there are a few still living who saw his great house before it burned and who have heard much about him. He came to the United States in the middle of the nineteenth century and, attracted by the promise of increasing his fortune, settled in the Lake Superior Copper District. He brought his family and their servants with him. French architects planned a beautiful home for him overlooking Lake Manganese, and from the rear one could see Lake Fanny Hooe and Copper Harbor. It was on a hill commanding a wonderful view of all the surrounding country.

Estivaux put his whole fortune into a mine, which was, of course, sure to make money for its owners, so Mr. Estivaux had been told, and, seeing the thriving Clark mine practically next door to him, he plunged into the speculation. In addition to shafts and rock houses, there was a sawmill, a stampmill, a railroad from the mine to the mill, down which the loaded cars ran by force of gravity and up which the empty ones were pulled back with horses. Mr. Estivaux tried to make life as easy as possible for the miners and to give them as good houses as he could. The Manganese Mining Company, as it was called, for they were mining manganese ore as well as native copper, was the best equipped mine on Keweenaw Point, and people came from all around to see the luxurious Estivaux home with its beautiful gardens, foreign plants, and shrubbery.

But the whole scheme failed; the manganese mining did not prove profitable, and copper vein did not last very long. The Estivaux fortunes were exhausted, but far more than that his hope, ambition, and the whole plan of his life was thwarted—the Estivaux returned to France, poor and discouraged.

Now, nearly seventy-five years later, there remains only the old foundation of the home with a rusty old safe half-covered with water in what used to be the cellar, a grove of flourishing poplar trees, a hedge of lilacs, and here and there a trace of where the sunken gardens were.

To me there is always a gloom around the old place cast by this attempt to put something beautiful in the midst of the rough mining district of that time.

Mary Macdonald, '29

The Spell of the Flame

She passed me by on the wings of the night,
A phantom clad in red.

She passed me by in a gust of flame
With a toss of her laughing head.

She passed me by with arms outstretched
And lips that seemed to say,
"Come play with me on the wings of the night,
And I'll spirit you away."

I stood my ground with head tossed back
And answered my phantom sweet,
"Your land is yours, and mine is mine,
And never the two shall meet."

She hovered close for a moment there,
Singing a low sweet song;
I have searched in vain for the spell of the flame,
But as it came so it has gone.

Elizabeth Bowser, '29

The Impossible Ascent

(Based on an Actual Occurrence)

The icy blasts of a bitter February afternoon were shrieking and whistling around the little weather station on Mount Washington, where two young men were carefully working on their records and official reports.

"Well, Pete, it looks like we're in for a good blow." The speaker moved his chair closer to the stove as he peered dubiously through one of the two unboarded windows.

His companion arose with a short laugh and rejoined, "I guess we're pretty used to 'em, aren't we, pal?" But after following the other's gaze to the gray and white world outside he added more seriously, "You're right, Frank. It looks threatening. But I just as lief have some excitement. Wouldn't you? It's getting monotonous up here."

By evening the threatening storm had become a reality. Sleet and ice swept around the peak and bombarded the staunch little station with growing force, while the roaring wind eddied and churned itself around the summit with fearful velocity. The two men huddled in silence close to the stove in order to gain some kind of warmth. They had given up all attempts at conversation, for the bellowing wind and the clattering vibrations of the hut were gradually drowning out all other sounds. But in spite of the fury of the storm and the vague uneasiness it imparted to them, the two comrades fell asleep before midnight and let the torrents of wind pound their shelter, unheeded.

After a few hours of fitful sleep Frank awoke with a start and sat bolt upright with an instinctive feeling that all was not right. It was not the storm which had aroused him and was now instilling in him an unaccountable sensation of fear; but it seemed as though in a momentary lull of the wind a faint sound as of sobbing or choking had pierced his subconscious mind. Between his chattering teeth Frank managed to call above the uproar of the storm "Pete!" No answer. He raised his voice and shouted again, "Pete! What is

it?" No answer. Only the shrill thunder of the wind came to him.

Was he dreaming or going mad Frank wildly asked himself, as with trembling fingers he lit the nearby lamp. He turned, and then saw before him a sight which caused him to shudder with horror. Pete lay before him motionless. His eyes were wide open and held an indescribable look of torture.

"Pete! What is it? Can't you speak? Can it be the cold? O God! What is it?" Suddenly he grasped the truth. Pete was paralysed; he had had a stroke.

Stunned with emotion Frank stared helplessly at his companion for several minutes. Then, almost choking over the words, he cried, "Never mind, old man. We'll get help!" Like a madman he darted across the room to the telegraph set. He must wire down to the base for aid! With shaking fingers he signalled, "Pete—paralytic stroke—Send help." In his agony of mind he had forgotten the raging storm. The answer came back! "Ascent impossible . . ." He heard no more. Ascent impossible!

Silently Frank dropped on his knees and tried to lift Pete in his arms. But as he did so Pete's eyes with their expression of mute agony closed, and Frank knew that he held a lifeless body in his arms.

Terrible hours followed; the man, broken with grief and shock, held his dead comrade in his arms, while he listened to the turbulent slashing of the wind and hail. That wind as it rose and fell seemed to mock him and his despair.

When daylight came he carried Pete's body up into the little loft, and then stumbled down the ladder again, with tears in his eyes. The morning dragged by while he paced the floor, which groaned and shook beneath him. In spite of the cables which secured it, the hut was evidently in danger of being carried from its foundation by the violence of the storm. Once the man stopped and tried to look through the window, but it was so coated with ice that only a white blur met his eyes.

When he became conscious of hunger, Frank essayed to climb to the loft where the food was kept, but he fell back again, shuddering. The horror of seeing Pete's body eclipsed every thought of hunger.

The day crept slowly by. Each hour increased the mental strain

of the man, who in the solitude of the isolated weather station fought against the grief and shock of his night's experience and strove to overcome the growing terror and apprehension which the storm was imposing upon him.

Dusk surrounded him with fresh horrors. The lamps, extinguished in the fitful currents of air which seeped through the cabin walls, caused intervals of chaotic darkness, when, with the hut shaking to the destructive lashing of the storm, the man's mind began to totter. The sweeping waves of wind with their terrific force were drowning his very senses. Blank stupidity assailed him. He stared at his surroundings, conscious of nothing, until the penetration of the cold brought him temporarily to his senses. He indifferently tended the stove and then resumed his restless pacing. Ghastly thoughts and ideas flooded his morbid brain; now they were of Pete, now of the storm. Suddenly he cried out, "This wind! This wind! My God, this *wind*! Will it never cease?" And the sleet with it was pounding out a rhythm on his brain. How long must it last and keep him a prisoner, chained to this unendurable loneliness and dread?

Suddenly like a flash of light across his brain an idea came to him which caught and held him as in a vise. He became obsessed with it. Why hadn't he thought of this before and saved himself these hours of wretched torment? There was freedom from all this horror! Why should he hesitate? It was merely a matter of opening the door and stepping out into the storm.

The desire to quit the room which had now become a veritable torture chamber for him was so great that he strode rapidly to the door, with determination stamped on his bleak, grey face. But as his hand touched the cold door-knob, the grim picture of his death confronted him. He would be whirled into space by that relentless torrent of air and hurtled far down into Tuckerman's—to be crushed mercilessly on the rocks of that yawning ravine. It was a frightful plan, a fearful way out. Or perhaps instead of instantaneous death on the rocks he would go down into deep enveloping snow, there to die slowly—choking, freezing.

He turned from the door. Was it cowardice or a wisp of sanity in his maddened brain which held him back? "Fool that I am!" he

sobbed as he dropped into a chair, where he soon lapsed into a semi-frozen stupor.

Blank unheeded hours passed. Suddenly the man awoke. The harsh vibrations of the storm had mysteriously ceased, but he scarcely realized it. Vaguely he wondered whether it was night or day. Not that it mattered. The only thing which mattered now was that he was bitter, bitter cold—and still penned in this cell. On stiff, numbed legs he stumbled to the door, flung it open with a gesture of triumph and rushed blindly out.

The worst storm in the history of the White mountains had been raging for a day and two nights. The little rescue party at the base of Mount Washington had all but given up hope of carrying aid to the stricken man on the summit. Their repeated signals to the summit had received no answer. But dawn of the second day introduced calm and normal weather conditions again and with reanimated hopes the small company set out on their climb.

After several hours of fatigue and strain, the men turned the last bend of the snow-glazed carriage road and saw their destination above them. The leader stopped with an ejaculation on his lips. "There's no smoke coming . . ." The words were interrupted by a simultaneous gasp from his companions.

The door of the hut had opened and the man who had emerged from it was leaping with maniac speed over the ice-covered rocks.

"He sees—no, good glory, he *doesn't* see us! He's going toward that—*why*, he must be *mad!*" This time the leader interrupted his own jerking train of thought, to spring forward over the icy path.

The others stood as though stricken, with their eyes riveted on the two wildly moving figures. Frank, unaware that help had reached him at last, was rushing headlong to the only escape which presented itself. He was rapidly covering the short space of level ground which separated the weather station from a point where a great boulder-covered slope fell precipitously away from the peak. Footing there would be impossible and he would crash down the mountain side.

The leader was now but a few yards from him. With terrible

impetus he lunged forward in an effort to seize the other and save him from his death. He was a second too late. The hypnotised on-lookers saw him fall to the ground, as the other man disappeared over the crest of rocks.

Doris Seiler, '30
(*Courant Contest*)

March Snow Storm

Large, white-wool flakes
are polka-dotting
the stiff, spreading, skirts of pines.

Down they come—
airily
swirling
in loose groups
of tiny, delicately-branched,
star-shapes—
but
through their vague whirlings
I can see the red-tipped maples
ready and waiting
for the swift, sweet, up-rush
of Spring.

Mary Roys, '29

Προτί

The sun was streaming in the windows and the Bosphorus glistening and rippling in the bright light made a blue-purple reflection on the opposite sands of Asia. Another beautiful day!

Yanni and I were still in bed when a quick rap on the door reminded us that it was 'most breakfast time. The elaborate laced mosquito netting rhythmically moving in the breeze twitched sharply as we both jumped out of bed, and did not regain its customary calmness until it had wriggled and fretted a while. It was only a few minutes before we were dressed and in the dining-room saying good-morning to the rest of the household who were sitting down to breakfast.

The dining-room was of a moderate size and opened out on a balcony filled with brilliant flowers looking out toward the Bosphorus. The four-cornered table filled the room. Pater Aemilianos sat at one end, in his black priest robe and beard; his wife lady Azlaia faced him; Yanni and I sat on the long side and across from us were Takis, a little adopted boy, Doodooka, the aunt, and Marika, the grandmother. As everyone bowed their heads and folded their hands, Pater Aemilianos said grace, and the sea breeze mingling in with the prayer created an atmosphere of peace, which we all felt and reflected.

Yanni and I were spending the summer here on this island, only an hour on the ferry from Constantinople. Mother had placed us in the priest's household not merely because it was the safest place, but in order that we might attend the classes and have private instruction. Pater Aemilianos was priest, major school-master and general head of this whole island of two thousand inhabitants.

After breakfast we usually went to school and spent the morning in studies. We were taught Greek Grammar, myths and Bible and learned Greek songs and folk-dances. At about twelve we returned, accompanied by Pater Aemilianos, to lunch. The afternoon was ours, but because of the heat and partly because of general custom the house was quiet for an hour or so after the noon meal. Yanni and I insisted that we could not sleep, but after being under the white

netting and watching it sway back and forth, we dozed. Sleep was sweet after all!

Ippocrates or Ippos was our neighbor and friend; it was with him that we played. Sometimes we would go down to the beach, go fishing out on the wharf, or go donkey-riding. Donkey-riding was the favorite sport. The island had donkeys to hire, but we did not use these. One lady who was building a house had three donkeys to transport the materials, for donkeys were the only means of transportation. Very often the donkeys were not needed and whenever we found them grazing we used to put a sack-cloth on their backs and go riding. When all three were not to be gotten we climbed on the back of one. Whenever this necessity arose I sat in the middle while the two on the end "made it go." Our play lasted till five and then we used to go and get ready for Vespers.

The service in the little country church was beautiful. Only a few people gathered and they were mostly faithful old women. Pater Aemilianos rang the Angelus himself. The ringing of the bell seemed very loud and sometimes I used to think that it could be heard amid the noise and dust of Constantinople far away. The women took their accustomed places on the left and as there were not many men I used to stand in the large, dark, straight wooden stalls, feeling very important. There was no chair and the prayers and low chanting of the priest were followed by a mumble, which was Amen. The priest in his elaborate robe made a contrast with the simplicity around him. The sun, rather languid from shining all day, seemed to shine softer and even seemed to smile. It came in through the open doors and the hallowed saints, the altar, and the robes of the priest caught the rays and gave a golden haze. The distant bells of a homeward flock, the occasional staccato chirp of a bird, and the constant rise and fall of the Bosphorus filled the air. It was a heavenly peace!

Pater Aemilianos, Yanni, and I usually walked home together. The evening meal was leisurely and lasted until twilight, which came at nine. It was then that the boat from Constantinople arrived, which we used to delight in meeting. Tired and hot, carrying bundles, the passengers came off, breathing eagerly the cool air.

Across the Bosphorus the lights of Asia were beginning to shine, above the stars were quietly taking their places and the big moon rising above the waters came to a stand-still over the phosphorus Bosphorus and seemed to say to Europe and Asia, "I judge all equally."

Despina Plakias, '29

School Diary

JANUARY

SUNDAY, 20—

India! We all have heard and dreamed much of the romance of that far-away land, but in chapel this evening Mr. John X. Miller of Pasumaloi, India, told us some of the cold hard facts and figures about it. We were amazed at many of them.

TUESDAY, 22—

Sadness and laughter both came to us tonight through the Senior-Mid plays. "The Land of the Heart's Desire" touched us with its weird feeling and atmosphere, while the antics of the gum-chewing clerk in "The Florist Shop" amused us greatly. Both plays were well done, and the Senior-Mids are to be congratulated.

SATURDAY, 26—

Another musical treat was ours this afternoon. Albert Stoessel, violinist, and Arthur Bassett, pianist, gave us a really delightful concert.

SUNDAY, 27—

Dusk, firelight, and music—what better combination! Those of us who went to the McKeen rooms to hear Miss Friskin play were more than well rewarded. In the evening Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Newton Center spoke to us, telling us to "keep close to our ideals."

THURSDAY, 31—

Friday, 1—

Saturday, 2—

} Midyears!

FEBRUARY

"Jingle bells, jingle bells". This afternoon, exams all over, two loads of carefree girls went on a sleighride. Such singing and shouting! When we came back there was a fire and hot tea in the "rec" room for us. In the evening teams from many different colleges met in Davis Hall for a "Collegiate Frolic." We all had no end of fun, especially the winning team, Yale.

Sunday, 3—

Our friend from the Unitarian Church in North Andover, Rev. S. C. Beane, spoke to us this evening.

Monday, 4—

O those lucky Seniors! They left this morning for Intervale, where they are going to have the time of their lives. The rest of us wish they'd put us in their pockets and take us along.

Tuesday, 5—

This evening Miss Kelsey gave her party for the day-pupils. It was lovely and we all enjoyed every minute of it.

Thursday, 7—

The Seniors are back! We all gathered in the "rec" room at nine o'clock to sing and be sung to. Then how we flew to greet them! It certainly is good to have them back.

Saturday, 9—

Those gad-about seniors! They no sooner get back from Intervale than they're off again. This time it was to the Alumnae Luncheon in Boston. It certainly gave all of us a thrill when we realized that there were about two hundred D. O. G.'s all meeting together.

Sunday, 10—

This evening our friend and trustee, Dr. Cutler, gave us a very inspiring and interesting talk in chapel.

Tuesday 12—

Mr. Arthur Hackett gave us a truly beautiful concert this evening. The songs he sang in his fine tenor voice were lovely, and his enunciation should prove an inspiration to Mr. Howe's choral classes.

Sunday, 17—

In chapel Miss Kelsey told us more of the history of our school. This time her talk was mainly about the buildings and their fascinating stories.

Tuesday, 19—

"The Dragon" by Lady Gregory was the entertainment given us by the Jitney Players tonight. What shrieks rang through Davis Hall as the great green dragon came charging onto the stage, lashing his tail furiously behind him!

Wednesday, 20—

Abbot girls at the movies! Imagine that! Some of the pictures taken here were to be shown at the Colonial Theater in Andover, so we went "en masse" to see them.

Saturday, 23—

The students of the music department gave the second pupils' recital this afternoon. As usual it was fun for us to see and hear our friends perform.

Sunday, 24—

Miss Margaret Slattery was our chapel speaker this week. She was an inspiration to each and every one of us and made us want to answer her appeal, "Get a star for your standard!"

Tuesday, 26—

Another of the Centennial Concerts was our program for tonight. Miss Friskin and Miss Nichols played, and they certainly succeeded in giving us a beautiful concert.

MARCH

Sunday, 3—

In chapel Miss Beatrice Burr, secretary of the Northfield Young Women's Conference, talked to us about Northfield and all it means to go there.

Monday, 4—

Inauguration Day! Next to being in Washington the best thing was to sit by the radio in the McKeen parlor. What a tremendous thrill we felt when we heard President Hoover say, "I do"! We felt as though we ourselves were making history.

Tuesday, 5—

In Davis Hall we had an informal dance this evening, and all of us had a mighty good time.

Friday, 8—

Miss Mason has procured a moving picture machine! Philomatheia held an open meeting on the subject of Thomas Edison, and great was our surprise when we saw the new projector set up in Abbot Hall!

Saturday, 9—

"Resolved: That the boundaries of Hungary, as settled by the treaty of Trianon, should be readjusted." The members of Q.E.D.

gave us a most interesting debate on the above topic this afternoon. The affirmative side, Mary Eaton and Vivian Southworth, put up a good fight, but the judges' verdict went to the negative side, represented by Betty Stout and Helen Ripley.

Sunday, 10—

In chapel Mr. Stackpole held us spell-bound as he told the thrilling tale of David Livingstone. What patience, courage, and persistence!

Tuesday, 12—

Prunella, Pierrot, Prim, Prude, and Privacy—love, beauty, and fun; in other words "Prunella," the Senior Play! Our hearty congratulations go to all the cast. It was a hard job well done.

Friday, 15—

"Woe! Woe!" Will any of us ever forget Hecuba's lamentation? The Radcliffe Choral Society carried us right back to the fall of Troy, and we could hear the Trojan women wailing as their city fell.

Sunday, 17—

"Stabat mater dolorosa." The beautiful chant was the keynote of the Lenten Vespers held in Davis Hall, this evening.

Thursday, 21—

Home again! This morning 180 noisy girls poured out of Abbot for two weeks of vacation.

APRIL

Wednesday, 3—

Back to school for nine more weeks! We settled down to work again today for the last and shortest term of the year, which will end in the much anticipated Centennial.

Thursday, 4—

This afternoon a house-warming tea was held in the recreation room. This was in honor of the new furnishings which the Boston Abbot Club has so kindly given to us for the "rec" room.

Saturday, 6—

At Hall exercises we heard about the good work done by the Hindman School in the Kentucky Mountains from Mrs. E. P. McElroy, who has previously spoken here as Miss Elizabeth Ross.

Sunday, 7—

Tonight in Davis Hall we had our impressive Easter Service. Miss Bailey gave us a very inspiring talk.

Monday, 8—

Miss Bailey presented the Seniors with their class rings tonight. After singing to Miss Bailey, they marched to the "rec" room to sing their "ring song" to the rest of the school.

Tuesday, 9—

All the members of the musical faculty united to entertain us, and we certainly did enjoy their recital very much.

Saturday, 13—

We are grateful to the day scholars for a jolly hour in Davis Hall tonight. Our hostesses presented three clever acts and then the whole school joined in the waltz contest. What a good time we did have!

Sunday, 14—

In chapel Dr. Cutler talked to us for the second time this year. He said, "Jesus-minded things are simple to understand, easy to do, and are probably the high lights of our experience."

Tuesday, 16—

It was certainly very interesting to have a French evening! A French man and woman, France Ariel Duprat and A. Duprat, in native costumes, sang the old songs and danced the old dances of Bretagne, Bearn, Bresse, Auvergne, Pitou, and Normandie.

Sunday, 21—

Miss Louise Brown was our chapel speaker. She told us of the wonderful work done by the Bryn Mawr Summer School for working girls.

Tuesday, 23—

We surely did enjoy the concert tonight! Mr. Coon, who is one of our piano teachers, and Mr. Currier, our cellist, gave us a delightful recital. We were especially interested in the selections composed by Mr. Currier himself.

Wednesday, 24—

Once again the Gargoyles and Griffins competed. This time it was in the gymnastic demonstration, and the Gargoyles won the honors. It was very refreshing to see the splendid spirit and sportsmanship between the two clubs.

Saturday, 27—

The Aeolean Society gave us a delightful concert this afternoon.

Sunday, 28—

In chapel we all felt a thrill of pride in being a student at Abbot as Miss Bailey told us of the meaning of the Centennial.

Tuesday, 30—

We thank Miss Mathews for a very pleasant evening. We sat spellbound by the exposition of beautiful Spanish paintings in Davis Hall. Through Miss Mathews' painstaking care the pictures were perfect in every detail and it was very hard for us to believe that the still figures in the frame were our own friends.

MAY

Wednesday, 1—

It was certainly a treat to see Miss Doris Canfield dance this afternoon. She and some of the girls in the rhythmic class showed us what can be accomplished in rhythmic.

Tuesday 14—

A red-letter day! The Faculty Play—the first in many years—“The Seven Keys to Bald Pate”! It was a thrilling play, splendidly acted, in the beautiful new stage-setting, made by Mr. Scannell. What a happy evening we had, how intently we looked and listened, how enthusiastically we applauded! After the play, the actors were entertained by Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason in the Recreation Room.

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER

Lois Hardy	92
Louise Anthony, Dorothy Field	91
Charlotte Butler, Charlotte Chamberlain, Vivian Southworth, Frances Sullivan, Olive Warden	89
Catherine Bowden, Alice Butler, Lucy Copeland, Barbara Lord, Elizabeth Jane Osborne, Dorothy Reinhart, Janet Simon, Helen Simpson	88

THIRD QUARTER

Louise Anthony, Lois Hardy	92
Elizabeth Bowser, Dorothy Field	91
Charlotte Butler, Mary K. Roys, Frances Sullivan	90
Alice Butler, Charlotte Chamberlain, Lucy Copeland, Helen Dodge, Elizabeth Jane Osborne, Dorothy Reinhart, Millicent Smith, Marjorie Turner, Olive Warden	89
Katherine Blunt, Catherine Bowden, Elenita Cowee, Mary Eaton, Barbara Lord, Elizabeth McAllister, Elizabeth Osborne, Eliza- beth Perry, Despina Plakias, Helen Ripley, Elizabeth Sharp, Janet Simon, Helen Simpson, Vivian Southworth, Carol Upham, Priscilla Whittemore	88

Commencement Speakers

Sunday, June Second

Baccalaureate Commencement Sermon at the South Church:
The Reverend Albert Parker Fitch, D.D. of New York.

Monday, June Third

Graduation Exercises:

Address by William Allan Neilson, President of Smith College.

Wednesday, June Fifth

One Hundredth Anniversary Exercises:

Address by Mary Emma Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke
College.

Tuesday June Fourth

(The Alumnae Entertainment) "The Years Between."

Written for the occasion by Margaret Kyle.



Athletic News

This year a new posture system has been used and it has been very successful. A larger posture committee than usual was chosen, and each girl was given the names of a few girls whom she was to watch during the year. We have been marked daily in posture by the girls on the committee, who have given these marks to Miss Carpenter every week. Every two weeks Miss Carpenter has posted the posture marks of the School. Thus we have all been able to keep track of our posture and it has encouraged us to stand up much straighter.

The annual demonstration of gym work was held on Wednesday night, April 24, in Davis Hall. The Danish work and games were competitive between the Gargoyles and the Griffins. Besides this we enjoyed a demonstration of apparatus work, including work on the ropes, the box, the boom, the Swedish and horizontal ladders. The Special Gym Class gave two clogs, "Yankee Doodle" and "Swanee River". The evening was brought to a close by some very skillful tumbling. We spent a very interesting evening and we all realize that a great deal has been accomplished this year by our gym classes. The Gargoyles are to be congratulated on their victory.

This spring the riders have taken up jumping and polo. Mr.

Phillips has put up a round of jumps in the woods behind the stable and we have been practising over these. It has been great fun and by June we expect to have many expert jumpers who will be even capable of hunting. Besides jumping we have been having lessons in polo. Polo is also lots of fun, but it is a game that calls for much practice and good horsemanship if one wishes to be able to really play. The mallets are heavy and very clumsy for the beginner. Still we have hopes in the future for an Abbot Polo Team.

Field day is going to be held on May twenty-second this year. This is the great day of the year for the Gargoyle and Griffin Clubs. In the morning there will be the track meet, baseball game, and volley ball game. In the afternoon there will be archery, the doubles tennis match, and the last thing on the program will be riding which is to include a military drill, riding for form, games, and jumping. "Field Day" is always great fun and we are looking forward to it with great enthusiasm.

During the winter term the results for walking, riding, and winter sports are:

Girls completing 23 walks: Gargoyles 36; Griffins 41.

Girls completing 12 rides and 12 walks: Gargoyles 5; Griffins 7.

Girls completing 16 hours of winter sports: Gargoyles 11; Griffins 13.

Items of General Interest

The lovely new blue drop-curtain which was used so effectively in the Spanish pictures was made possible by the contributions of the German Department, the Senior class, and the Dramatic Society. The idea of the curtain was conceived by the Dramatic Society and by the returns from its play, the German play, and the Senior play a very useful and ornamental addition to the school's dramatic properties was obtained.

On our return from our Easter vacation all of us were pleasantly surprised to find the "rec" room entirely renovated. With its new curtains and furniture it has a very festive appearance, and we are certainly very grateful to the Boston Abbot Academy Club for this very cheery room.

A moving picture machine made its debut at the open Philomatheia meeting, and we were all given the opportunity to see the life of Thomas Edison portrayed for us on the silver screen.

We are very sorry that Madame Riest is to leave us this June. After a vacation in France she will go to Detroit to teach. Her services will be greatly missed at Abbot.

Because of the efforts of our French Department we were given a very delightful program, consisting of "Les Chansons de La Vieille France". They were presented in costume by France Ariel Duprat and A. Duprat.

The two student members of the Central Committee for the Centennial are Millicent Smith, president of Student Government, and Louise Anthony, president of the Senior Class.

Abbot Quiz

Just as a little quiz we offer you the following questions. They are all questions that any Abbot girl ought to be able to answer. How many do you know? We shall have to confess that we had to look up many of them to be sure we were correct. The answers are below.

1. Who was the first principal of Abbot?
2. Why is Davis Hall so called?
3. Where is the "hairpin tree"?
4. When was the *COURANT* started?
5. What other publications have there been beside *THE COURANT* and *The Circle*?
6. What is the Abbot motto?
7. How did Sunset Lodge get its name?
8. Who was the first woman principal and when did she come?
9. For whom is the front gate a memorial?
10. Has "Abbot" always been spelt as it is now?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Charles Goddard.
2. Davis Hall was named after George W. Davis, for many years a trustee of the school.
3. The "hairpin tree" is just outside the guest entrance to Draper Hall, slightly toward McKeen.
4. The *COURANT* was started in 1873.
5. *The Work-Basket*, *The Experiment*, *The Knife* and *The Fork*.
6. The Abbot Motto is "Facem praetendit ardentem": "She holds forth a burning torch."
7. "Sunset Lodge" received its name from Miss McKeen when she went to live in it after she resigned her position as principal.
8. The first woman principal was Miss Nancy J. Hasseltine, who came in 1853.
9. The front gate is a memorial to Maria Stockbridge Merrill.
10. No; all the catalogues up to June, 1870, spell it "Abbott" and the certificate given at the time of the World Fair in 1893 also spells it with the two t's. Just when the custom stopped we do not know.

Senior Play

Prunella

by

Laurence Housman and Granville Barker

PRUNELLA		Eleanor Jones
PRIM		Millicent Smith
PRUDE	her aunts	Marguerite Neville
PRIVACY		Barbara Folk
QUEER	their servants	Elizabeth J. Osborne
QUAINT		Olive Elsey
PIERROT.		Polly Francis
SCARAMEL, his servant		Cleone Place
BOY		Roberta Kendall
FIRST GARDENER		Frances Cobb
SECOND GARDENER		Catherine Bowden
THIRD GARDENER		Lois Hardy
LOVE, a statue		Katherine Kennedy
TENOR, a hired singer		Margaret Esty
HAWK	mummers	Olive Warden
KENNEL		Estelle Levering
CALLOW		Jane Linn
MOUTH		Charlotte Butler
DOLL		Helen Hurlburt
ROMP		Charlotte Osgood
TAWDRY		Louise Tobey
COQUETTE		Ruth Shulze

SENIOR MIDDLE PLAY

The Florist Shop

MAUDE		Elizabeth Brewer
HENRY		Helen Simpson
SLOVSKY	Charlotte	Gay Chamberlain
MISS WELLS		Barbara Lamson
MR. JACKSON		Katherine Foster

The Land of Heart's Desire

MAURTEEN BRUIN		Cornelia Gould
SHAWN BRUIN		Barbara Lord
FATHER HART		Kathie Fellows
BRIDGET BRUIN		Janice Lovell
MAIRE BRUIN		Miriam Rand
A CHILD		Elizabeth Quinby
A VOICE		Elizabeth Dean

Alumnae Notes

1852

Death: Martha Allen Farnham, at Andover, February 4, 1929. Sister of Sarah, 1846, Hannah, 1849, Caroline, 1851, and Mary, 1852.

1857

Death: Fannie S. Donald, wife of the late Joseph W. Smith, at Andover, April 23, 1929, at the age of 88, a neighbor and good friend of the school. Mrs. Smith had an intense interest in life and in people. As one of her family said not long ago, "She is more alive to everything that is going on than any one of us." She was eminently practical and kindly. Her hospitality was unfailing and her sympathy constantly expressed. The whole Andover community mourns her loss. Two of her sisters, the well-loved trustee, Mrs. Mary Donald Churchill and the late Mrs. Isabelle Donald Jackson, as well as her two daughters, Mrs. Agnes Smith Stackpole and Mary Byers Smith are in the Abbot Circle.

Death: Katherine Atherton Means, in New York City, February 7, 1929. Miss Means was a woman of decided characteristics. She had a quick and vigorous mind, passionate feeling, and strong convictions, greatly enjoying an argument. Her devotion to her friends was noteworthy. She is quoted as saying, "It is perfectly delightful to be eighty, because I can do as I please." Her desire to travel by airplane showed the same daring inquisitive spirit which earlier in life led her to step into the famous hollow iron Jungfrau in Nuremburg Castle and have the door closed until she could feel the pricks of the torturing spikes. She was the sister of Miss Emily A. Means, 1869, former principal, and of Miss Elizabeth B. Means, 1859.

1859

Death: Cordelia Lefferts, wife of the late Ballard Holt, Andover, March 19, 1929.

1864

Death: Georgiana Boardman (Mrs. John C. Taylor), of Calais, Me., March 17, 1929.

Death: Adelaide Taylor, wife of the late Rev. Selah Merrill, January, 1929, at Piedmont, California. Mrs. Merrill had had many interesting experiences through her residence in Jerusalem when her husband was consul, and told of them most entertainingly. Two years ago she visited Andover and Abbot, her first East for many years.

Miss Mary Elizabeth True, a much valued member of the Chicago Abbot Club, has recently been elected for the forty-second time as treasurer of the Chicago Young Woman's Christian Association. Besides being efficient in the duties of her office, such as taking care of investments and regularly attending Board meetings, she is interested also in church and social activities.

1866

Death: Catherine E. White (Mrs. Braman Grout), of Leicester, August, 1927.

1867

Death: Elizabeth Scudder (Mrs. Herbert H. Bangs), of Boston, March 22, 1929.

1868

Death: At San Mateo, Fla., February 18, 1929, Josephine Trull, wife of William D. Sheppard, of Lowell.

1869

Death: Ella H. Foster, Andover, March 24, 1929, sister of Carrie Foster, 1878.

1870

Death: Mary J. Anderson, of Yonkers, N. Y., December 27, 1928.

1871

Death: Margaret French Stevens, of Concord, N. H., February 21, 1929.

1874

Death: Susan L. Farnham (Mrs. J. Walter Black) of Montgomery, Ala., May, 1928.

Death: Elizabeth M. Reed, wife of George L. Brownell, January 24, 1929, at Worcester, a most devoted and loyal friend of Abbot Academy. Always interested in class and alumnae affairs, she will be greatly missed. A tribute to her memory was given at the Alumnae Luncheon in Boston in February by her intimate friend, Miss Alice C. Twitchell. Mrs. Brownell's mother was Seraphina Everett, of the class of 1845.

1880

Death: Caroline M. Byington, wife of Rev. Orville Reed, April 7, 1928, at Rochester, N. Y.

1883

Death: Etta C. Wetherby (Mrs. Frank P. Moody), of Lowell, October 27, 1928.

1890

Death: Elizabeth Brainerd, wife of Professor Carl C. Plehn of the University of California, April 13, 1929, at Berkeley. She died suddenly from an affection of the heart. Last year she was in Europe for six months, where she and her classmate, Edith Dewey Jones, met and visited together.

1892

Death: Florence E. Davis (Mrs. Dana Brayton), of Fall River, September 23, 1927.

1895

Mrs. Alice Purington Holt, as chairman of the "Presidents' Conference" of the state Congregational Conference and Missionary Society, conducted the exercises at the large gathering in Northampton, April 12. Mrs. Coolidge was the guest of honor and received with Mrs. Holt at a reception held between the sessions at the Edwards Church.

1896

Death: Anne P. Hincks, in Boston, April 19, 1929, daughter of Professor Edward Y. Hincks of the Andover Theological Seminary.

Anne Hincks was a pioneer in the new profession of Social Service. Her most remarkable work was done in the ten years when as Executive Secretary of the Bethesda Society she entirely reorganized the 100-year-old institution, moving the girls from the old-fashioned house in the city to a modern boarding-school in the country. "But it is in the personal sphere that she will be most sorely missed. She had a host of friends, and had the qualities of mind and heart that inspired devoted friendship."

1900

Emma Bixby Place made a trip to California with her husband this spring. Dr. Place gave a series of lectures before the San José Hospital Association.

1902

Miriam F. Carpenter, registrar and advisor of women of the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University, has been appointed dean of Wheaton College.

1906

Sarah Hincks, who is assistant professor of English at Smith College, has been appointed principal of Shady Hill Country Day School, Chestnut Hill, Pa.

1909

Beulah McCarty Canterbury's father died last fall.

1910

Emily Silsby Morgan's mother died last summer after an illness of several months.

1911

Jennesse Betts is connected with Travel Service, Inc., of New York City, and is much interested in her business. She works out itineraries for individuals and groups with special plans in mind. Abbot alumnae travellers are recommended to confer with her.

Engagement: Dorothy E. Bigelow, former teacher of Physical Education at Abbot and now alumna trustee, to Clarence S. Arms, of Worcester.

1914

Mrs. Mabel K. Selden, mother of Katherine Selden McDuffie 1914, and Marian Selden Nash, 1916, died in Andover, after a brief illness, on March 1, 1929.

Birth: A son, Samuel Hamblet, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen W. Dyer (Helen Hamblet) of Lawrence, April 22, 1929.

1915

Birth: a daughter, Joan, to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Anable (Emily Barton), of Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y., February 23, 1929.

Catherine and Elizabeth Leach are to be in England this summer. Elizabeth will study at Oxford. Catherine has been taking flying lessons at "Tech", inspired by having tea in an airplane over London.

1916

Charlotte Eaton is working with the Visiting Nurse Association in Hartford, Conn. Agnes Leslie is secretary to the American ambassador to Portugal at Lisbon.

1917

Birth: A son, Hardwick Johnson, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald J. Moore (Carita Bigelow) of Wellesley Hills, April 13, 1929.

Frances Gere is teaching Art in a Concord private school, and taking a course in Special Illustration at the Boston Art Museum to prepare for illustrating children's books. She is living with her mother in an apartment in Brookline.

1918

Birth: A daughter, Cornelia, to Mr. and Mrs. Herrick Brown (Avalita Howe), of New Rochelle, N. Y., April 26, 1928.

1919

Birth: A daughter, Mary Harris, to Mr. and Mrs. Lester A. Faber (Ethel M. Bonney), May 3, 1928, at Cleveland, Ohio.

Birth: A son, Samuel Stephenson III, to Mr. and Mrs. S. Stephenson Waters (Dorothy Stibbs), July 11, 1928, at Cleveland, Ohio.

1920

Engagement: Sally P. Bartlett to Lieutenant Commander David D. Mercer, of the Royal Navy (retired).

1921

Engagement: Harriet Edgell to Jackson M. Bruce, Harvard 1925, University of Wisconsin Law School, 1927.

Engagement: Frances Keany to Henry C. Rickard (M. I. T. 1926), of Andover.

1922

Birth: A daughter, Carol, to Mr. and Mrs. Leslie B. Sanders Jr., (Geneva Burr) of Swampscott, November 13, 1928.

Engagement: Katherine Damon to Seymour W. Kletzien, of the Chemistry Department of the University of Wisconsin.

Birth: A daughter, Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon B. Winslow (Janet Warren) of Needham, March 3, 1929.

Engagement: Ruth Bond Hill to Mr. Alvin Evans Kephart of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania.

1923

Eve Cross is studying art in Paris and also studying music under the tutelage of Marguerite Morgan.

Ruth Holmes took a leading part recently in the performance of Milne's comedy, "Belinda" in Brookline. The play was given to aid a scholarship fund for Brookline girls.

Birth: A daughter, Marjorie Mitchell, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bacon (Olive Mitchell), of Andover, August 16, 1928.

Marriage: Dolores Louise Osborne to Jerome Louis Keleher, at Arlington, April 20, 1929. At home, The Concord Apartments, 383 Broadway, Somerville.

Engagement: Elizabeth Thompson to Robert Huston Henry (Miami University 1925, Harvard School of Business Administration, 1928), of Dayton, Ohio.

Marriage: Margaret Wolf to Frederick T. Woolverton, January 18, 1929. Address: Broad Park Lodge, Main Street and Broadway, White Plains, N. Y.

Birth: A daughter, Patricia Jane, to Dr. and Mrs. Carleton B. Peirce (Esther Wood) of Omaha, Neb., March 3, 1929.

1924

Laura Bliss has been connected this year with the New Hampshire Children's Aid and Protective Society, helping Sarah Knox, 1909, who is General Secretary.

1925

Dorothy Beeley has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Smith.

Engagement: Ruth E. Davies to Robert G. van Wagenen, of Syracuse, N. Y.

Marriage: Sarah Withrow MacPherran to Guilford Hartley, January 23, 1929, at Duluth, Minnesota.

Marriage: Phyllis Stanley Yates to Francis Richard Shields, at Baltimore, Md., March 31, 1929.

The following girls are graduating this June: from Wellesley, Theodate Johnson and Natalia Jova; from Vassar, Helen Sagendorph; from Knox, Mary Simpson; from Smith, Dorothy Beeley; from M. I. T., Ruth Davies; and from the Central School of Physical Education in New York, Elizabeth Burtnett.

1926

Engagement: Dorothy Gilette to Kenneth Rundlett Henley, Boston University, 1923, and Theological School, 1926.

Engagement: Barbara H. Bloomfield to Mr. Arnold Seaton Wood.

Elinor Mahoney, Wellesley 1930, has been honored by being made a "Wellesley Scholar".

Marion Burr has been elected vice-president of next year's senior class at Wellesley.

1928

Death: William F. Mayo, husband of Frances B. Gould, February 21, 1929, in Boston.

Jean Swihart writes enthusiastically from Florence, where she is spending the spring months at Cas' Alta, a small school for girls.

School Organizations

Senior Class

<i>President</i>	LOUISE ANTHONY
<i>Vice-President</i>	GRACE STEPHENS
<i>Secretary</i>	LOIS HARDY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH BOWSER

Senior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	VIVIAN SOUTHWORTH
<i>Vice-President</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Secretary</i>	MARJORIE TURNER
<i>Treasurer</i>	Charlotte CHAMBERLAIN

Junior-Middle Class

<i>President</i>	JANET SIMON
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARCIA RUDD
<i>Secretary</i>	CONSTANCE CHAMBERLIN
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH SHARP

Junior Class

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	JOYCE HENRY
<i>Treasurer</i>	ELIZABETH BIGLER

Student Government

<i>President</i>	MILLCENT SMITH
<i>First Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE BOWDEN
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH JANE OSBORNE
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	MARY FRANCIS
<i>Secretary</i>	BETTINA ROLLINS

Abbot Christian Association

<i>President</i>	HARRIET GILMORE
<i>Vice-President</i>	CHARLOTTE BUTLER
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH BAKER
<i>Treasurer</i>	DORIS SEILER

Abbot Athletic Association

<i>President</i>	ALICE BUTLER
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE KENNEDY
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHERINE BLUNT
<i>Treasurer</i>	CHARLOTTE BUTLER

Athletic Council

<i>Hockey</i>	ELIZABETH McALLISTER
<i>Basketball</i>	BARBARA SMITH
<i>Tennis</i>	ELIZABETH OSBORNE
<i>Riding</i>	MARY BACON
<i>Clock Golf</i>	GWEN JONES
<i>Croquet</i>	JANE LINN
<i>Archery</i>	VIRGINIA DRAKE
<i>Baseball</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Volley ball</i>	KATHIE FELLOWS
<i>Track</i>	BARBARA HEALY





The Abbot Courant

January, 1930

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JANUARY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
THIRTY

THE
ABBOT COURANT

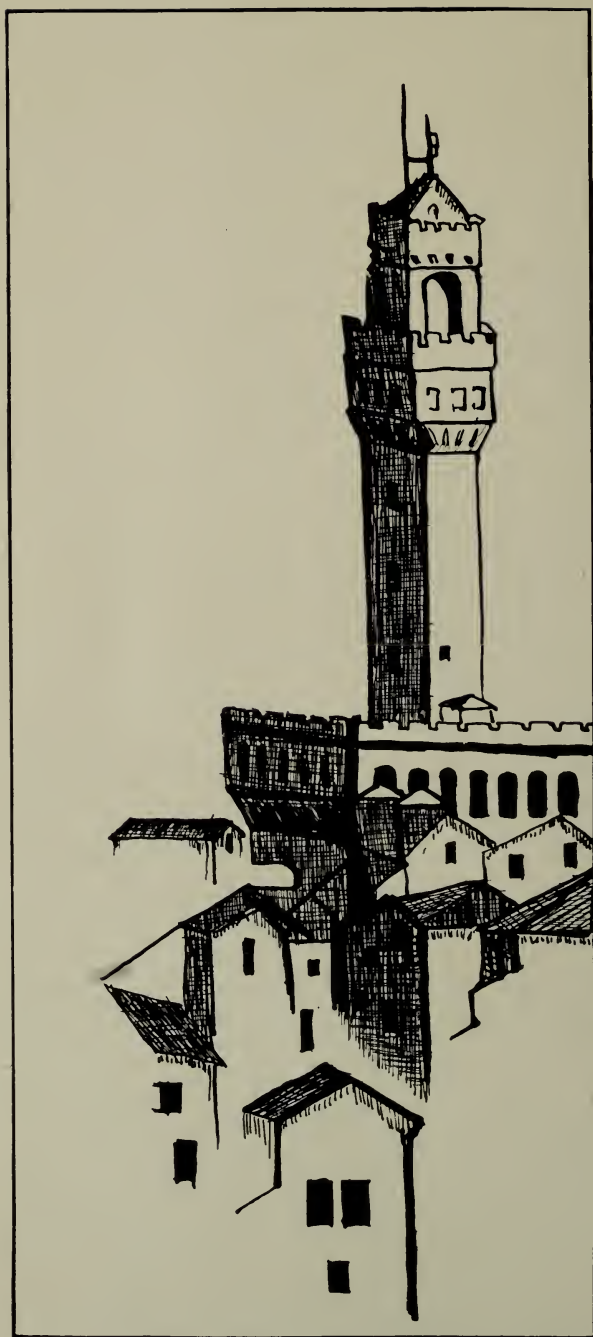
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1930

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Jessie Marianne Hirst

THE ABBOT COURANT

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No. 1

FLORENCE

I saw, reflecting back the sun,
A newly whitened wall,
And there in picturesque relief,
Dark cypress trees grew tall.

I saw within the Loggia's gloom
Those sculptured marbles white.
The lustrous stone but dimly glowed
Across the shadowed night.

From that most lovely Piazzale
Of Michelangelo
I saw, far off above the roofs,
The Palazzo Vecchio.

Ah Florence, city of delight,
Your charm will never fade!
For 'tis the charm of olden days
Untouched by ways new-made.

Jessie Marianne Hirst '30

EDITORIALS



"Enter into understanding that you may go forth to nobler living."

Today with all its fads and fancies life truly and rightly lived can be just as simple as in Puritan times. It is governed by exactly the same principles—"Enter into understanding that you may go forth to nobler living." We are all eager to live noble lives, so let us acquire wisdom that we may be armed and equipped with high standards with which to meet life. At school we are not merely learning languages, mathematics, and the like, but we are being taught to think. After all, greater than any of the forces of nature seems to be thought—time, flood, fire, death, nothing can destroy thought, once it has made its impress on our consciousness.

When the dates June first, second, third, fourth and fifth of 1929 are mentioned does a multitude of glorious happy memories crowd your mind? Anyone who was connected with Abbot at that time can certainly tell you that our Centennial celebration was indeed a thrilling one. The thrills began the minute we saw D.O.G.'s come pouring in from all parts of the world eager to do honor to Abbot Academy.

We caught the spirit and really got into the swing that Saturday night on June first when all the present students dressed in white gathered on the steps of Abbot Hall to sing to our Alma Mater. There was something about being there together and singing into that dusky June evening that neither our songs then nor words now can express. That evening, too, "Draper Dramatics" were given in Davis Hall in the form of "Monsieur Beaucaire", and our expectations were well satisfied.

Sunday and Monday were the seniors' days. The Baccalaureate Sermon was given at the South Church by the Reverend Albert Parker Fitch, and Centennial Vespers were held in Davis Hall. It must have been wonderful to be a Centennial senior, but it was good, too, to know that you didn't have to leave Abbot just yet.

Alumnae Day was an impressive experience. By this time practically all the returning alumnae had arrived. When we heard how far some had come in order to be at the celebration, we began to realize how wide-spread is our Abbot circle. When we saw that members of the class of '56 had returned, we began to realize how firm and true it is. When they all paraded around our circle flaunting their class colors with the spirit of true school girls, we knew that it was a circle made up of alumnae who had been Abbot students and had lived practically the same kind of a life that we live here now. Luncheon was served that noon for everyone in the huge white tent which spread over the croquet and basketball courts. In the afternoon while the alumnae were holding class reunions we gloried in the hustle and bustle that lent such a festive air to the whole affair. On Tuesday evening the Alumnae Entertainment was given in Davis Hall and Abbot Movies were shown in the tent. The entertainment, a little play written by Miss Margaret Kyle, was a clever one and gave us a glimpse of the years between the founding of Abbot and the present time. Favorite scenes from the memories of old girls were represented and we were given an idea of Abbot in the earlier part of the century.

Wednesday was the great day. The one-hundredth anniversary exercises of Abbot Academy were held. To the tune of a brass band the present students marched in a white column to the old South Church. Outside the church we stopped and formed an aisle through which passed the long line of dignitaries who had come to pay tribute to our Alma Mater. They were followed by the faculty and all the D.O.G.'s who had come back. The exercises were inspiring and impressive. Addresses were made by members of the Board of Trustees, and responses were made for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for colleges for women, for girls' secondary schools, and for the parents of Abbot Academy students. Miss Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College, gave the Centennial address, "A Century Old Gift." We, the students of Abbot, tried to express our deeply felt appreciation and love of our school when we sang the hymns. The service made us know not only how much we love our school but how greatly it is esteemed in the eyes of the world. Immediately afterwards the anniversary luncheon was held in the big tent and with its close came the end of the celebration.

It is now only a memory, but it is one that anyone who was present will never lose. During those few days Abbot spirit was brought from all over the world and crowded onto our campus to be entrusted to every Abbot girl. To those who had never really grasped it, came a sudden warm rush in appreciating to a greater extent the gracious dignity and power of our Alma Mater.

Who would think that a tiny place like Andover could contain as much magic power as it does? We walk up a quiet street and gaze with pleasure at the stolid, settled dwellings with their sheltering shrubs. A short time later we have occasion to pass along the same street and—lo and behold—we see a yawning gap where an especially attractive dwelling stood. Then as we go along a little further we see that very house across the street with a smug expression upon its front as if it had done something especially clever. It looks a little unsettled but the same shrubs are putting forth their roots to gain a foot-hold in the new soil. Streets disappear and instead we see lovely green lawns. Houses drop right into the ground and an open space is left, beyond which we can see for miles and miles.

The Harriet Beecher Stowe house took great leaps one night and landed on Bartlet Street. It still seems a little unsteady after such a journey but we do not doubt that in a very short while it will have regained its former charming, settled appearance.

In the spring we take the Carter's Hill walk. The following autumn we meet wired fences, locked gates, and fierce threats toward any trespasser. It is a bird sanctuary! We pause in rapt wonder. Such marvels in such a wee town! And yet we are a little disappointed. We don't care for the locked gates and we hope that our friends on the "hill" will open them soon.

Such drastic changes going about caused by the magic wand controlled by our neighbors make it advisable for all "D.O.G.'s" to return at least twice a year or they will soon be unable to recognize this historic town with its ultra-modern progress.

Some unfortunate words in this language of ours are dreadfully overworked and quite needlessly too. Think of "up." How frequently we use it! We begin in the morning when we wake up. In this case "up" is quite wrong. There is a general reluctance, as a rule, towards

any upward action when we first regain consciousness after the night's sleep. Then we eat up our breakfasts and drink up our coffee. Really we would have to stand on our head to produce this sort of motion. After this someone washes up the dishes and cleans up the house, which is most peculiar, while we button up our coats and leave. Why button them up? Surely most of us button them down. As we walk along we see a friend ahead and we catch up with her. Perhaps, if the way is up-hill, but what a falsehood if we are going down-hill!

There may be other cases where we use this over-worked little word, so can't we give it a rest and only employ "up" where it is truly necessary?

It has been said that boarding-school life lacks variety and spice, but certainly this cannot be the case at Abbot where we have girls from remote lands of the Orient. They can tell us of an existence far, far different from ours. It's one thing to read of Tindivanam, Peking and Muscat, but it's another to be in personal contact with someone who has lived there.

Unconsciously these girls have different reactions to things. Things that to us are dull and uninteresting are new and intriguing to them. We ourselves get a new light on everyday matters. We see things through their eyes. For instance, when the first snow fell our school-mate from the Philippines said, "O see the white rain!"

Naturally the atmosphere of a school is strongly influenced by the students, and these girls steeped in the life and customs of foreign countries bring a different atmosphere to us.

What a castle of spells and enchantments we live in where an evil fairy named "Disappearance" reigns. The havoc she wreaks is frightful; we glare or protest—but in vain. A glance into a room and a book runs under the radiator, a wink at a shoe and it hides in the closet. She touches a toothbrush and, plop, it falls on the floor and scurries under the washstand. For you see she is a very evil fairy and being evil is very ugly and so each thing that she comes near becomes afraid and runs away to hide. Naturally she is disliked, the more because the good fairy "Appearance" is very lazy and so often the poor toothbrush or book lie helpless and untouched under

washstand or radiator for a long time with no one to give them the power to get back to their places. We editors have an especial grudge against her because she has not only bewitched our personal belongings but on the morning of——, when our guard was asleep, she stole up to the COURANT box and fixed on it such a baleful glare that it took to its heels and ran as fast as it could to hide—and, although our prayers were both loud and long, "Appearance" did not come to our rescue for some time after. We have since suggested the following notice to be posted on the bulletin board.—\$1000 reward for the capture of the evil fairy, "Disappearance," who has been haunting our halls for some time past and who is a mortal enemy to man.

For sixty years the bond that held Mrs. Fanny Fletcher Parker to Abbot Academy was kept taut by constant and affectionate effort on her part. The school gave her much. "My whole life has been full of the good thoughts and the friendships gained in Andover," she wrote recently, and the seven poplar trees growing in her big garden for the seven girls of 1872 were visible signs of this fact. Ideals were formed in that early period and nourished by later contacts that illumined her daily living. In turn, she did much for the school, expressing her sense of indebtedness in various ways, though never with mere money, for always her gifts showed thoughtful consideration. So instantaneous was her response to the first suggestion for the Loyalty Endowment Fund that she must have been standing on tiptoe, waiting for the hint. Sometimes there would be a surprise check for a need of the moment, but usually she planned for future income, as for instance, the scholarship in memory of her little Ruth, "who might have been an Abbot girl", the Whitney music scholarship, in memory of her sister, which she completed shortly before her death, and the \$5000 fund which she gave some years since. Her greatest gift to the school, however, was that of her three daughters, one of them the Alumnae president, and a granddaughter still in school.

MAN AND BEAST

Crash! The noise echoed through the silence of the night woods. The great tree had fallen by the pond in exactly the position the beaver had planned. He now set busily to work gnawing off the branches and pushing them into the pond to float down with the lazy current to the dam several hundred feet below. Here his mate was arranging them so cleverly that the level of the water was already perceptibly rising.

Deep Run was a small, swift stream which tumbled down the mountain side in haste to reach the lazy-flowing wide Tobyhanna in the valley below. Man has changed its whole aspect. Sportsmen decreed that the brook should be dammed up, and small pools formed in shady nooks for the trout to spawn in. A concrete dam was therefore built up in the wilds and just enough water allowed to pass over to keep these pools at the right depth for the trout.

A beaver in his travels came upon the dam far from other signs of man, and, considering the job but half completed, he undertook to finish the work. Now on the clear, star-lit night of July he and his mate were busily chopping away at the trunks of the tall, white birches and pushing the logs into position. With care and precision born of long experience they built their dam on top of the other so mysteriously placed there for their benefit.

The next morning the game-warden was horrified to see his rocky pools fed only by a tiny trickle of water. He hurried up the stream and found a neat, cleverly-woven pile of birch logs effectively blocking the passage of water. Only at one edge did a small stream still flow unchecked. The man tore out in a few minutes the beaver's work of patient hours and strode home rather amused than angry.

The following day, however, he was vexed to find the dam carefully rebuilt and his pools as low as ever. Something had to be done. The country was a true paradise for fishermen, and if the streams were not well stocked he would lose his job and the beautiful game preserve would soon be destroyed. Taking some of the logs laid so scientifically together he arranged a sort of tripod, and when night came he hung on it a kerosene lantern whose bright light, he felt sure, would scare away any member of the timid beaver tribe.

Our friend was of a more adventurous and courageous disposition

than most. On seeing the brilliant light so strangely shining in his domain he was startled, but, overcoming his timidity, he swam down to it, investigated, and finding it harmless, continued his work with the aid of the lamp.

The warden, astonished at the boldness of the animal, again demolished the beaver's handiwork and placed the light in a spot only a few inches above the surface of the water. Surely, he felt, the wild thing would be afraid of this strange shining object so near him in the dark night. The beaver had begun to enjoy the contest; he'd show that stupid man he couldn't be scared so easily, and with a slap of his shovel-like tail he plastered the lantern with a thick coat of brown, oozy mud from the bed of the stream.

Day after day the man attempted to overcome this strange beast. The beaver worked night after night, and now he even began to work boldly in the light of the early evening.

The warden formed a habit of calling on his rival about five o'clock every afternoon. He would sit idly on the bank watching his foe, and occasionally he would toss a pebble at him. The beaver would disappear with a resounding slap of his tail on the water, come up again ten feet farther off, grin impudently, and go back to his task.

The sportsmen held a meeting and discussed the situation, which they considered serious. What could they do? They didn't want to harm their clever opponent, but nothing could be allowed to stand in the way of their sport. It was finally decided to put a long pipe across the dam with its upper end reaching into the pond and thus syphen the water across into the stream below.

The beaver continued his work on the next night and was astonished to find it was of no avail. The water would not rise. He worked for several nights and at last found the trouble. On his rounds the next day the warden found the pipe clogged with a mass of sticks and mud. Thinking it must have been washed there by the current, he merely removed the débris and thought nothing more of it. To his astonishment the same thing happened the next night and still again.

Thus the battle of wits has raged all summer. Spectators gather every afternoon and watch the plucky fighter as he works on unconcernedly ignoring intruders. I wonder which will finally conquer, man or beast.

Mary Emilen

LIFE IS THIS WAY, YOU KNOW

A one-act play in two scenes.

Characters: Mr. Wilbur, an Englishman; Mr. Percy, an American.

ACT I

Scene I

The curtain rises on a street scene in London with people passing both ways. A young man is seen dashing down the pavement after someone he thinks he knows.

MR. WILBUR: I tap you on the back, old rogue, just by way of greeting you.

MR. PERCY: What say?

MR. WILBUR: Good old boy. Have you heard the latest? They say old man Percy's secretary forged Percy's name on one of his checks for some money to back him up in the stock crash.

MR. PERCY: Oh! Yes?

MR. WILBUR: Can you beat it! But old Percy is so absent-minded that he will never know the difference.

MR. PERCY: Is that so? Young man, do you realize to whom you are speaking?

MR. WILBUR: Jolly well I do. I haven't my glasses on, but I could tell your walk a mile off.

MR. PERCY: Well, as long as you cannot see well, try and hear well. I happen to be not your friend Henry, whom unfortunately I look like, but Percy, Junior.

MR. WILBUR: Good heavens! What a jolly faux pas I've made. Well there is my tram. So long, old fellow. (*Wilbur attempts to dash off.*)

MR. PERCY (*grabbing his arm*): Hold on a minute, rogue. Just where did you get your information?

MR. WILBUR: Why . . . Ah . . . I . . . um. By the way, how long have you been in town?

MR. PERCY: Just long enough to catch the mouse. What about this rumor you're spreading?

MR. WILBUR: Why, upon my word, as long as I live. What is that green-shaped object over there?

MR. PERCY (*turning about and gazing at a mere bicycle rider*): Ha! Ha!
Go get your glasses.

MR. WILBUR (*under his breath*): So long, old top (*and he dashes wildly through the crowd.*)

Scene II

In a tram. A small space in front of the curtain can be arranged like the inside of a tram.

MR. WILBUR (*to himself*): As I live and breathe I thought I left Percy gaping at the bicycle rider.

MR. PERCY (*stepping up into the middle of the crowd*): Greetings.

MR. WILBUR: 'Ello, 'Ello. Where have you been keeping yourself?
I'm jolly well.

MR. PERCY: Let us sit down here together.

MR. WILBUR: Avec plaisir. That reminds me. Do you recall that Frenchman we had with us not so long ago who . . . O goodness, if that isn't my Oscar out there all alone! Poor dog, he'll never find his way home. I'm leaving you here, big boy.

But both Percy and Wilbur get off. For a minute here the lights can go off, the tram should be removed and the curtains open to the street scene of Scene I, but a bit changed.

MR. WILBUR: But, but you don't live near here, do you?

MR. PERCY: Wilbur, let's get down to business. Who ever told you that story of the . . .

MR. WILBUR (*seeing his best friend's car approaching, exclaims*): What ho! If it isn't Mabel's car, dear old thing. Well, I'll be seeing you. Toodle doo. (*He dashes off the stage, with a real dog in his arm, leaving Percy a bit amazed, on the pavement.*)

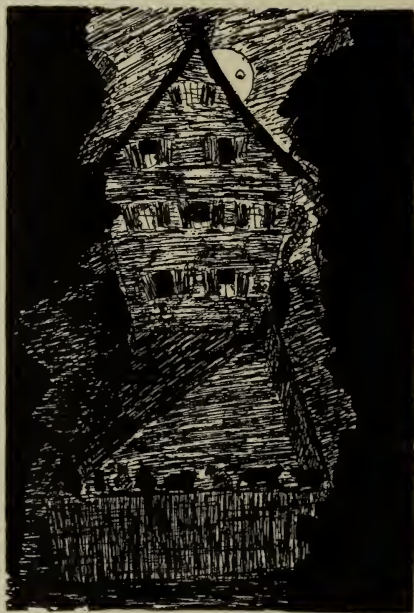
Marianna Smith, '30

HARMONY

FROM A WATER COLOR BY COOK

Dappled fog
couches on a
blue-green sea.
One by one
vivid boats,
seen more dully
through the mist,
call upon the
God of Wind to
fill their sails.
Nets drag,
the wind lags;
Through the purple haze
is seen
a lazy harmony.

Miriam Bass '31



A MEETING

There were some cats who sat on a wall:
Some were big and some were small.

The biggest had sung all night at the moon,
The smallest had tried to scare a loon.

Now all had assembled to make much noise,
And hear a lecture on "Good Cat Poise."

The lecturer was Professor Squawk.
He proved his name by senseless talk.

"For you, my friends, must drink green tea,
In order to show your dignity."

He said, "The best cannot refuse
A jar of 'Cat Poise Tea' to use."

"Now my good thanks for your attention,
I hope me often you will mention.

"My address is Three Doggone Lane
I hope to see you all again."

At this remark all gave a cheer,
A lusty one, that he could hear.

From windows above there issued hoots,
And into the meeting there come old boots.

Lost was every cat's brand new poise;
Each feared the wrath of the grown-up boys.

Kathryn B. Dutton, '30

L'HORLOGE

A man sat in a blue haze of smoke alone in a room high up in an office building of the city. He was gazing out of the window and contemplating the activity that he could see in the busy streets below. Tick-tock the city seemed to say. He looked away and began forming pictures from the clouds in the sky. Easily they came—these cloud pictures. There was a lion in that white bank there, then it became a demon's shape and then a gnarled old hand. Tick-tock said the city. He could not get it out of his head. He turned back to a half-finished cigarette. Funny how the idea obsessed him! Tick-tock, tick-tock. People ticked away in office buildings, the offices themselves ticked, doors opened and shut, traffic signals went on—went off, day came and went, and people ticked away to and from work, for and against projects—tick-tock, tick-tock. Some one came down the hall; even the rapping of his heels made a ticking sound. He thought back to when he first had come to the city; then it had ticked aloud and its ticking had an almost ominous sound, but years had rounded off the edges, until now it had become a peaceful monotonous sound, a sort of sympathetic droning that seemed to hide his soul from prying eyes till even he himself dared not to look therein.

Miriam Rand, '30

THE BROOM OF THE WIND

The wind comes tearing, racing, puffing, across the sky.
Lazy clouds are floating about in the rosy sunset.
Whisk! And they are all blown away like dust from a musty garret.
The sky is left all streaked and gray from the broom of the wind.

Jean Will, '32

AUTOMOBILE RIDE

I am amused
at the cedars of Connecticut:

we crossed the line
this afternoon
at Canaan,
and immediately were surrounded by a crowd of cedars,

small,
slim,
pointed;
as dark and delicately-foliaged as most cedars,
but much smaller;

so small,
in fact,
that they have not yet acquired
the courage
to cross the border into Massachusetts.

Mary Roys, '29

"ABOUT NIGHT AND LIGHTS AND A TRAIN"

It is hard to write a regular story with a plot and a villain when you are on a train going from your old Ohio home to New York City. There are so many interesting things to see, and if you don't look right now you may never have another chance to see them.

It is night and there is not very much to see, so you have to look twice as hard. First, when you look through the window, you see reflected on the black pane the girl across the aisle and the porter making up a berth or someone passing through the car. But when you put your face up close to the window you can find lots to watch. There is one light gleaming through the blackness away off there across the fields and it makes you wonder what it is guarding. Then it suddenly disappears and a long row of red and white lights twinkle into sight. They seem to be some distance away and are seen across a bay of Lake Erie. We just whizzed by a station. It is different from those in small towns of the East. It is of brown stone and squattier. It is not all closed in by a fence and has more breathing space. There were a man and a small girl standing on the platform waving to someone. It tries my curiosity when I realize that I shall never know more about them.

Tonight all the lights are on a level instead of running up and down hills. Tomorrow when I look at the sky-line I shall see the outline of houses and church spires perched up among the tree tops. Tonight the lighted windows shine out through the lowest branches of surrounding trees.

Small towns are interesting. Sometimes I wish we could make our long stops there instead of at the large ones, where only the outside of the station, and the shed, and scurrying people are to be seen. In little towns the stations are so small that you can see right around them into the town. As you pass through you can pick out the grandmothers' houses and the aunts' houses and the family houses. Grandmothers' houses are white and always have white chicken coops in the back yard. Aunts' houses are usually gray with front porches supported by slim short pillars and the front doors have oval glass in them. There are two kinds of family houses and they are not particular about their style of architecture. Either they are blazing with lights upstairs and down or they are utterly dark. Of course it is only the houses near the railroad tracks which we see.

The main street of a small town presents a pleasing picture as we fly by in the dark. Tonight while we are still in the flat country the main street is a straight wide one, two or three blocks long. It is lined on both sides with stores. The stores look like the cardboard fronts they use in movies. All is brilliantly lighted with street lamps and the busiest intersection has a traffic light. A touch of antiquity is added as we notice a hitching post alongside of a fire hydrant. If it were Saturday night instead of Friday the streets would be filled with farmers and their families.

To approach a village is very different from arriving at a city. In the first place you do not approach a village at night—at least it is not apparent. You are calmly riding through fields and woods and suddenly there it is—made visible by its lights. In a twinkling you leave it behind. But a city advertises its existence miles ahead. A sign-board on the edge of Farmer Brown's cornfield names the best hotel. As you go on you come to the site of future suburbs. Then you see the beginnings of suburbs where streets are built and lined with street lights which light vacant lots. Eventually the really established suburbs come into sight. After that you see factories. They have large windows with small panes, and through them at night shine weird blue-white lights. You see men, and black and silver machinery, and gold sparks. It is a modernistic picture. The factories blur into tenements and then into apartments as we rush past. As we near the station we catch glimpses of high buildings and floods of distant light. Suddenly all grows black and the roar of the wheels increases. We are under the city in the tunnel. Did you ever go to an amusement park and pay your nickel to enter "Ye Olde Mill"? You climb into a rowboat and drift through dim stone-walled passages, and all is quiet except the lapping of the water. Weird faces leer at you in the dark, and you come to arches in the walls through which you can see lights in other corridors and other boats of passengers. Doesn't the tunnel at the Grand Central Station remind you of a modern version of this? The passages are built of cement instead of old mossy stone. You roar past cold gray cement walls and look through their arches to see trains with passengers and glaring lights and thick blackness and then more lights. The train stops and there you are.

Mary Smead, '31

THE DUNES

Far out at the end of Somewhere,
Near Nowhere,
There's a place that artists seek.
There to the West are the brown ever-changing dunes.
Some stubble nestles down
Wherever it can,
Reed-grass waves and billows nearby,
As the wind caresses the spot.
To North and South stretch the yellow sands
Formed by the ocean's restless drumming.
There on the dim horizon,
Where sky and water meet,
Are the shimmering sails of a vessel headed for the deep;
And, too, a tiny minnow
With beak towards land's safe haven
Draws in her lines and hoists the cloth,
So silver and wind-laden.
High up a cloud of wild ducks fly,
Homing swiftly now.

Elizabeth Brown, '30

NO MAN CAN SERVE THREE MISTRESSES

Dramatis Personae

JEAN, a recent bride

JACK, her husband

MRS. EDWARDS, mother of Jack

MRS. ROBINSON, mother of Jean

Scene I

Place: Living Room in new home of Jean and Jack

Time: Immediately after their honeymoon

(Enter Jean and Jack)

JEAN: What a lovely big house! I'm sure we'll be so happy here.
Isn't it nice to settle down quietly after traveling so much!

JACK: I'm glad you like the house. I'm certainly glad to get here.

JEAN: By the way, Jack, Mother wrote this morning that she'd like to pay us a visit real soon, and of course I answered that we'd love to have her. I think she'll come in a week or two.

JACK: That's fine. My mother is getting lonely now that I've left and she's trying to sell her house to come to live with us. It will be great to have them both here. *(Curtain)*

Scene II

Place: Same

Time: Two weeks later

(Jean and Jack on stage)

JEAN: Jack, I've been having two rooms fixed up for our mothers. They're both coming after dinner tomorrow. I'm so anxious to see Mother!

JACK: I could go on living as we have for the past few weeks forever. It's been so peaceful, and you've managed everything so wonderfully. But I'll be glad to have them here too.

JEAN: O Jack, you know Mother never did like an early breakfast so we'll have to have it at ten instead of eight. She'd feel hurt if I didn't wait for her, so I'm afraid you'll have to eat alone in the morning.

JACK: Well, I guess I can stand that as long as I have you at the other meals.

JEAN: And, Jack, your mother wrote me about how much she liked our bedroom because it is so light. Her eyes are so bad, we'll have to move and let her have it.

JACK: O and another thing, Mother refuses to ride in a Cadillac, so I'm afraid you'll have to sell your roadster to make room in the garage for her car.

JEAN: Sell the roadster, my wedding present from you?

JACK: I'm afraid so.

JEAN: Well, that's what I call nerve! And just because a man in a Cadillac ran over her pet dog. (*Curtain*)

Scene III

Place: Same

Time: A month later

(*Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Robinson, Jean and Jack at tea*)

MRS. EDWARDS: Jack, dear, I don't like the color of the furnishings in this room. You know I never could bear that shade of green. I've called up a decorator and made arrangements for it to be done in dark red.

MRS. ROBINSON: Dark red? It cannot be! That was the predominating color in the room my husband died in. O it would be too much to ask of me. Jean, why did you insist that I rent our house?

JEAN: Insist? I didn't know about it until you had done it.

MRS. ROBINSON: But you insisted.

MRS. EDWARDS: And why did she? I certainly should not be living with my son if I had an unmarried daughter, as you have.

MRS. ROBINSON: But Janet is living with a group of girls in a New York apartment and I couldn't stand the noise or the life she leads. (*Pause*). Jean, I wish you'd tell Annette that she is to be my maid. It is most annoying to ring for her and have that horrid Marie come. She can't even understand me when I talk to her in French.

MRS. EDWARDS: Jack, didn't you say that Annette was to be my maid?

JACK (*disgustedly*): Yes, Mother.

JEAN: Well, Mrs. Edwards, if my mother wants her she shall have her. (*Jack leaves*).

MRS. ROBINSON (*sobbing*): He is the most cruel husband and inconsiderate son-in-law.

MRS. EDWARDS: And as for your daughter, she can run a house about as well as I could a stable.

(*Jack enters*)

JACK: Jean, don't forget that dance at the club tonight. You need some recreation.

MRS. ROBINSON: Jean isn't going. I have a headache and she is going to stay home with me. Besides I don't approve of those dances.

JACK (*exasperated*): Can't I even take my wife out without asking permission?

MRS. ROBINSON: You remember she is my daughter.

MRS. EDWARDS: How could he forget it, the poor dear.

JACK: Mother! (*Curtain*).

Scene IV

Place: Same

Time: The following day

(*Mrs. Robinson and Jean on stage*)

MRS. ROBINSON: Jean dear, I just invited my old friend Jessie Tyler to spend the summer with us. You have so much room I was sure you'd love to have her. Besides her company is preferable to . . .

JEAN: Don't, Mother. Jack will be home any minute. I'll ask him about having Mrs. Tyler.

MRS. ROBINSON: But surely you are mistress of your own home.

JEAN (*under her breath*): I wish I were.

(*Enter Jack*)

JACK: Hello, dear.

JEAN: Hello, Jack; Mother has invited Mrs. Tyler to spend the summer with us. She's really awfully nice and won't be a bit of trouble.

JACK: You don't have to plead; that fits in perfectly with my plans.

BOTH: What plans?

JACK: Call Mother and I'll tell you.

JEAN (*calling*): Mrs. Edwards.

MRS. EDWARDS: Is Jack here?

JEAN: Yes.

MRS. EDWARDS: Then I'll come down. (*She enters*)

JACK: This being my birthday, though all of you have been too engrossed to remember it, I decided that there should be some presents, so I bought you each one. I have exchanged this house for three apartments, one in the Heights, one on the East Side, and one on the West. Here are your deeds. (*Hands them out. Three sighs of relief.*) And I shall live with my chosen mate. (*Curtain*)

Alice Eckman, '30

C'EST VRAI

Dusk was falling on a little village in northern Maine as a tall old man dignified and stately but with a kindly face settled himself on the porch of the only hotel which the town boasted. He had been forced to spend the night there because no train would stop there until the next morning. As he sat smoking his pipe, he pondered on the people, the varied types which composed this little hamlet so far removed from the big cities. He was quite a philosopher, and he realized that in this quiet settlement there were romances and tragedies just as interesting and perhaps as exciting as those which occur in New York and London, for everywhere men experience the same human emotions.

The sun had set behind the dense forests and lights were beginning to twinkle in scattered houses. Scarcely anyone could be seen on the street, for these simple folks spent most of their evenings at home. The village seemed to breathe calm and rest, in striking contrast with the bustle, horrors, and excitement of the great war which had just ended.

The old man was brought from his reverie by the opening of the screen door, and a young man with a worn, tired air stepped onto the porch and slumped wearily into a chair near him.

"Are you a native here?" the old man asked after a few minutes.

"Yes, sir," he answered briefly.

"Did you go to war?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you go across?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in the trenches?"

"Yes, sir". He spoke in a pleasing Canadian drawl, but with a dejected, disheartened air. Drawn on by the kindness of the old man, he suddenly threw off his reserve and unburdened himself.

"Yes, sir, I was there. I was one of the first to enlist. My mother didn't want me to go, but I was the youngest of six boys, and as all my brothers were married I felt it was up to me to go. I enlisted. At first I heard regularly from my mother. She loved to knit, so she

used to send stockings and sweaters—enough to pass out to the other boys. Later I was moved from place to place and letters seldom reached me. I had never before realized how much I loved my mother. As I lay in the trenches, I used to dream of our little kitchen at home and my mother sitting in her rocker knitting, and my father smoking his pipe. O how I longed for just a few words with mother!

He stopped speaking and turned to look out into the darkness, his thoughts far away from the peaceful village. After a few minutes he continued in his slow drawl:

"Finally, armistice. I was lucky enough to be among the first boys sent back. When I arrived in New York I didn't telegraph my mother. I wanted to surprise her; to see the joy on her face when she saw me. When the train pulled in here, I jumped off and ran home. I dashed onto the porch of the house and started to open the door. But it was locked. I had never known my mother's door to be locked. I pounded and looked in the windows, but there was no sign of life. Finally I decided that mother and father had gone to live with one of my brothers. I went up the road to my brother's house and walked in. My sister-in-law was surprised to see me and greeted me affectionately.

"Where's mother?"

"Mother!" she sounded frightened. 'Didn't you get our letter? Your mother died two months ago', she said.

"My father had died soon after I left. My mother would not tell me for fear of making me feel badly. She had pined away over his death and my absence. I can't get the longing for my mother out of my heart. Ever since I have had no ambition, no desire to live."

The old man watched the weary youth disappear into the shadows of night.

Frances Sullivan, '30

INCIDENT

Place: A bedroom in a house, very plain. A bed at right back, beside which a dog lies; window at left of bed; middle-aged man in bed. Snow outside.

Time: Armistice day, 1929. About six-thirty in the evening.

(Door opens. Young girl enters with tray at left front.)

GIRL: Here's your dinner, father. I hope you'll like it. Olga made your special dessert for you.

MAN: Thank you.

GIRL (*placing tray on man's knees*): How do you feel now? Any better?

MAN: O well enough.

GIRL: I'll be back in a little while for your tray. Eat as much as you can, won't you?

MAN: Uh!

(Exit girl)

MAN: (*looking at food*) Usual stuff. Can't eat it. (*whistles to dog*) Here Bill, want some, old fellow?

(Dog gets up and sniffs air. Man puts down dishes and pats dog's head. When dog is finished he replaces the dishes on the tray.)

MAN: Don't know how you eat the filthy trash.

(Girl reenters, crosses to take tray)

GIRL: O how well you've eaten. You must be feeling better.

MAN: Uh!

GIRL: I hope you'll sleep well tonight. Would you like a book?

MAN: No.

GIRL: Goodnight.

(Exit. Dog lies down)

MAN: Hypocrite.

(He lies back, closing his eyes. Slowly a flare of music of a band rises far off. The man stirs and sits up.)

MAN (*in hushed voice*): The war. The war.

(He sinks into a reverie and stares intently before him as the music dies down, and apparently falls asleep. Then after a few minutes the sky is lighted up through the window by a display of fire works and the man starts as a bomb goes off.)

MAN: My God, they've killed him. He's dying. I say he's dying. O my Danny! The best pal a man ever had, and he's dead! Blood, blood on his hands (*stares before him, hands outstretched, his voice rises*) blood on his face! Speak to me, Danny, speak to me! (*his voice reaches a shriek.*)

(*More bombs are heard in the distance and rockets are seen in the sky through the window.*)

MAN (*slowly as though in a trance and very calmly*): They're coming. I see them coming, now one, now ten, a hundred, a thousand. They're coming, I see them. I'll kill them, I'll kill them! (*Voice rises to a high pitch*)

(*Then slowly as before and tensely*): They have guns in their hands. Everyone has a gun in his hand and there are bayonets on the guns and blood. Blood on the bayonets! Blood! Danny's blood! Now they're nearer and nearer; they're crouching; they're loading . . .

(*A distant bomb explodes and a questioning look comes over the man's face. He clutches his breast. Just then the door opens and the girl stands there aghast.*)

MAN: What—what is this white hot flame? It's burning me—burning my heart—burning my soul—Oh! (*an agonized sigh as he falls back*) (*The girl rushes forward*): Father, father! (*The dog looks bewildered and scurries from the room his tail between his legs.*)

GIRL: O he's gone. (*She falls prostrate on the bed sobbing wildly and then slips to the floor in a heap. Far off the music of the Armistice blares forth again.*)

Miriam Rand, '30

THE BEDOUIN WOMAN

It was a warm summer morning and I was making my morning rounds at the hospital. Having first pushed ajar one of the heavy wooden doors I entered one of the small private wards. It was a bare room simple but pleasant. There was no covering on the floor nor any hangings on the plaster walls. There were two empty beds without even a mattress, only a bottom made of rope. The patient was lying on a pile of sand between the two beds with only a few dirty rags covering her. A brass jar of milk, camel's I presumed, lay by one of the low square windows but otherwise the room was quite unfurnished. But it was a good deal more than what this poor desert woman was used to. The once clean floor was now filthy from all the dirt she had brought in.

My first duty was to wash the patient and have her in a fit condition for the operation she was to undergo for cataract. First of all I made one of the beds, not to be sure with clean sheets and pillow cases but with just a rough coarse pair of clean blankets which I thought would surely look very good to the dirty woman lying on the floor. But, "No," she said, "I don't sleep above the ground in my harem and I won't here. Suppose I should fall off and break my back. It is sore enough as it is. Leave me alone. I want the hakeem."

"You won't fall off," I persisted. "You must not expect the hakeem to examine you when you are lying down there on the hard floor. I am sure you will feel much better if you lie on this soft bed which I have made up especially for you. But as you like."

"I tell you, I am going to stay here on the floor and I shall not move even if you pierce a sword right through me," she growled. "Why can't you leave me alone? Oh, Allah hi la ha il Allah wha Mahommed er Rasool Allah!"

I saw there was no use trying to persuade her any more, so I began to wash her face and hands, for they were simply unbearable. I had hardly touched her before she screamed, "Murder, murder, what are you doing to me now? I can't bear this." She kicked and she screamed, she groaned and she moaned. But she was so very dirty that I dared not leave her in that condition. With all my force I scrubbed her head,

neck, hands, and even her feet. She was so exhausted by that time that she lay motionless but kept muttering to herself some evil words which I believe it was just as well I didn't understand.

That afternoon she was operated on. But at night she slipped away and ran out to the desert where she joined her tribe again. Poor woman, she could not understand our ways.

Gertrud Van Peurse, '31

MY CATHEDRAL

Tired and depressed from a day of endless cares
I entered into my sanctuary,
Kneeling—as is the custom—to give my share of prayer.
Sitting apart from the crowd of the streets,
I forgot the physical hurt
And remembered His mental balm
That He used on His last climb—to Calvary.

Sitting thinking, there came through the stained glass window,
A light
Which shone on me.
For me alone it was meant, I know.
Please let it be, for I needed it so.

Wilhelmina Woodbury, '31

A KOREAN TIGER STORY

A Buddhist monk was traveling to a distant mountain monastery. One afternoon he came, dusty and weary after a long day's journey on foot, to a tiny village hidden away at the head of a deep valley. Desiring to quench his thirst and to rest, he approached the nearest hut and greeted an old man who was seated on the veranda smoking a yard-long pipe. As soon as the aged one saw the priestly-garbed traveler he arose, and, sweeping the dust from the floor with a long bushy tiger's tail, invited the monk to be seated. The monk was much surprised to see this most unusual and effective broom, so after he had removed his shoes, unloosened his pack, seated himself comfortably on the veranda floor, and had taken a long drink of the cool spring water that the old man had given him, he asked his host how he had become the possessor of such an interesting veranda broom. The aged one smiled, causing the many wrinkles of his face to triple in number, and replied that it was a strange story, but that he would be glad to relate it. So after filling another yard-long pipe for his guest he began:

"Once when I was a vigorous young man there fell a very severe winter. The snow lay thick in the valleys and many feet deep on the mountains so that deer, bear, and other wild animals found it very difficult to get food. After a prolonged season of bitterly cold weather the tigers became fearless and descending into the villages seized pigs and dogs and other domestic animals for food. In our village one very huge tiger in particular had caused a great deal of destruction, and he had even carried off tiny children from some of the near-by villages.

One evening, just at dusk, I was seated inside on the warm floor while my wife was preparing supper. All of my children were inside with me except my youngest son, who had gone to the spring to get water for his mother. He took longer than usual so my wife called him several times.



The Monk

Still he did not return, and getting anxious she ran to the spring. All that she found was an empty bucket, a broken gourd-dipper, and blood stains on the snow. Near the stains were the footprints of a huge tiger.

"This tragic event quite persuaded me that something must now be done. So the next morning I followed the tiger's tracks and found that they led to a huge hole in which were many bones. This was evidently the tiger's den, and since he was not at home I dropped in and waited. After several hours I heard panting and steps crunching in the snow and knew that the tiger had returned. Realizing that he would not enter without first investigating the condition of his den, I quietly waited. Sure enough, his tail appeared over the rim of the hole and, feeling all around, slowly descended toward me. When it came within reach I grasped it and gave a mighty tug. The tiger half dragged me out of the pit and then with a grunt subsided. I then gave another mighty tug. The tiger nearly jerked my arms from their sockets, but again subsided. This time I jerked and pulled with all my strength, and suddenly fell to the pit's bottom with the tiger's tail in my hands. Then, as I heard the angry scream of the retreating tiger, I knew that he would never return because he had no tail with which to find out if his den was safe or not. So I returned home with my trophy and have used it ever since for a veranda broom."

"It is indeed a most unusual story," said the smiling monk as he refilled his yard-long pipe.

Jessie Marianne Hirst, '30

M' FEELINGS

Oh! I've been a'sitting an' a' singing the whole day long.
Oh! I've been a' busy an' a' buzzing like a bumble bee.
M' heart's been a' throbbing an' m' feet's been a' dancing,
'Cause m' sweetheart comes back on th' old Robert Lee.

Alma G. Hill '30

HAWKING

Hawking was the most popular and picturesque sport in the Elizabethan period. Ladies and gentlemen alike joined in the sport for it was not too strenuous and yet it afforded sufficient excitement to interest everyone. Hawks and falcons were considered fine gifts, even suitable for kings to give and receive.

The hawks were taken from the wilds when they were very young. No male birds or birds born in captivity were trained, as they lacked a fierceness which the wild females had. The first step in training the hawk was to break its spirit. This was done either by starving it almost to death and then tantalizing it with food or by sewing up its eye-lids. This process was called "seeling" and it was considered very amusing to "seel" the eyes of harmless birds such as doves and watch them flutter around helplessly.

The bird was carried on the wrist and fastened to it by leather or silk thongs which were called "jesses." A hood of fine leather or embroidered silk with a tuft of feathers on it was worn on the head of the bird. When game was sighted the hood and jesses were removed and the hawk was allowed to soar up into the sky and drop upon its prey. The falconer, a man retained to care for the hawks, was always on hand when the hawk brought down its prey or otherwise the bird in its starving fierceness would have torn it to pieces. As a reward the falconer gave the hawk the head of its quarry. The falconer was supposed to know how to cure any disease or injury which the bird might have.

Hawking parties lasted all day and were very elaborate affairs. The party mounted on their best horses would gather at the estate, where a feast was awaiting them. After the feast they set forth and spent the day hawking in various places, pausing for a picnic lunch at noon. Later the spoils were divided and the hawkers returned to another great dinner.

Shakespeare uses many terms known in falconry. In "Othello", Iago tells Othello that Desdemona "seeled" the eyes of her father and may be tricking him. In another place Desdemona says, "I'll watch him tame." Watch was a term used when the hawk was not allowed to sleep and became utterly exhausted. "The Taming of the Shrew" has very many references to hawking, as Petruchio's whole

treatment of Katherine is along the lines that a hawk would be treated. In "Richard the Second" we hear "imp out our country's broken wing." Imp meant to heal and was used with reference to a hawk. In another part of "Othello" we hear Othello say, "though her jesses were my dear heart strings."

All these references show what an interesting sport hawking was and what a large place it held among the sports of this fascinating period.

Barbara V. Lord, '30

AN INDIAN BAZAAR

Just as the first rays of a tropical sun burst over the horizon, one heard in the distance the faint tinkle of bells. As they came nearer one realized they were the bells on the oxen drawing their two-wheeled carts to market. The drivers woke up and yelled at the oxen to hurry. As soon as it was light the bazaar was astir. The merchants brought out their goods for display. The sweet-meat vender got out his pot and charcoal. He made a little fire and began making food to sell during the day. He was very skilled and soon a great pile of delicious-looking sweet-meats were arranged on his stall.

The ox-carts had reached the bazaar and immediately the drivers auctioned off their goods. The oxen once unhitched found a cool spot where they could rest.

The day was getting hotter but crowds came to the bazaar. The tailor went to the cloth merchant. The richer girls stood around the stalls of jewelry, attracted by the rows of glistening bracelets and rings. They were trying to get a bargain.

The din of the coppersmiths and blacksmiths drowned out the noise of the crowd. An ox lay in the road in front of the blacksmith's shop. Two men held him while the other hammered a new pair of horse-hoofs on the creature.

At the end of the bazaar was a small temple. Rich odors of perfume arose from it. The farmer brought garlands and food to put before the small black idol. He went through various forms of ritual, then asked for a good harvest from his crops. He brought some ashes for his brow, threw some small change in a beggar's hand and went on his way, convinced that he would have a good harvest.

Afternoon came and the ox-carts left. Men began leaving the shops and the merchants locked everything away. Dusk, and the once busy bazaar was now deserted.

Frances Scudder, '31

A TALE OF A RAT

The family were seated at the table for their evening meal, when grandpa, having finished carving, plunged into a recital of his encounter with a rat. For some time I listened to his glowing accounts as he detailed the manoeuvres of the rat. He was gesturing as he thrilled, ". . . and *there* was the rat!" I stretched up to my full height, which was not at all high, and tried my best to see the rat. "Where's the rat?" I screamed in exasperation. But no one heeded my query. As grandpa proceeded in his story he grew more and more eloquent. And I asked again, this time almost beside myself with excitement, "Where's the rat?" And receiving no reply, I picked up my plate, well filled with mashed potatoes, capon and green peas, and flung it square at grandpa's face.

A deadly silence ensued, for my grandfather was head of his household, and a stern man commanding a great deal of respect. Finally mother rose, and coming toward me offered to give me a spanking. But grandpa, very red in the face, intervened. "No," he said, "don't bother—there isn't enough to spank. I'll take care of her." And taking me by the hand he led me to the hall closet. "Now," said my grandfather, "you must stay in there until you promise to be good." And with that I was assisted into the closet. But I wasn't afraid; I knew that he loved me and would never do anything in the world to hurt his "little one", and his hand was on the outside knob of the door. So when he asked, "Will you be a good girl?" I answered, "No," and knew that he couldn't keep me shut up forever. He repeated his question several times, each time with the same result. By this time the family were having great difficulty in restraining themselves and grandpa was becoming more and more embarrassed. But he tried once more. "Will you a be good girl, now?" "No," I said. "All right," went on grandpa in a loud voice, "I'm glad you're going to be grandpa's good little girl again—come out!"

Elizabeth Brewer, '30



WILD MUSICIAN

Wild musician, sitting there
With nimble fingers and flying hair,
I am loath to hear you play,
For you drive my wits away.

What a dolt you seem to me!
You pound with passion each innocent key.
Glad I am that I'm not you,
I'd rather be a kangaroo!

I'm glad I haven't got your hair,
And long, loose joints, so lean and spare.
In fact I'm glad that I'm just me—
Dumb, but sane, most probably.

Jane Goodell, '31

POLITICS IN ANTIVILLE

There was great excitement in Antiville. This settlement was situated behind a maple tree on the Peterson's lawn, near to where Teddy had his cider and apple stand. The population of the village varied from time to time, but at present was a little less than usual because of a battle waged the week before over a piece of bread dropped by one of Teddy's customers.

The cause of the excitement was the approaching election. Black Peter and Moses Littlebrown were the two ants up for selectman. Moses Littlebrown was the favorite of the women for two reasons: first, because he favored prohibition, and secondly, because he had promised them that, on his election, he would encourage the building of a large ant-hill exclusively for the use of the women of the village, that they might have a place where they could meet socially. This of course was very appealing to them, likewise his view on prohibition. Teddy was not very careful in pouring out cider for his customers and almost always spilled some, making little puddles. The men spent a great deal of time journeying back and forth to and from the various puddles, so that by the time they arrived home they were seldom in a fit condition for hard work. Black Peter, the other candidate, was not averse to making such journeys himself, consequently did not reprimand the others for their bad habits. Thus he was the favorite of the men.

The day before the election arrived. On that night there was to be a political rally for Black Peter. They had already engaged a band of five bees to lead and twenty-five fireflies to light the torch-light procession.

On that morning Black Peter's wife had asked him to mend the back door that had caved in. He consented, then decided to get a little drink of cider first. On the way he met several friends who went along with him. They arrived at their destination and were drinking to their hearts' content when the tragedy occurred. Teddy had just finished eating an apple and without noticing the politicians, he tossed the core to the ground. The stem landed right on Black Peter's head. He fell over in a swoon. His friends rushed to bring aid—but

too late; it was concussion of the brain, and he lived only seven and one half minutes. The next day Moses Littlebrown was unanimously elected as selectman. The men decided to profit by the experience of Black Peter, and Antiville settled down to a safe and sane summer of hard work.

Elizabeth Perry, '30

CANINE TRIALS

"I must be getting old," sniffed Bingo sadly, "I used to be able to get every one myself, but now Little Master has had to buy me some flea-soap. I can never live down this disgrace. Why, every dog in the neighborhood will be able to smell me coming down the street. O, why did I ever eat that piece of molasses! It took my best eye-tooth, the only one I ever had that was fit for flea-cracking. It is my Christian duty to run away, and at my time of life, too; my joints aren't what they used to be. But it shall never go down in history that Bingo Van Poodlevitch came into contact with a bar of 'Knock-'Em-Stiff' Flea-Soap while he was yet whole and in his his right mind!"

"Bingo, where are you?" It was Little Master's voice. "Come here, Bingo, some candy for you!"

"Oof, but he shan't bribe me. I'll hide under the piano."

"O I see you there; you don't look like a piano-stool to me. Nice candy, Bingo."

"My tail, what shall I do? I'm cornered!"

"We're going out-doors a minute. But you get no candy, you mongrel; you've forgotten your manners."

"Not only must I be washed, but I am to have the whole neighborhood, from poodle to Saint Bernard, watching me and laughing up their collars. It is more than one canine can bear."

"I'll race you over to the yellow house, Bingo. I've an errand to do there. Where's your pep today, old pal? You aren't getting old, are you? Mrs. Feline sent me to buy some flea-soap for her cat yesterday, and I forgot to take it to her. But that's more like it, Bingo. Whatever made me think you were getting old!"

"Ooof, woof!"

Elaine Burt, '30

A WOMAN'S WAY

Characters

BILL

MARY JANE

Scene: A country-club dance

BILL: Come with me to the garden, Mary Jane,
The roses fair do keep their fragrance sweet,
The moon above is full, as moons should be
At any time that you will walk with me.

MARY JANE: Yes, Bill, I think I promised you this dance
And as I'm rather tired now and hot
I'd like to go into the garden cool
And rest a while, if you will get my wrap.
It's on that chair, the next one to my aunt's.
(He gets it and helps her on with it.)
There! Now we'll go, if we escape that boy
Who seems to head this way. Let's go through here.
My, aren't the stars quite clear out!

BILL: Mary Jane!

MARY JANE: What do you want? Just see the Milky Way!

BILL: This isn't any time to study stars!
I want to tell you something very—

MARY JANE: Oh!
Did you just see that shooting-star? I'm sorry,
What did you say? For I was looking up.

BILL: *(Taking her by the shoulders)*
Well, now please look at me and nowhere else.
I love you, dear, do you love me at all?
(she hesitates)
I don't suppose you do; it's not your fault.

MARY JANE: Why, Bill, you crazy loon, of course I do.
Did you think I was really watching stars
While listening to the man I love propose?
(*pause*)
O not so tight, you're mussing all my hair,
Let's make believe we're here to see the stars.
They're really very nice. But now, let's go—

BILL: Inside again and have another dance?

MARY JANE: O no, I'd rather stroll down by the lake.

Finis

Grace Hadley, '30

SCHOOL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- Tuesday, 17 New girls came and began to get acquainted.
- Wednesday, 18 Old girls came back just in time to get the new girls all unsettled again with their excitement. How nice it seems to get back!
- Sunday, 22 Our first Vesper services. Miss Bailey told us to set our affections on high things.
- Miss Bailey*
- Tuesday, 24 The first social event of a so far promising season.
- Old Girl-New Girl Dance*
- Saturday, 28 Our intelligences tested and we hope as to their normality.
- Sunday, 29 We were delighted to have Mr. Stackpole with us again. His talk was on "learning to live."
- Mr. Stackpole*

OCTOBER

- Tuesday, 1 Stunt night and what fun! We were in an uproar most of the time.
- Corridor Stunts*
- Saturday, 5 First Hygiene lecture.
- Dr. Meserve*
- Sunday, 6 An interesting talk by one whom we always enjoy.
- Dr. Burnham*
- Tuesday, 8 It was on a frosty winter's eve—and maybe we didn't have appetites.
- Senior picnic*
- Sunday, 13 A lecture of great pleasure and benefit on the President Park of "questions of childhood."
- Wheaton*
- Tuesday, 15 This evening we had an organ recital which we enjoyed very much.
- Mr. Howe*
- Sunday, 20 We heard a lecture on science and religion and were interested to see their connection.
- Prof. Kirtley*
- Mather of Harvard*
- Tuesday, 22 Movies at Abbot—a memorable day—we saw the centennial and could we appreciate the hours of

drilling when we saw that perfect turn before the church?

Saturday, 27 Second Hygiene lecture.
Dr. Meserve

NOVEMBER

Saturday, 2 It brought us new friends and left happy memories,
Abbot-Bradford the more for being a day of friendly friends rather
Day than one of friendly foes.

Sunday, 3 How illiterate some of us might be had we the same
Miss Wiggin hardships to overcome as those of which we heard
Sunday night.

Tuesday, 5 Praises be to Miss Butterfield and Miss Putnam, and
Hallowe'en Party laud and honor to our rising composer!

Wednesday, 6 Senior-Mid Picnic.

Thursday, 7 Dr. Conway of England told us about Vergil's boy-
hood.

Saturday, 9 Was there one of us who was not stirred? By the
Hampton Quartet music primarily but also more than a little by the
speaker.

Wednesday, 13 Exciting enough but a run away added to our ex-
Gargoyle-Griffin citement and brought the day its grand finale.
Day

Saturday, 16 Not merely a singer but an actor, and we couldn't
Royal Dadmun resist roaring at times.

Sunday, 17 One of our D.O.G.'s, whose talk touched us all, and
Mrs. F. E. Clark if we were to follow her suggestion literally we
would have put more than one penny in our
"thankful boxes" for having her with us.

Saturday, 23 Our third Hygiene lecture.
Dr. Meserve

Sunday, 24 Miss Bailey led chapel with another inspiring talk,
Miss Bailey telling us that it is harder to be a gracious receiver
than a giver.

Tuesday, 26 Hamlet's poise was truly admirable and his non-
Hamlet, Ben chalance only lacked a Murad in certain distressing
Greet Players incidents.

Wednesday, 27 Our first vacation, how happy, how short and how
quickly done!

Friday, 29	Back again full of Turkey and Tales.
Saturday, 30	Just as it should not be and Betty Ruggs in the lead-
<i>Model Class</i>	ing role.
<i>Meeting</i>	

DECEMBER

Sunday, 1	Another of our old friends back again! This time he
<i>Mr. Ellsworth</i>	lectured on the making of the Bible.
Tuesday, 3	Mr. Ellsworth, as always most interesting, talked
<i>Mr. Ellsworth</i>	on Wordsworth.
Sunday, 8	One of our talented faculty. Mrs. Gray gave us the
<i>Mrs. Gray</i>	Christmas Carol beautifully.
Tuesday, 10	Two charming plays given by the dramatic society,
<i>A.D.S. Plays</i>	"Overtones" and "Fiat Lux". We certainly enjoyed
	them.
Saturday, 14	The children of the village came up for their annual
<i>Christmas Party</i>	Christmas party. They all looked so happy. We
	have inside information to the fact that several
	young hopefuls arrived several hours ahead and
	were quartered on the steps of Davis Hall until the
	appointed hour should come.
Sunday, 15	Our Christmas service as beautiful as ever.
Wednesday, 18	What a good time we always have the night before
<i>Christmas Party</i>	we leave and perhaps some of us on Christmas eve
	think back to that carol singing!
Thursday, 19	L'heure du départ. So much noise and excitement,
	and then suddenly the big house is still!

HONOR ROLL

FIRST QUARTER

Kathryn Dutton	91
Harriet Bolton, Marianne Hirst, Mary Jane Manny, Helen Ripley,	
Frances Sullivan, Marjorie Turner	90
Constance Hoag, Barbara Lord, Janet Simon, Marietta Tower	89
Elizabeth Boyce, Elaine Burt, Gay Chamberlain, Elizabeth Perry,	
Eleanor Ritchie, Alice Schultz	88



BRADFORD DAY

After a rainy week we certainly were relieved to awake Saturday morning, November 2, to find it clear for Bradford Day. We all wore gym suits and it was a playday in every sense of the word. Instead of the two Schools competing we were divided, irrespective of school, into color teams. In the morning we scattered to various fields and courts, where everyone participated in some game, working for the victory of her color team. At noon we gladly assembled in Davis Hall to eat a meal which overcame even the iron-bound resolutions of dieters. Mmm! After lunch we held a sing. It was fun. After that there were the riding drill and relay races. Then the Rose team was announced the winner of the day. The afternoon was almost over and we spent the rest of it visiting with our old and new friends. At the end of the day we sang farewell songs and the Bradford girls boarded their buses. It was over—our first playday with Bradford, and there was no doubt but that the experiment had been a successful one.

GARGOYLE-GRIFFIN DAY

Next in importance to Bradford Day comes Gargoyle-Griffin Day. This year it was especially anticipated because we had stored up a great deal of keen competitive spirit which was not so much in evidence on the Bradford playday. The morning started off with a bang by means of a parade around the circle and out to the tennis courts. There we separated and went to the scene of the tennis, croquet, clock-golf, and archery tournaments. Later a hockey game was staged. After lunch there was basketball for both the first and second teams, and riding games finished the day. By the following scores it can be seen that the Griffins are to be congratulated.

Tennis Singles	6-2, 6-2	Griffins
Tennis Doubles	9-7, 8-6	Gargoyles
Croquet	2-0	Griffins
Clock Golf	31-32	Gargoyles
Archery		Griffins
Hockey	2-1	Griffins
Basketball		
First Team	44-5	Griffins
Second Team	19-8	Griffins
Riding Games		Gargoyles

The Posture Class will catch you if you don't watch out! Although last year's system of marking our posture is being continued, the standards have been raised and at least a "B" grade is required to escape a special class which is to be held on Tuesday afternoons. However, after hearing about all the weird things that happen to us because of bad posture, and of the twenty points earned by those on the posture honor roll, we may well conclude that it really is not a bad idea to learn to stand up straight.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

When we came to our first chapel service this fall we looked in vain for the familiar faces of several of our faculty friends. First of all we missed Miss Baker, who had been here for nearly ten years as head of the French department. We think often of her lively classes, her broad interests, her amusing stories, and we envy the girls studying French with her in the Plymouth High School. But we understand her desire to be with her mother and "Christopher Robin."

Mme. Riest, who always seemed a part of France itself and who aroused in her pupils something of the same love for the French language and literature, was drawn westward by her friendship for Miss Newman, and is teaching in the latter's school in Detroit. We hope we shall always keep in touch with her.

We feel keenly the loss of Miss Hammond's fine personality, her keen judgment and great learning, which have made an impress here which will last long. She felt the need of more leisure for creative work and has been spending the fall at Nantucket. We shall follow her work in poetry and in prose with great interest.

Miss Burt's going has made a real gap in the school life, for her vigorous teaching and her sympathetic and keen humor are greatly missed. She is studying for her master's degree at Cornell.

We feel it wrong to regret the absence of Miss McDuffie and her cheerful ways, she seems so very happy as Mrs. Charles T. Andrews.

All of us, but especially the day-scholars, miss the ready sympathy and wit of Miss Jean James, who is now at the Emma Willard School.

The new head of the French and German department is Miss Rachel Hibberd of Cambridge, who took her doctorate in German, and has had large experience in teaching both languages. The other new member of the French department is Mlle. Georgette Métais, a lively young Frenchwoman of Northern France who has taught in England, after receiving her education at Rennes.

Miss Dorothy Patten, who takes the academic work in literature and History of Art, is a graduate of Smith College, has had experience in teaching, and is full of enthusiasm and love for her work.

Miss Elizabeth Covey of Maryland, a brilliant student, who received her master's degree from Columbia, takes Miss Burt's place, and Miss Helen Chickering of Central Street, a graduate of Radcliffe, has Miss McDuffie's classes in geometry and English History.

We were very glad indeed to welcome Miss Bean back after her year at Oxford, but we hope Fate will some day bring to our shores again our good friend Miss Kathleen Walker, of Manchester, England.

Last June at the Centennial several people sent gifts of books which add greatly to the value of our library. Foremost among these are about twelve volumes of source material for English History given by Miss Marian King. These are especially valuable because one may find there original and well-known records and accounts written perhaps at the time of the event or by some witness, and they are unchanged by modern authors. Several books of fiction were received as well as some classics. It is well worth while to look them up sometime when you are browsing in the library.

We cannot decide whether the Griffins or the Senior Class are becoming energetic in flaunting their colors up and down the halls of Draper, but nevertheless these temporarily brilliantly hued pipes would prove mighty welcome in case of fire.

Tidings of the death on October 25, of Doctor George A. Gordon, distinguished Boston clergyman and citizen, were received with widespread regret, and accompanied by extended editorial comment and appreciation in the public press. The *Congregationalist* issued a special memorial number. Doctor Gordon was officially connected with Abbot Academy as a member of the Board of Trustees from 1904 to 1912.

Mrs. Edwin E. Hebb (Louise Whiting), instructor in Physical Education, 1917-19, died on May 17, 1929. She was married in 1919 and since lived in Detroit. She had three children.

Miss Melita Knowles, teacher at Abbot 1900-05, has become principal of the Goddard School for Girls in Barre, Vt., formerly for sixty years a coeducational school. The new staff of teachers numbers ten and there are seventy students.

A.D.S. PLAYS, DECEMBER 10, 1929

"OVERTONES"

by Alice Gerstenberg

HARRIET, a cultured woman	Audrie Griffiths
HETTY, her primitive self	Elizabeth Brewer
MARGARET, a cultured woman	Louise Atkinson
MAGGIE, her primitive self	Christine Hollands

Scene: Harriet's living-room

Time: The present

Note: "Overtones" is a fore-runner of plays like "The Great God Brown" by Eugene O'Neill where human nature as it appears to the world and as it is becomes dramatized psychology.

FIAT LUX

(Let there be light) A Modern Mystery Play

by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas

AZARIAH	Barbara Lamson
FATHER AMBROSE	Cornelia Gould
NELLIE	Elizabeth Quinby
SOLDIER	Janice Lovell

THE WAITS—Helen Simpson, Helen Ripley, Elizabeth Dean, Kathie Fellows, Marianne Hirst

Scene: Azariah's house

Time: Christmas Eve

ALUMNAE NOTES

1858

Death: Hannah A. Holt (Mrs. Andrew N. Parsons) of Andover, May 17, 1929.

1862

The eighty-seventh birthday of Mrs. Minerva King Swan of Calais, Maine, was observed on June 11 with a surprise party by the Women's Benevolent Society, of which she has been president for twenty years, and is now president emeritus. One of her prized greetings was from Prof. Charles T. Copeland of Cambridge.

1866

Death: Sarah F. Barnes, May 24, 1929 at Melrose.

1867

Dr. John C. Berry, who with his wife, Maria Gove, was for twenty years engaged in humanitarian and religious work in Japan, has been recently honored by an unusual tribute of appreciation. A biography, the first to be written of an American in Japanese by distinguished citizens on their own initiative, has been compiled by Count Okubo. The preparation of this volume after thirty-five years is a remarkable proof of the far reaching character of Dr. Berry's work, and of the friendliness and tact which made him so beloved. His outstanding achievements were in introducing prison reform, and establishing a training system for nurses.

1869

Death: Augusta P. Gillette, June 10, 1927, in Washington, D. C.

Mr. T. Dennie Thomson, husband of Abby Locke, father of Eleanor Thomson Castle, 1900, Clara Thomson Knox, 1901 and Rosamond Thomson Pratt, 1903, and grandfather of Rosamond and Abby Castle, now in school, died in Andover, December 10.

1872

Death: In Winchester, December 10, 1929, Fanny Fletcher, wife of the late Harrison Parker, sister of Alice Fletcher Whitney, 1872, and mother of Constance, 1906 (Mrs. Chipman), Esther, 1908 (Mrs. Lovett) and Eugenia, 1916. The little lady in gray, with her gracious ways, her strong convictions and wide sympathies, will be greatly missed in Abbot circles.

1873

Mr. John K. Judd, husband of Cleora Munson, died December 23, in Holyoke. He was president of a large wholesale paper house, and had held various city offices.

Death: Harriet C. Wheeler, wife of Frederick J. Ames, at Peterboro, N. H., April 27, 1929.

1877

Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary and her daughter, Alice, who is doing important social work in Osaka, Japan, were speakers, on November 1, at the Pilgrim Hall Women's Missionary meeting in Boston.

1890

Death: Edith Dewey, wife of the late Henry V. Jones, in Boston, November 9. Important as were the services of Mrs. Jones to the school as Alumnae Association president and in various other ways, she will be best remembered and honored for the valiant spirit with which she "climbed the steep ascent" of the last few years. The rare qualities of her mind and heart were given without stint to her family, her friends, and the causes which she held worthy of her devotion.

1882

Death: Carrie L. Davis (Mrs. Charles D. Ordway) of Burlington, Vt., October, 1928.

Death: Abby McCutcheon, wife of Joseph H. Bramble, in Boston, November 4, 1929, after a long period of failing health. One of her classmates writes, "'Cutchie', as she was known to the class, seems, in the shock of her loss, to stand out as the magnetic cord uniting us all by the radiation of her sparkling wit, her heart-warming friendliness and her unquenchable faith. As well talk of a room with no warmth in it as of the class of '82 without Abby McCutcheon Bramble. But wherever she moved, she was the great unifier, so exceptional were her social gifts, enlivened by the charm of her brilliant mentality and her musical accomplishments. To be a universal favorite always argues the possession of that love for humanity which is 'the greatest thing in the world.'"

Mr. Irving A. Porter, husband of Alice Parker, died in West Medford, November 27.

1883

Death: Emily H. Viets at Salem, May 1, 1929.

1884

A story entitled "'Aunt Matilda's Immortality'", written by Margaret McGiffert has recently been published in *The Archer*, a magazine representing an international organization called "'The Society of Friends of Roerich Museum,'" New York City. The stories admitted were of all countries. This one is an embodiment of American idealism.

1885

Death: Margaret C. Lawrie (Mrs. Harry W. Hibbard), of Newbury, Vt., November 4, 1928.

1887

In contrast to the difficult experiences of the last few years in Brousa, Jeannie Jillson writes happily of her new work in the girls' school in Beirut, Syria. Because of the attitude of the government toward religious teaching, the school at Brousa in which she was so deeply interested was obliged to discontinue its work.

1888

Death: Adele M. Dwight (Mrs. Frank L. Garrison), at Westtown, Pa., September 21, 1929.

1893

The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred in June by Ripon College upon Rev. Harry R. Miles, husband of Anna Nettleton.

1896

Mr. Albert G. Smith, husband of Sara Jackson, and father of Susanna Smith Bowler, 1924, died on June 9th.

1897

Death: Minna A. Soehrens in Andover, October 31, 1929.

1898

The honorary degree of Doctor of Letters (Litt. D.) was conferred in June by Amherst College on Dr. C. M. Fuess, husband of Elizabeth Goodhue.

Sara Patrick taught in a California summer school last summer.

1904

Mary Byers Smith is connected with the Dartmouth Book Store on Dartmouth Street, Boston. She has been spending part of her time in the store and part in compiling a book catalogue.

1905

Clara Searle (Mrs. Hobart Painter) is president of the Minneapolis College Women's Club, the local branch of the Association of University Women.

1910

Birth: A son, George Jr. to Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman (Marjorie Kimball) of Jamaica Plain, February 11, 1927.

1911

Marriage: Dorothy Elizabeth Bigelow to Clarence Stillman Arms, at Leicester, July 6, 1929. Address: 12 Beechmont St., Worcester.

Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher D. Parker (Katharine Ordway), of Immanuel church, Hartford, Conn., have erected a beautifully designed and appointed chapel in memory of their little daughter, Helen. The chapel, which seats about one hundred people, was dedicated on October 10th.

Birth: A son, Fletcher Van Gorder, to Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher D. Parker (Katharine Ordway), of Hartford, Conn., November 9, 1929.

1912

Marriage: Ruth Draper to Vincent Paul O'Reilly at Enosburg Falls, Vt., September 19, 1929. Address: Langhorne Rd., Lynchburg, Va.

1913

Helen Danforth Prudden's poems have appeared of late in the *Christian Century*, *Gypsy* and Braithwaite's Book of Verse.

Margaret Wilkins, who has been for some years connected with Halle Brothers, Cleveland, has been promoted to buyer for women's sportswear, one of the major positions in the store.

1914

Birth: A daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic A. Jenks (Elisabeth Bartlett) of Boston, June 13, 1929.

1915

Birth: A son, Eben Caldwell IV, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth E. Caldwell (Esther Shinn Salzman), of Winchester, May 19, 1929.

1916

Marriage: Louise Mason Kimball to Walter Carroll Jenkins, at Seattle, Wash., October 10, 1929.

Birth: A daughter, Charlotte Odell, to Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Randall (Katharine Odell), of North Conway, N. H., November 18, 1929.

Marriage: Ruth Agnes Ottman to Edward Joseph Steiger at Greenwich, Conn., September 14, 1929. Address: 342 Lexington Ave., New York City.

1917

Marriage: Gwendolen Brooks to Arthur Witherell Reynolds at Andover, June 1, 1929. Porter Thompson, brother of Emily Thompson and Frances Thompson Heely, 1919, was killed in an automobile accident in Colorado, in July.

1918

Marriage: Dorothy Edmonds Bushnell to John Mitchell Coffeen at Waban, September 14, 1929.

Marriage: Dorothy McKeen Cutler to Malcolm Wolcott Burr at Andover, October 19, 1929. Address: 5 Euclid Ave., Winchester.

Marriage: Carolyn Elizabeth Doolin to Francis Newell Parker, at St. Albans, Vt., June 11, 1929.

Marriage: Helen French Warner to Jerome Crosby Greene in Boston, May 25, 1929.

Birth: A daughter, Mary Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Morris III (Katharine Righter), of Waynesboro, Va., June 12, 1929.

1919

Marriage: Margaret Fuller Clark to Woodbury Kendall Howe at North Andover, October 5, 1929. Address: 398 East Merrimac St., Lowell.

Dorothy Evans, of St. Petersburg, Fla., writes that she has adopted a baby girl.

1920

Julia Abbe is teaching sophomore English in the University of Kansas.

Birth: A son, Robert Adams to Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Culver (Edith Adams) of Brattleboro, Vt., November 17, 1929.

Marriage: Sally Poole Bartlett to David D. Mercer, June 1, 1929 at Andover.

Marriage: Louise Marion Greenough to Henry Lovett Jones, at Spokane, Wash., October 8, 1929. Address: 312 Sumner Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Paula Miller Patrick has moved from New York to Goldsboro, N. C., where her husband now owns and edits a newspaper.

Marriage: Helen Purdy Polk to Harold Sherman Barker at New York City, November 23, 1929. Address: 108 Waterman St., Providence, R. I.

Marriage: Martha Munn Stockwell to Dwight Curtis Mumford at Philadelphia, Pa., September 28, 1929.

1921

Charlotte Baldwin has a position as supervisor of the Public Health Nursing Association in Sanford and Springvale, Me.

Marriage: Marion Cleveland to Clarence Henry Botsford at Albany, N. Y., August 31, 1929. Address: 420 Memorial Drive, Cambridge.

Marriage: Harriet Edgell to Jackson Martin Bruce, at Gardner, August 17, 1929.

Marriage: Frances Keaney to Henry Claremont Rickard, at Brookline, May 14, 1929.

Marriage: Dorothy Eleanor Simmons to Morris Cooper Slack at North Adams, October 20, 1928. Address: 203 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Marriage: Mary Florence Williams to Dr. Williams Cochran at Auburndale, June 20, 1929.

1922

Birth: A son, James William, to Mr. and Mrs. Kimball D. Sprague (Marjorie Bickford) of Brooklyn, N. Y., September 20, 1929.

Marriage: Katherine Damon to Seymour William Kletzien, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 29, 1929. Address: 1555 Adams St., Madison, Wis.

Birth: A son, Harold Noyes, to Mr. and Mrs. William P. Lowell, Jr., (Gertrude Franklin) of Newburyport, April 26, 1929.

Marriage: Ruth Bond Hill to Alvin Evans Kephart at Boston, June 28, 1929. Address: 48 Cedar Lane Way, Boston.

Birth: A son, Petterson Ruggles, to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vance (Olive Howard), of Needham, September 15, 1929.

Birth: A son to Mr. and Mrs. William J. Rahill (Cecelia Kunkel), of Bloomfield, N. J., September 4, 1929.

Birth: A daughter, Phyllis, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Pitman (Dorothy Moxley), of Laconia, N. H., January 26, 1929.

Marriage: Florence Ella Phillips to Theodore Carter Cooke at Swampscott, July 1, 1929. Address: 76 Kensington Lane, Swampscott.

Birth: A son, Peter Woodbury, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sherman, Jr. (Barbara Sands), of Kalamazoo, Mich., August 4, 1929.

Birth: A son, George Saunders, to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Cheesborough (Marian Saunders), of Biltmore, N. C., July 9, 1929.

Marriage: Alice Elliott Van Schmus to Samuel Archibald, Jr., at Summit, N. J., November 30, 1929.

Anne Whinery is working with the Children's Aid Society of Richmond, Va., where Mary A. Howell (1908) is Secretary.

Alexina Wilkins is secretary to the assistant superintendent of the Asheville (N.C.) city schools.

An interesting class newsletter has been compiled by the "class historian", Olive Howard Vance. The amount of information, especially the dates contained therein, show a deal of painstaking work.

1923

Birth: A son, Irving Emerson, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Irving E. Rogers (Martha Buttrick), of North Andover, June 20, 1929.

Marriage: Edith Ives Damon to Stuart Jonathan Bugbee, at Buffalo, N. Y., October 26, 1929.

Marriage: Ruth Adele Holmes to John Brooke Durant, at Brookline, September 14, 1929. Address: 137 Englewood Ave., Brighton.

Nettie Pritchard, who graduated at Boston University in June with the degree of B.S., is teaching English, History, Dramatics and basketball at the high school in Sutton.

Marriage: Elizabeth Thompson to Robert Huston Henry, at North Attleboro October 5, 1929. Address: 504 West First St., Dayton, O.

Eve Cross is studying at Miss Sacker's School of Design in Boston.

1924

Marriage: Laura Philbrick Bliss to Robert Burton Alexander, June 12, 1929, at Burlington, Vt.

Polly Bullard is in Boston this winter, studying at Katharine Gibbs School. Her special outside interest is in the leadership of a young people's discussion group at the Mt. Vernon Church, which is intensively studying international questions. Polly took courses at Smith with Professor Fay, an expert in international politics, and later worked in Professor Zimmerman's School on International Studies in Geneva, and attended sessions of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

Engagement: Margaret Bush to Stanley P. Ham (Amherst 1925), of Schenectady New York.

Marriage: Margaret Coburn Colby to Robert Wallace Williamson at Claremont, N. H., October 5, 1929. Address: 52 Florence Ave., Norwood.

Marriage: Priscilla Warren Draper to George Mortimer Mansfield, at Canton, June 1, 1929.

Birth: A son George Joseph Thomas, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sadler (Ruth Flather), of Nashua, N. H., August 2, 1929.

Birth: A son, Blair Lane, to Mr. and Mrs. Elwyn Perry (Ruth Kelley), of Williams-town, October 2, 1929.

Marriage: Marion King to Charles Edward Larson, at Janesville, Wis., August 24, 1929. Address: 424 College St., Beloit, Wis.

Marriage: Elizabeth Williams Sweet to Russell Spurling Hadlock, at Springfield, June 14, 1929. Address: 23 Valley Rd., Milton.

Marriage: Marjorie Williamson to Elmore William Fisher, at Chatham, N. J., June 5, 1929.

1925

Elaine Boutwell's father died last summer. She and her mother are spending the winter in Europe.

Marriage: Margaret Morrill Caverno to Samuel Peter Myers, at Madison, Wis., October 5, 1929. Address: 1842 Twelfth St., Racine, Wis.

Margaret Daniell wrote in May, "I am sailing for Europe for a year's study."

Marriage: Ruth Eyre Davies to Robert Gerald Van Wagenen, at Longwood, September 21, 1929. Address: 1000 Bellevue Rd., Syracuse, N. Y.

Jean Gordon is teaching at Roland Park Country Day School in Baltimore, Md.

Marriage: Nesta Olivia Johnson, to Gustave Carl Magnuson, at Detroit, Mich., June 25, 1927.

Marriage: Charlotte Allen Kitchin to Frederick Edmund Sears, Jr., at Methuen, September 7, 1929. Address: 5 Eastern Ave., Dedham.

Marriage: Evelyn McDougall to Merrill Allston Hay, at Portland, Me., October 19, 1929. Address: Birch Knolls, Cape Elizabeth, Me.

Birth: A daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. William M. Farrar, Jr. (Elizabeth Righter), of East Orange, N. J., August 12, 1929.

Marriage: Catherine Hildred Sperry to Robert Fulton Raymond, Jr., at East Windsor Hill, Conn., May 30, 1929. Address: 33 South Russell St., Boston.

Engagement: Jean Harriet Fleming to Dixon Hinshaw Smith (Leland Stanford University, 1928) of San Jose, California.

Elizabeth Lincoln won the cup and a "W" in volley-ball at Wellesley.

1926

Alice Abrahamson, who went to Vassar after graduating at Abbot, is now studying at Wellesley.

Adelaide Black has a secretarial position at the Ossining School for Girls, Ossining, N. Y.

Engagement: Barbara H. Bloomfield to Arnold Seaton Wood (Massachusetts Institute of Technology), of New York.

Birth: A son, William Horace, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cross (Alice Cole), of Wimbledon, England, May 9, 1929.

Jean Donald is studying Social Service at Simmons.

Marriage: Louise Carolyn Douglass to Frederick Peletiah Hill, at Guilford, Me., September 7, 1929.

Emily Gage of Wellesley received the cup in basketball and a "W".

Evelyn Glidden also of Wellesley received a "W" for hockey.

Marriage: Dorothy Gillette to Kenneth Rundlett Henley, at Danvers, June 27, 1929.

Marriage: Cynthia Estelle Hunt to Clyde Muncey Wallace, June 10, 1929, at Andover. Address: Forest Plaza, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Emily Lyman has a secretarial position with the English Folk Dance Society in Boston.

Frances Merrick, a senior at Radcliffe, has been awarded the Ellen M. Barr Scholarship in recognition of her academic grades.

After graduating from the Lesley Kindergarten Training School in Cambridge in 1928, Elizabeth Platt began teaching in the State School in Belchertown where she is especially successful in work with retarded children.

Death: Margaret H. Waite of Crown Point, N. Y., March 16, 1929.

1927

Birth: A daughter, Emily Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon K. Brown (Persis Goodnow) of Keene, N. H., June 6, 1929.

Engagement: Ruth Evelyn Harvey to Charles Abbott Hart.

Nancy Kimball has finished her course at Boston University, and in September opened a nursery school in Hartford, Conn.

Sylvia Miller is finding many opportunities for usefulness at St. Anthony's Hospital and Orphanage, in St. Anthony, Newfoundland, established by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. She went for the summer season and then decided to remain through the winter. Dr. Grenfell's work in Newfoundland and "on the Labrador" has a wide appeal and has attracted at various times several of our alumnae and the sons and daughters of others.

A letter from Ruth Nason, written from Ithaca, N. Y., at the time of the Centennial, says: "I am planning to stay right through the summer session here at the Conservatory."

Edna Marland is on the Rank List at Jackson College.

Marriage: Dora Elizabeth Noyes to Donald V. Atwater, at Limestone, Me., October 22, 1929.

1928

Marriage: Dorothea Mae Dow to Theodore Taylor at Brookline, October 14, 1929.

Engagement: Winifred Elizabeth Dudley to Robert Foster Burnham.

Margaret Graham and Louise Hyde of Mount Holyoke were on the team chosen for Play day.

Engagement: Elizabeth Retta McKinney to Gilbert Smiley (M.I.T. 1928), of Brookline.

After a year at Sarah Lawrence College, Susan Ripley is studying at the Institute of Musical Art in New York City.

Marriage: Constance Wyer Rundlett to Oddle Wilbur Anderson, Ensign United States Navy, at Pensacola, Fla., November 23, 1929.

Jean Swihart is at Vassar this year after a year spent at school in Europe.

Katherine Willauer and Josephine Paret are at Smith.

1929

Marriage: Helen Merwin Hurlburt to Dr. Lee Jay Whittles at Glastonbury, Conn., June 29, 1929.

Louise Anthony is reading books in the proof room of the Doubleday Doran Company.

Katherine Blunt is studying at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Catherine Bowden is at the Winsor School in Boston.

Gertrude Campion is at Miss Farmer's School in Boston.

Barbara Folk is studying at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Mary Francis is at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Dorothe Gerrish is at Mount Holyoke College.

Harriet Gilmore is at Wilson College.

Lois Hardy is at Miss Wheelock's School.

Katherine Kennedy is at the Katharine Gibbs School in Boston.

Marguerite Neville is at the Cambridge School of Handicrafts.

Bettina Rollins is at Hollins College.

Mary Roys is at Oberlin.

Millicent Smith is studying at the Old Colony School in Boston.

Jean Stewart is at the Institute of Musical Art of New York.

Louise Tobey is at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester.

Barbara Elliott and Grace Stephens are at Connecticut College, where Grace is president of the freshman class.

Alice Butler, Elizabeth Hulse and Elizabeth Osborne are at Vassar.

Elizabeth Bowser, Lucy Copeland, Virginia Drake, Dorothy Field, Gwen Jones, Elizabeth McAllister, Mary MacDonald, Edith Smith, Cleo Higgins and Olive Warden, who is chairman of Clinton House, are at Wellesley.

Charlotte Osgood and Ruth Shulze are at the Pratt Institute of New York.

Ruth Whitehill is secretary to the principal of the Quassaick School, Newburgh, New York.

Death: Margaret L. Taylor at Clifton Springs, N. Y., September 16, 1929.

Death: Helen Marie Ford of Andover, November 30, 1929.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	KATHIE FELLOWS
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARY JANE OWSLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	ROSAMOND CASTLE
<i>Treasurer</i>	FRANCES SULLIVAN

SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	MARGARET O'LEARY
<i>Vice-President</i>	AUDRIE GRIFFITHS
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE NORTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY JANE MANNY

JUNIOR MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY REINHART
<i>Secretary</i>	HARRIET BOLTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN

JUNIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	MILDA ALLEN
<i>Vice-President</i>	CAROL BULLOCK
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH TOMPKINS
<i>Treasurer</i>	VIRGINIA CHAPIN

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH STOUT
<i>First Vice-President</i>	KATHRYN DUTTON
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	JANICE LOVELL
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	BARBARA HEALEY
<i>Secretary</i>	BARBARA LAMSON

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARJORIE TURNER
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SIMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN RIPLEY

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	RUTH BAKER
<i>Vice-President</i>	DORIS SEILER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	GAY CHAMBERLAIN

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

<i>President</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SIMPSON
	MARJORIE TURNER
	HELEN RIPLEY
<i>Captain of Griffins</i>	BARBARA SMITH
<i>Captain Gargoyles</i>	KATHERINE FOSTER
<i>Head of Basketball</i>	ALICE HOYT
<i>Head of Hockey</i>	MARY SMEAD
<i>Head of Tennis</i>	JANET SIMON
<i>Head of Riding</i>	ELIZABETH TARR
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1930

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JUNE — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
THIRTY

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LVI, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1930

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Vol. LVI

JUNE, 1930

No. 2

EDITORIALS

When the spring COURANT comes out dedicated to Miss Bailey we see our chance to express our appreciation for something we have all noticed. It may seem slightly insignificant, but it is these little things that count. We like to have our grounds looked after and planned for. We like to have freshly picked flowers in our recreation room. We know that Miss Bailey cares too, for we often see her fixing this and that about the campus. Her garden in the grove shows her loving interest, and we want her to know that we value these personal touches.

The hair on the dome of our distinguished circle has been growing sparse of late. Anticipating her spring attire she has gone out and bought herself a new wig, which has noticeably increased the beauty of her landscape. That last word gave us away. Of course we are referring to the new trees in our front yard. The gnarled old tree between McKeen Hall and the Hairpin tree was taken out and a new youngster is doing its best to grow straight and tall enough to take its place. Across the circle a pine tree has dared to tread onto the hallowed ground and has settled there. The old worn-out trees are

yielding to young ones, which step into their places so quietly and naturally that the change is scarcely noticed. After all, that is the way the old world goes 'round. Just so old Abbot girls leave and new ones fill their vacancies and Abbot goes on serene and steadfast throughout the centuries.

People of New England join with Boston in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Puritans to found the "Hub of the Universe." In comparison with the centuries of English history, Roman history, and ancient Greek history, three hundred years is but a day. But what a glorious day, what a day full of accomplishments! It was the first time in history that people deliberately abandoned their altars and firesides from a religious motive. Leaving England which they loved so dearly, going a three months' journey away with small chance of ever seeing the hawthorn of merry England again, they ventured into the great unknown relying on their God to help them. Boston's history proves that they were not mistaken in their trust.

The West and the South are sometimes inclined to disparage Boston. Today many cities have passed ahead of Boston in material wealth and prosperity, but we of New England feel that the influence of the Puritans of Boston has been one of the greatest forces in making the United States the powerful nation that it is today.

"The school whose spirit's one hundred per cent,
Whose girls succeed wherever they're sent."

When we sing that song don't some of us experience certain little qualms? We know that the last part is true, but how about the first phrase? Doesn't one hundred per cent spirit include the willing coöperation of every girl all the time no matter what the obstacles are, how oppressive the weather may be? Of course this is more easily said than done, but that is why the acquirement of such spirit is so valuable. One way to boost our spirit is to stop "kicking" or "knocking". This is an unpleasant disease and extremely contagious. It causes an unpleasant, depressing feeling down inside one and the seriousness of the case depends on the amount of self-pity possessed by the individual. At the succumbing of one patient the cause of the disease only grows to seem stronger and greater in the eyes of the

prospective sufferers; but if patient number one had used better spirit and optimism and had tried to remedy or belittle the cause, all means of contamination might have been avoided. Now that warm weather is here it will be much easier to begin to build up our spirit from a possible ninety-nine per cent to one hundred per cent and get in practice to show it next year wherever we are, for Abbot spirit is everywhere where there is an Abbot girl.

Jingle goes the bell! A silence follows, broken by the clatter of dishes as the Current Events victim of the evening arises. Our attention is held half by our own thoughts, half by the murmuring voice of the speaker until suddenly all ears are caught by the words, "Another million bequeathed to Phillips". It's getting to be an almost weekly occurrence. We are learning now, however, to control our amazement when we notice old buildings going down and luxurious new ones going up in their places or even when we see a beautiful golden armillary appear almost over night on the P. A. campus. After all it's rather a nice feeling living so near such a prosperous institution, and we wish the boys on the hill all the luck and millions in the world.

In the catalogue describing Abbot Academy mention is made of the fine colonial homes to be found in Andover. Perhaps we found this fact mildly interesting, but after we arrived and became accustomed to the town we forgot all about its historical background. We must not underestimate the charming old houses, and now that Andover is having its tercentenary celebration these evidences of past days are becoming very prominent.

One of the most interesting houses was formerly a tavern where General George Washington stopped. From this point the story varies. Some say that he merely breakfasted there, others show an upstairs room where he took a nap, and there is even a report that he kissed the landlady's daughter.

The old Abbot Homestead, the oldest of all Andover houses, was built in sixteen hundred eighty-five. With its long sloping roof and hand-hewn beams it represents an excellent example of colonial architecture. In eighteen hundred thirty-two in a yellow house on Main Street, Samuel Smith, a student at the Theological Seminary,

wrote our national anthem. The house itself is not old in comparison with others, yet it has historical value. Another house with a very exciting history is that in which Oliver Wendell Holmes lived when he was a student at Phillips Academy. Later the house was used as an underground station for slaves fleeing to Canada. The homes of two lady writers are also found in Andover—the "Elizabeth Stuart Phelps House", where many books were written by that authoress, and the "Harriet Beecher Stowe House".

In the pleasant springtime at a girls' boarding school the last few weeks, crammed full of delightful happenings, make us realize how rapidly our "nows" are becoming "thens". Among the countless "thens", past and future, are some good ones like the class picnic and the annual field day, and some bad ones like the midyear examinations, which often bring results far from satisfying. There can be only one "now", although all "thens" were "nows" at one time. "Nows" are dying off with every speeding second only to be vaguely remembered everafter as "thens".

At this period of the year time does not seem like an aged man with a scythe in his hand, but more like a young boy running as fast as he can, making new "nows" and leaving in his path whole strings of "thens".

Off in the distance a droning is heard as if a huge swarm of angry bees were about to attack us. There is an impatient movement in all the classrooms. The bell rings and the tension is broken as all the girls rush to the windows. The drone is now a roar. The excited girls are everywhere. Instead of bees we see huge dragon flies going in perfect formation. Some are in groups of three, four, and five making V's in the air. We count—twenty, thirty, forty. This is really a thrilling sight! The roar grows louder as the giant insects, varying in size, come closer. Making more complicated formations, they are now flying right overhead. It is only for a minute. They grow smaller and smaller; the roar is diminishing into a drone. They disappear into the blue as quickly as they came.

We exclaim over this beautiful exhibition of grace and perfectness. They are now miles away thrilling groups of similar envious pedestrians.

Why do we dream in the Spring? Why does the beauty all around us, the fresh greenness of grass and trees, bring us visions? A strange restlessness and renewed vigor seems to possess us. The crowds, in the busy cities, along the dusty streets, hurrying along, seemingly so preoccupied, and looking so tired all the long winter, now seem refreshed. The girls don new dresses with the flowers; the men put on their gayest ties. Everyone is happy. It is a time of inspiration and eagerness. Life is filled with zest and pleasure. In the country the fields sparkle with flowers, daisies and buttercups; the gentle clouds smile lazily; the streams twinkle; the dust disappears after a rain, and a fresh coolness comes. And here at school, surrounded by old brick walls, which are blessed by the love of the D. O. G.'s who have gone before, and the blithe new beauty of Spring, what are we thinking of? Our lessons forgotten, and our books untouched, we are dreaming of what we will do in the world.

MONOTONY

I gazed awhile upon the plain,
It seemed that I could see
The waves that break upon the shore;
Endless monotony.

The foam, a green-white froth
That rose in iridescent mists,
Like bridal veils for fairy queens,
Vanished on sandy lifts.

No gull, no bird, no sail, no bark,
I saw upon that sea,
Only a wide blue-green expanse
Swelling in ecstasy.

Miriam Rand '30

MEMOIRS OF A GHOST

Few mortals know the true end of the life of Sir Guy Chesham. Those who knew me thought of me as a rather amiable young man who met a tragic and early death, leaving a broken-hearted young wife to bring up a son and daughter. The finding of my body at the foot of the cliff was only one of the incidents of their shallow lives. Little did they know of the life that opened then to me. I thought that I could not bear it when I learned that my lot would be to live on the same earth with my former associates, yet in a world set apart and solitary, unable to communicate with anyone. I was to wander and wait. Where and for what? I did not know.

I go back to the time when my new life began. On returning from that eventful walk when I stumbled over the cliff and was born anew, I met two woodsmen carrying a torn body. I hailed them, but they did not hear; and when I confronted them, they did not see me. Then I saw that it was my dead body that they carried. How could they be carrying my body when I was standing here watching them? It was weird. Yet they were, and I hurried ahead to prepare my wife lest she be alarmed. When I entered the room where she was she was wholly unconscious of my presence and I could not attract her attention. Could it be that this was not just some strange nightmare? Was I dead? It seemed that I was. It took me a long time to get used to being dead, to seeing my wife in somber widow's dress.

I occupied the garret of my rambling old house and tried not to cause any more disturbance than possible. Most of my belongings were sent away, for no one knew that I had further need of them. I lived on what necessities I could collect without alarming the household. It was queer to have to steal my own property. In spite of my precautions I must have left some traces of my presence, for soon rumors of moving lights in the garret windows and unexplained disappearances about the house spread through the neighborhood. Before long my wife refused to receive any callers. She spent her time with her children, tutoring them and teaching them to ride and to hunt, for she was a sportswoman.

She was a delightful teacher and once I ventured to accompany the little party of hunters. The horses were nervous from the first

as though they sensed my unseen presence and resented it. The lesson that day was on jumping and my son headed for a nearby hedge. On the other side was a miry hole and I cried a warning. Too late I realized that he could not hear through the invisible wall. I could only stand by and watch that gorgeous animal rise and carry my son over the hedge in beautiful form and then stumble and fall in the treacherous mud, tossing my son to a quick death. I was the first to reach the spot where he lay and was startled in bending over his body to hear a voice in my ear. It was the first that had addressed me since my death, or rather rebirth. It was my son's spirit and we were allowed a few minutes of communication before he was led away into the spirit world of youths. After he left I turned to my wife and tried to penetrate the wall between us. I could not. It was cruel. I *loved* my wife with all my soul. Ghosts do have souls.

At the death of our son my wife sent our daughter to a school near London, and then she shut herself up more closely than ever. She was sad and my soul ached for her. It was hard to spend an evening in her company without being able to speak to her or let her know I was there.

Letters from our daughter to her mother told of a man she had found and whom she loved. My wife left for London and I followed later to find myself an uninvited guest at my daughter's wedding.

My wife never came home alive from that wedding. Soon afterwards she died. She told me later that the cause was a broken heart. One night I was wandering about my dark and empty home, comparing its bleakness with the sunshine it had once held. I heard a rattling at the door and went to investigate. The door was pushed open and there stood my wife. On seeing her little grey figure I knew that she had entered my world. The difference between a ghost and a human is the difference between a charcoal drawing and a colored painting. A ghost is grey and thin and lifeless, while a human is alive and solid. At last the wall between us was torn down. Together we could grow old and complete the lives which had been so abruptly cut off in their prime. There are two occupants in the garret (ghosts don't need fine houses) and the rest of the house is occupied by our daughter and her husband and her sunny romping family of boys and girls. Our son visits us frequently and we hear pleasing reports of his activities in the spirit world of youths.

We are happy. Before us lies a comfortable life untroubled with mortal worries. We wander about together in the world of our former friends, and we laugh when we hear them refer to "poor Sir Guy and his family". Little do they know!

Mary Smead, '31

MORTALITY

The small hard teeth of the autumn frost
Are set in the ground tonight;
In the hollow shell of darkness
A smoky moon blows white.

Far comes a faint intimation,
A furtive vague surmise
Of pale buds slowly colouring
To take the heart by surprise.

Oh, I have need of remembering
In the fight against this sleep
When the hard necessity of snow
Has laid its furrows deep.

Fuki Wooyenaka, '26

DESIRE

Strange that such a small and insignificant object can be so annoying, aggravating and maddening! Strange that it can be so changeable sometimes and so frightfully unchangeable at others! Strange that it can be so beautiful to some and so ugly, even hideous, to me! Nevertheless it *is* all of these things and, try as I will, so far I have been unable to change its effect on me. True, it does change even for me according to my moods, but none of the changes are much better than the others and all have a sickening similarity. Sometimes when I am in a particularly happy, joyful mood, I dash upon it suddenly, always with a vain hope of some miraculous change; but lo and behold, it greets me in the same disagreeable way. Sometimes I sneak upon it and peer at it coyly. At these times it is absolutely ludicrous. It is most disturbing to think that to most of my friends this possession of mine is so lovely while to me, the owner, it appears so hopelessly ungainly. I get so sick of looking at the same thing! If only it would change just a little! Undoubtedly if I could desist from looking at it or any of its family for a number of years, I should see a transformation—most probably for the worse but a transformation nevertheless. But it can't be done. Much as I loathe it, I must keep looking at it. Eventually it will change, but so gradually that it will not seem like a change to me. One thing is certain—we never can be separated because, you see, *it* is a mirror and *I* am a woman.

Eleanor Royce '31

THE COURTSHIP OF PETRUCHIO

With apologies to Mr. LONGFELLOW and Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

In our academy days, in Andover, town of gay students,
To and fro on the stage, in the Hall of McKeen known as Davis,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots all tarnished and tattered,
Strode, in terrific rage, Petruchio, tamer of women.
But mild was his rage, so it seemed, compared with that of Kath-
erina.

What was Baptista to do with such a fierce daughter to marry?
Were it not for Bianca, who labored so long with her lessons,
Taught by those scholars of fame, wise Lucentio and learned Hor-
tensio,

Life would have been far too hard. "But have faith," says Petruch,
"I can tame her."

"Go to it, Kid," said Baptista. "The first to be wed must be Kath-
erine."

How that great hero now wooed her! Why in less than three days
they were married.

Still, not quite to her liking, he starved her into submission;
Two can live cheaply as one, when one does not eat, as in this case.
Yet besides being cruel, sometimes he would whisper such words as:
"Look cheerfully now love, upon me; thou seest how diligent I am."
It was with these words he tamed her, and brought her again to her
papa.

The day they arrived home was bright, being lighted with moon-
light.

Everyone came to the feast, Vincentio, Gremio, Pedant.
Kate was as different this time as Tranio when he changed costume;
When Biondello saw he exclaimed, "Not an Angle, but Angel!"
Thus is the story told of the Shrew by Seniors at Abbot.

Frances Flory, '31

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND

concerning

THE NAMING OF MY TOWN

I had often wondered why the name *Skowhegan* should be given to my town. One day the reason was explained by an old legend. I was very much interested and I hope that you may enjoy it too.

On the present site of the town about three hundred years ago there lived two of the largest and most important Indian tribes of Maine. But these tribes were separated not only by personal difficulties but also by the Kennebec River, which still tirelessly winds its way through the center of the state to throw itself finally into the vast expanse of the mighty Atlantic. The site of these camps was most quaint and picturesque. Surrounding the two strongholds were tall, graceful pines that majestically swayed their branches as the wind came murmuring through them. This sweet music was repeated by the gentle waves softly lapping the rugged shore-line, which in turn was echoed by the joyful birds who sang in the trees and the crickets with their little fiddles. Nights brought the sharp, pungent odor of wood smoke. Imagine the atmosphere these cedar logs, still smouldering on the fire, would create! It is no wonder that the imaginative souls of these primitive peoples were touched.

Many decisions had been arrived at and many fates settled on such nights as these. On this night, however, it was not concerning battle or warfare that the council considered but it was the eldest daughter of their chieftain, Tahulah. It was finally decreed that she should marry the son of the tribal captain across the river and thus bring a reconciliation between the two tribes. Poor Tahulah's feelings were not once thought of. She begged her father to release her from this marriage, but he, believing the Great Spirit had spoken to him and advised him to make the union, held her mournful entreaties in disdain. He greatly disliked any such display of emotional feelings, for he thought it showed great weakness. Finding her supplications of no avail, she began preparations for visiting a friend who lived down the river and who would shelter her until she could think of other means of escaping. She hastily collected a few things that she valued

most and crept stealthily down toward the water's edge. In almost no time she was in the canoe and was well out toward the middle of the river. She thought that she was quite alone, but, had she known it, a young Indian lad who had seen her running toward the water in great haste had become curious and decided to follow her.

What a picture they must have made, the beautiful young Indian maiden dexterously guiding the slender craft downstream, and he, the would-be protector, cautiously following her! All was quiet save the steady *swish, swish* as the paddle touched the water. The light had gone out of the sky and a deep purple had flowed in and filled the river with deep shadows. As Tahulah glanced back toward her native home, nothing was discernible save the dim outline of a few old pines and even these were only faintly suggestive. A faint hooting of an owl in the distance spurred her on to greater haste. But her great hurry was her own undoing, for she had been so intent on the purpose of escaping from the camp before anyone saw her and upon reaching her destination that she had entirely forgotten about the treacherous rapids and the dam beyond them. With each dip of her paddle she approached nearer the fateful rapids. Above her head a loon went laughing with his weird and mirthless cry; perhaps he divined the inevitable fate of the little Indian girl and tried to warn her. If this was his purpose, the warning fell on unheeding ears. Steadily she continued onward until suddenly she realized that she was being pursued. The young Indian lad who had followed her along by the side of the river, under the covering of overhanging brush, now shouted to her to beware of the swift current just ahead. But Tahulah, misinterpreting his warning, only set on with fresh vigor and determination. Again he repeated his cries but still she kept surging steadily forward unheeding them. She approached the dangerous rapids. Too late she realized her mistake. She attempted to turn the canoe with the frail paddle but against the great rush of current it was useless. In an instant she was half a mile away from her follower. He realized the utter futility of trying to rescue her, so sorrowfully turned and slowly paddled back to camp. As he reached the settlement, he blurted out almost incoherently, in broken English, "Squaw-he-gone!" The old warrior, her father, immediately surmised what had happened and, as if to beg forgiveness from the Great Spirit, he dropped unhappily to his knees. In the distance a

great dark cloud rolled across the moon, leaving all in the shadow, then slowly disappearing and leaving the camp almost as bright as before. So too was the death of Tahulah mourned, transitorily; but later as the two old tribes united and formed a small town the name *Skowhegan* was given it, perhaps as a more lasting tribute to the brave little Indian girl of so many years ago.

Florence Norton '31

RENDEZVOUS

When I get very lonesome
And everything seems gray,
I find my thoughts go wandering
To a place not far away.

It is a sunny island
In a deep, blue, salty sea;
The quietness and calm of it
Give a deep serenity.

The balmy winds play softly
A dreamy, restful tune;
A soaring sea-gull stops his course
To rest upon a dune.

Elizabeth Chapin, '31

TROIS FABLES

avec nos excuses à Phèdre, à Ésope et à la Fontaine.

L'HIRONDELLE ET LE MOINEAU

Une hirondelle disait adieu à son ami, le moineau. C' était l'automne et l'hirondelle devait aller au midi. Le moineau lui dit qu'elle s'en allait parce qu'elle n' avait pas le courage de supporter les rigueurs de l'hiver. L'hirondelle offensée répondit qu' elle resterait pendant un hiver au nord. La neige tomba, l' eau gela, et la pauvre hirondelle ne trouva rien à manger. Elle finit par mourir.

Morale: Le bon sens vaut mieux que le courage vain.

Barbara Lord, '30

LE DINDON ET LE MOINEAU

Le dindon se promène fièrement dans la basse cour. Il se vante devant l' humble moineau de son beau plumage et de sa belle taille. Le moineau soupire en pensant à son plumage tout gris et à sa petite taille. Mais bientôt le moineau qui se balance sur la branche d'un arbre voit le fermier qui s'approche du dindon, et puis qui le saisit et qui le tue. A quoi bon maintenant la beauté dont il se vantait?

Morale: Il vaut mieux être laid et petit, mais libre.

Frances Sullivan, '30

LE ROUGE-GORGE

Il y avait une fois un petit rouge-gorge qui avait la voix excessivement forte. Et comme il aimait à chanter! Je vous assure que je ne peux pas vous dire combien de personnes il réveillait tous les matins.

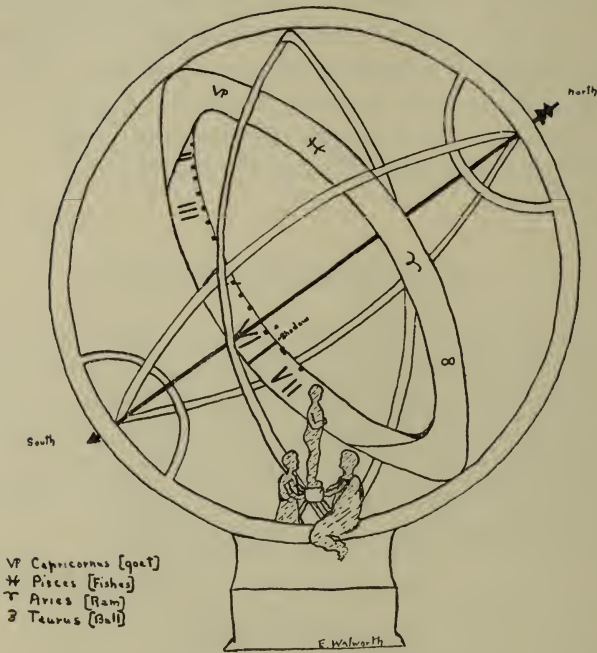
Ce rouge-gorge était célibataire, mais un jour il fit la connaissance d'une bien jolie petite femelle qui s'appelait Rubiette. Et après quelque temps la petite Rubiette consentit à devenir sa femme. O les belles chansons de noces chantées à tue tete á l'aube des beaux jours de printemps! Mais Rubiette lui dit, "Tu me reveilles tous les matins. Je ne veux plus que tu chantes si fort! Tu comprends?"

A partir de ce jour ce M. le rouge-gorge chanta très doucement et tout le monde fut content.

Morale: Ce n'est pas toujours le mari qui est maître chez lui.

Helen Simpson, '30

The Armillary



THE ARMILLARY AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY

On looking at the armillary from a distance, it seems to consist of a series of rings, representing a globe. Its very size and dazzling appearance at once attract the eye. The globe-shaped figure derives its name from the Latin word "armilla", meaning a bracelet, which is exactly its shape. Although this instrument has been used in astronomy, I am concerned with its use as a sundial.

The armillary at Phillips Academy, costing \$3,000,000, rests on a granite pedestal. Sculptured by Paul Manship, it is of pure bronze. The bronze is coated with gold-leaf gilt, which in a year's time will mellow to a glorious gold. The sundial is in the form of a sphere,

covered with symbols representing mountains, rivers, waves, and other physical features. The whole sphere consists of four great circling bands, of which the first is an outer circle supporting the other three. Two of these throw the shadow of the sun on the fourth, which is the widest band and which bears the numbers of the clock on the inside. Through the center is an arrow pointing to the north star. When the sun rises in the east, it strikes the two small bands which are so arranged as to make the shadow of the arrow fall on the correct o'clock. If the sun rises at six, the shadow will fall approximately on Roman numeral six. As the sun moves across the sky, the shadow moves around just like the hand of a clock. I made an observation just before sunset, when the sun was well in the west. I looked at my watch at quarter-past four and I found the shadow was at Roman numeral four, which means we are fifteen minutes faster than sun time.

It is not only the working of the armillary but also the symbols on it which are most interesting. On the outside of this main clock-like band are the twelve signs of the zodiac and on the small bands the names of these signs are written. There are the images of the ram, the bull, the twins, crab, lion, virgin, balance, scorpion, archer, goat, water-bearer, and fishes. In the center of the armillary is the cycle of life, a man, woman, and child, beautifully carved in solid bronze. Between these statues and the pedestal is a row of frogs, whose significance I have not yet discovered. It took the sculptor months of work to produce this instrument, which is well worth seeing and admiring.

Elizabeth Walworth, '30

HELPFUL DEFECTS

My defects are my better-half. They may be the cause of great annoyance to others, but to me the world would be devoid of all its sparkle without all of my many, many, splendid, glaring defects.

I may weep to see my best friend attend the tennis champions' banquet without me, but I have never shed a tear to see her sally forth the morning after the costume ball, when I am enjoying the comforts of a luxurious box-spring bed. Nor do I feel at all put out when my brother, praised for his accuracy, is presented with the household accounts. Happily I turn to my embroidery, because the last hem I sewed "showed through", and was "atrocious", and was given to the seamstress to be done again. And then I sink into a book, and as I drown no one tries to rescue me. They have learned it is hopeless, that I am deaf and dumb and drunk, and then it will take me hours to *sleep it off*. My family recognize my defects and cooperate with me in preserving them.

To my friends my deficiencies are more of a blessing. When I sit down at the piano, they don't laugh, they beam encouragingly upon me; because I don't play jazz, and they are confident that I won't inflict the classics upon them. I have never failed them, and they have spared me the chagrin of fox-trotting to a Beethoven Sonata. As yet I have appendaged no local young swain, so neither must I endure their gibes as to "how is Jack", nor do I sit by the hour boasting of his virtues. Then too I am a comfortable person to have around, for neither am I clever nor, that which is most important, do I presume to be witty. For all these blessings may those that know me be truly appreciative.

Elizabeth Brewer, '30

VANQUISHED

A gold smudge
On a blue-lit sky;
A flock of clouds
With flaming tint;
Faint purple shadows
Making phantom trees.
Day is over;
She lies bleeding, dying majestically
In the hollow of the sky.
Night is undisputed victor of the strife.

A SINGER'S SOUL

(to Roland Hayes)

Falling like crystal drops,
Clear, limpid, searching,
In all sincerity it rises
On a new-born breeze
To God.

So, quietly, with truth,
The way is found,
The azure pool discovered
Through a singer's soul.

Miriam Bass, '31

THE GUSHER

The sun cast forth bright golden rays as it made its first appearance in the eastern sky on that wonderful morning in the middle of August. A person unfamiliar with a typical Oklahoma sunrise would have found it most beautiful, but Frank Henderson saw no beauty, only the outlook for a sweltering day. Slowly he pulled out of bed and began to dress himself. True this was the day they were to bring up the drill and "bring in" his well, but still he was far from happy.

Frank himself was a tall man of about twenty-eight years of age. His hair was of a deep brown and he had eyes of a very vivid blue. This contrast together with the deep brown of his sunburned skin presented a not at all unpleasant picture. His face bore the look of care, as though he had had many trials and disappointments in life. In spite of his tired, worried-looking face, he always impressed people as being rather handsome. Though very quiet, he was always liked by all he came in contact with. His disappointments had, however, driven him into solitude, and that is why he had come here and bought his little farm where he was raising cotton for a living.

Frank had been pessimistic about giving his land to have an "old well", as he termed it, put on. Now as he thought about it he wished more and more that he had not consented. And why shouldn't he feel thus when four of the five wells drilled nearby had proved "dry holes" while the fifth had produced very little? There was nothing for him to do now, however, but sit and wait.

On this particular morning, therefore, Frank, after he had dressed, walked gloomily out into his front yard. He stood then for a minute looking at the tall, slim derrick about a hundred feet to the east which was so perfectly silhouetted against the sky. Then with disgust he turned and went toward his field of cotton so neatly planted row by row. From this a source of profit, but from that big wooden thing standing over there he saw no means of getting out of his troubles. After a few moments he turned again and went back to the house to prepare his breakfast. At least, he thought, he would have a little nourishment before he saw the inevitable disaster actually arrive.

The sun rose higher and his rays became more penetrating, making the already fast-growing heat of the day worse. Presently noises were heard in the distance, and after a while the workmen began to arrive. Some of them came on foot, while others came in old broken-down Fords. After a time two big, handsome limousines drove up and stopped. In these were the lawyers, leasers, and royalty holders. All had come in the hope that they would see this well "come in" where others had failed.

Frank had just finished his breakfast when these people began to arrive. Rising from the table, he went into the yard and stood for a while watching the gathering crowd of people who were so interested in this "silly hole in the ground." Presently one of the group broke away and came up to Frank. After a few moments of conversation, Frank discovered that this man was the geologist who had first advised drilling.

"Why, man, you've a small fortune there," the young geologist was saying.

"Bah," replied Frank unenthusiastically, "this is nonsense. The only thing this land will ever be good for is to raise cotton. There's no such thing as oil here."

"Well," answered the other, "we will wait and see. In the meantime come over here with me and watch them draw up the rotary."

"What in the world is a rotary?" asked Frank.

"Why," said the young man, "the rotary is the name of the drill they use to drill the hole. It consists of long sections of pipe which are used to make the hole. These are sent down one at a time by a machine which causes them to bore the hole by their swiftly rotating motion. This is where the rotary gets its name."

After the explanation, Frank said nothing but calmly walked over nearer the derrick with his companion. As he stood there with the rest, wondering what would happen next, Frank could not help thinking what if the well should "come in". Then his mortgages could be paid, and he would be rich. It would not happen though, he thought, for, hadn't five other wells within a short distance proved no good. This would also.

Coming out of his trance, Frank looked more closely at what was being done. Slowly the rotary was being drawn up section by section. Rather a tiring process to watch, thought Frank. Suddenly one of the

drillers shouted that there were only two more sections of pipe and that in a few minutes they would know.

The talking that had been going on ceased. Every one stood watching, breathless. Slowly the first section was drawn out. Only one more section left. The rope was lowered and attached to this. The wheel began to turn and the pipe rose slowly. Hours seemed to elapse between each turn of the wheel. Finally it was out. Silence! Nothing happened which the men were anticipating. Disappointment! Defeat again!

Suddenly there came a low, hissing sound from within the hole. In an instant the air was filled with the smell of gas fumes. Then, almost before he could catch his breath, Frank saw a big stream of brown liquid issue from the hole. Higher and higher it mounted, until it had passed the top of the derrick. Then it began to fall in a perfect spray, hitting and soaking everything it came in contact with. At last it had come. The Gusher!

For a moment all stood silent, watching this million-dollar fountain. Only for a moment though. The workmen immediately set to work to get the gusher under control, while the royalty holders and others began to talk in excited tones. They were happy, for their money was made. Only one in the crowd remained silent. His face, however, no longer wore a look of care but one of joy and happiness. Frank Henderson, too, had profited, and now he was a rich man. His one supreme happiness was that his farm was now his forever.

Clement Cruce, '31

DUBLIN SHADOWS

In Dublin, city of failure, wander ghosts, shadows. As dead thoughts in the memory of the old, so her ghosts roam—blindly. At night, in the quiet of the streets, ill-lit houses casting forth small patches of light on the cobble stones, in the darkened alley-ways phantoms from the history of old Ireland reappear, hold dueling matches, portly gentlemen are murdered, ladies are carried about in chairs by great black men, regiments march forth to war, and all silently, silently; no sound is made. And in rooms on the upper floors of worn-out houses old men brood over their failures. Success in its bright square of sunshine is long remembered, but failure, shadowy and darkened, is best forgotten. And so these fierce old men, or drunken old men, or tired old men, forgotten, weep in their back bedrooms. In other cities, perhaps, they would be pitied and kindly people would try to help them, thinking to make them happier, and succeeding merely in making them miserable. But here, in this dead city, city of lost hopes and forgotten dreams, they can live within themselves, part of her memories. And so they come to Dublin, where, during the day, they wander about unnoticed to drinking houses, to the races, where they place half-crown bets, they who once lost a million francs in a night and laughed, and where in the long hours of the night when they lie sleepless, lost desires, plans that failed, slipping through their minds, they can hear the soothing voice of a gentle breeze whispering "What does it matter?"

Miriam Rand, '30

WHY TRAVEL

To turn the question around—why not travel? Why stay at home? Few people do if they can help it. Everyone has a natural curiosity to see what everyone else is doing. The most trite and, to me, the least alluring reason for travel is the fact that it is broadening and advances education. Curiosity is a much better incentive, and I think that it is doubtless true that the majority of those who travel with a continual question mark in their minds are apt to see, hear, and absorb more than the average would-be intellectual. The beauty of the cities and the picturesqueness of the old world, in fact of any foreign country, is so different from that which we find here in our own that

it is that attraction alone that induces one to travel. A tiny boat, its square sail turned red by the sunset on the dark waters of an Italian lake, is a picture that would be well worth the time of even the attendant in the famous picture gallery in the Metropolitan Museum, or perhaps the crescent bay of Rio de Janeiro lighted at regular intervals by the round globes of street lamps. You might be interested by the black boys diving for silver coins at Barbadoes or Nassau, or the sharks trailing in the wake of the boat like long streaks of silver. To come back to a more materialistic world, an airplane can be taken at Buenos Aires which crosses the Alps to Valparaiso. But there is no need to go outside the United States. The great American desert with its golden sand and its dark green vegetation, a bright blue sky overhead, and perhaps in the distance the black, ominous, and shadow-like mountains, is comparable with any beauty of Europe. Coronado, on the blue Pacific, its white houses glistening in the sun, flowers in profusion, farther out on the bay the dull gleam of a plane, is unforgettable. New York, busy, business-like, bustling, or seen from the water, a line or a group of tall straight buildings seemingly rising directly out of the water like a fairy city, suddenly appears, symbolic of the power and achievements of man. Why travel? Why not travel?

Miriam Rand, '30

THE WANDERER

A gentle little breeze about me played,
As up a lonely country path I strayed,
On a sunny afternoon in early spring.
I knew not where I went, still less I cared,
For who should worry how their body fared,
If their spirits soared aloft with birds that sing.

I passed a bubbling brook, a shady pool;
I wandered far within the woods so cool,
And there, amid the shadows soft and deep,
I threw aside my heavy pack and found
A mossy bed upon the kindly ground,
Where I could rest my weary limbs in sleep.

Elizabeth Scutt, '34

ON DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES

What god or goddess decrees that certain beings shall dream and that others shall be exempt? Is it destiny, or is it just the material fact that some people sleep more soundly than others? Every single night of my life I have dreamt, yet I have slept through many a thunder-storm.

Why do some people say on their return from a blood-curdling movie, "I just know I shall have a nightmare tonight; I always do after pictures like that one!" And then others will go to bed and dream of peaceful green fields and cows, entirely oblivious of the monsters and phosphorescent hands they have seen a short time before.

And why does a certain dream come to you over and over again? A friend of mine often has a perfectly harmless dream that becomes a nightmare simply because of its monotony: a row of people are sitting on a brick wall. Slowly they begin to fall off and each one, as soon as he has fallen, begins to climb up again.

I have tried to explain a constantly recurring dream of my childhood, and have failed. I was in the habit of taking a book to my mother who would read it to me, always sitting in the same chair, in the same room. In my dream I go to the room where she is sitting and ask her if she will read it to me. She consents and I run off to get the book. When I return I enter and find in my mother's place a huge monster of a cat glaring at me and showing fangs. It springs for my book and then everything goes black and I wake up screaming.

The cause of this dream, or rather nightmare, is not a bad conscience, nor fear of cats, nor fear of anything that has happened in that room, nor indigestion. Who can explain it? I should like to advertise; perhaps someone, a second Joseph, will help me to solve this and other dreams.

Elaine Burt, '30

CHIMES

O Chimes, whose lofty music lifts
The world up to a higher sphere,
Your mighty music thrills afar
O'er distant cities, lifts phantom fear
To higher thoughts and nobler aims.
No other bell or instrument
Can quite attain your note so clear;
Your peaceful note floats through the air
And seems to echo back again,
From ancient lands, in southern climes
Where beauty once held sway;
'Neath azure skies, through saffron light,
O'er hills and valleys, everywhere
The sound is heard; when can it fail
To leave some pleasure in the mind
With perfect bliss of harmony?
Whene'er your music fills the air
At dawn of day, when hope is new,
Or when, with evening vespers sweet,
O Chimes, that unexpressive thought
That all your sacred music means
Is then revealed in its pure sound—
It floats and wavers in the breeze,
O'er towers and woodlands fresh and green,
Like flocks of swiftly flying birds
Which gracefully alight and then
Rise up again to carry on
Their joy and pure serenity.
So does the heavenly music of the chimes
Rise up and drift away so leisurely
To touch alike both thought and deed,
And then rests, calmly, sweetly, in repose.

Charlotte Marland, '31

THE FORFEITED HAND

A huge fort, such as one sees in the movies of the French Foreign Legion, stood isolated out at the edge of an Arabian desert. On the top of one of the two towers waved the red Arabian flag and on the other the British. Around the fort, not within a mile, rose a range of rocky barren hills not more than three hundred feet high, on the top of which were several "look-outs" from which one could see for miles out into the desert beyond, and on another side out across a great expanse of the Arabian Sea.

Although it was a night in January, it was not in the least cool. All was still except for the continuous sound of the soldier on guard, pacing up and down in front of the fort. He kept marching up and down for five hours, occasionally sitting down for a rest or a drink of water. At one o'clock he struck the iron rail—not once but eight times, for their time is different from ours. It was time for guard No. 2 to come on duty. Two minutes elapsed and then bang! A shot—and all was still once more.

Guard No. 2 had shot his colleague. He was jealous, for No. 1 had just been promoted to a higher rank than he. The only thing to do was to get rid of that awful chap somehow—either with his rifle or with poison. Well, the shot was fired, and away ran No. 2 to hide in the oasis near by, for fear of being seen. There he lay, perfectly motionless, until dawn. When it was light enough to see a bit he crept silently from his hiding place and ran off towards the hills.

Meanwhile the early morning prayer-call sounded and soon all the soldiers—being Mohammedan, Arabs, and Baluchis—were off to the small mosque at the side of the fort.

As soon as the English captain was up that morning he was notified of the night's happening by the wounded—not dead—victim. Within a few minutes men were sent in all directions in search of the guilty one. The captain himself went accompanied by several soldiers—Indian, Arab, Baluchi and negro. Carrying their rifles for defense they started off in the direction of the highest "look-out". When they had climbed two-thirds of the way up the hill they heard

a shot. A bullet whizzed by the captain's ear and killed the negro behind him. There in front of them stood the culprit.

"Hold," shouted the captain, "I will spare your life if you lay down your gun."

The murderer was then seized and taken to the Arab state prison where he was put in a dark cell, after they had cut off his right hand.

Gertrud Van Peursem, '31

A CHILD AND THE WIND

CHILD:

Wind, why do you blow so hard?
You scatter blossoms off the apple tree,
You make the ocean roar and seethe,
You toss fluffy clouds about in the sky;
You billow large fields of the ripening oats
And bend the branches of the dark old oaks.

WIND:

Child, why do you run and play?
Have you no task to perform each day?
My duty is to puff and blow,
Over the highlands and the low.

Eleanor Harryman, '34

OUR FAMILY BACK-SEAT DRIVER

We have a back-seat driver in the midst of our otherwise happy family circle. Strange as it may seem it is not my mother. It is my grandmother. She has never been able to realize that my Dad has grown up. To her he is still a little boy who is always on the verge of doing something wrong. He drives too fast, he takes corners too swiftly, he passes other cars with too small a margin, and his greatest fault is that he never puts his hand out when he is going around a left hand corner. To be sure this is no longer necessary since we have a new kind of "stop light" on the back of the car. Grandma can see a car so many miles away that Dad doesn't even consider it on his horizon. Almost always the car turns up some side street before it gets within two yards of us.

When Mother is driving Grandma is not quite so nervous. She says that at least Mother looks to the left and right before she crosses an intersecting street. Father does too, but he gives such a swift glance that Grandma doesn't realize this. The one thing that bothers Grandma most when Mother is driving is that she talks, not a strange thing for one who has driven for ten years. Grandma thinks Mother should not talk; nor will she allow any of the rest of us to talk. Consequently we ride along in dead silence, broken only by Grandma's helpful suggestions remarking that there is a car coming on the left, and that she had better stop and wait until it goes by. If anyone else should as much as utter a sound Grandma gives them a poke or a look that speaks volumes.

As for my driving Grandma refuses to ride with me. I have my father's and mother's bad traits mixed up with a dozen new ones of my own. My greatest failing is that I drive sitting side-wise in the corner with one arm resting on the door. This is a very restful way to drive because it takes much of the strain from my back, but to Grandma it is terrible.

Ruth Cann, '31

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

"The tall dark pine trees tossed about solemnly and the wind howled loudly, inspiring great fear to Jamie, who hurried along ahead of his mother who was urging their one cow home. He cast a shuddering glance at the lake which gleamed dully beneath the November sky. He could see in his mind's eye beneath the rippling waters the bewitched cow who enticed children to play on its back and then, when they clung there, unable to dismount, strode boldly into the water until all were covered by the waves of Loch Lomond. The simple Scotch peasants had warned their children to keep away from the loch and with very few exceptions all obeyed.

"Jamie, though heartily afraid, could not overcome his interest in the mysterious, the unknown, and though he never approached the shore very closely, he often sat in a field above it, watching and waiting. He knew that the cow would come for him. She did not fail him. One day Jamie looked up from his grassy seat and saw a gentle brown cow gazing at him with limpid eyes. He sat motionless and the cow approached slowly and browsed over the flowers and grass at his feet. Paralyzed with cold fear, Jamie still made no move. Finally he stretched out a quivering finger and touched the cow. She did not move. He patted her and she smelt his hand with moist nostrils. He stood up and though the cow moved a little restlessly she did not seem to act strangely. Greatly encouraged, Jamie placed a firm hand on her neck and fondled her for a minute. Then she started walking slowly toward Loch Lomond. Fascinated, Jamie kept pace with her until his feet became wet with the soggy marsh-land bordering the lake. Once more cold terror assailed him and he tried to take his hand from the water-cow's neck. He tugged and yanked, wildly screaming as he felt himself dragged nearer and nearer a watery grave. The water covered his ankles, rose to his knees, and came to his waist. The cow began to swim faster and faster as Jamie pulled out his jack-knife and hacked off his wrist."

It was a very thrilling story and as I gazed into the blazing fireplace from the security of Grandma's lap I rejoiced that the only water cow I would ever meet would be in the realm of imagination.

A PRESENT CENTURY HAPPENING

The cards were out for the wedding. The trousseau was complete. The best man had the ring. The company had assembled, and the final touches were being put to the bride's veil.

The maid of honor and the four bridesmaids were superintending this ceremony. All these girls had graduated together two years before, and had agreed then to fill these relative positions at the first wedding among them.

"There!" said Alice Valentine, one of the pink maids, "I think that is quite perfect. Don't you, girls?"

"Yes, lovely," murmured Theresa Evans, one of the blues. "You must go down now, of course," as an impatient knock came at the door. "Let us say good-by to Pauline—Pauline Desmond for the last time."

"I do wish, dear," said Fannie Graham, the maid of honor, "that you could have made up your mind to insist that he should take your name instead of you his. But you will write it with a hyphen, won't you?"

"Of course, girls; we all promised, and I certainly will."

"And you won't forget what else you promised?" said several voices.

"No, girls. You may depend upon me. Yes, mother, I am ready now."

Five minutes later the bride and groom stood at the head of the long parlor, in front of the bay-window where the clergyman had been awaiting them.

Frank Lacy was a fine young fellow, and they made a handsome couple. To be sure, one of the bridesmaids (the blue one, who had kept on her eye-glasses) had her own opinion of Pauline for not preferring the Greek professor; but then really, you know, the professor was pretty old, and, as he never talked in society, it was not generally supposed that he understood English as well as Greek.

Then there was Mr. Midas, thought one of the pink bridesmaids. Pauline was a simpleton there. But after all, it was just as well, and when he took notice again—

At this point the pink maid's wandering attention came back to the sentence the minister was just finishing.

"—so long as you both shall live!"

It was the bride's turn to say, "I will," as the groom had just said it.

Pauline stood erect. She raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon the face of the questioner. She was pale, but it was with an earnest purpose, not nervousness.

"I will do all these things," she replied, "except that I will not obey him."

Everyone was taken by surprise except the five girls who stood about the bride. There was a profound hush, while the clock on the mantel ticked ten times.

"Frank," she said, turning to her half-made husband, "you do not wish me to make this monstrous promise, to drag this relic of the Middle Ages—of the times when women were slaves and playthings of men—into our lives? You do not expect this of me, Frank?"

("Because if he does," murmured the tall usher to the pink bridesmaid, "he is very sanguine, and he will apparently be disappointed, —like Al Whittier, you know.")

"It is I that you wish for, not a servant, is it not so, Frank?"

"Certainly, Pauline; you need not say it; but why couldn't you have arranged this quietly beforehand?"

"Because I wished to do it now. My friends," she said, turning to the assembled guests, "Am I not right? It is for you, my sisters, that I do this. A writer once said, 'Would that some woman would have courage to make a scene, if necessary, on such an occasion! It would be a glorious scene, if she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse for the sake of outraged womanhood to pronounce the monstrous promise. It would be woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would be the heroine of the hour. She would do more than a thousand sermons to wipe out this blot upon the Present Century!'"

("Quoted correctly," whispered the blue maid. "What a memory Pauline has!")

"I am this brave bride, my friends. Now we will go on," she said, turning to the minister.

The service proceeded. The bride did not spoil her point by refusing to be given away. The vows were made (leaving out the obnoxious

word). Then came the nervous moment while the best man fumbled for the ring. He had not lost it. He gave it to the man, who gave it to the woman, who gave it to the minister, who gave it to the man, while the Present Century stood by and consented. The groom placed it upon the finger of the bride and hesitated over the words he was to say:

"With this ring I thee wed—"

"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," prompted the minister.

"No," said Frank, abruptly. "Not all of them."

The clock ticked again.

"My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers, I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected century after century to make this monstrous promise? Why should we give all our property to our wives?"

("It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Candfield of Candfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.)

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday School book? Let us throw off the yoke and our wives will respect us the more. There are hundreds of employments open to women where there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves. Pauline, I know it is me that you wish for, not my money."

("It is I," murmured the blue maid, mechanically.)

("Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so.")

"You can go on now," said Frank to the minister.

"Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother nervously.

"I should think not," said Aunt Sophia severely to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your forms, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a couple of weeks and join some church where they don't have them."

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. "They'd have to give back the presents, and that pie-knife I gave would just do for Agnes Warner. Her wedding's tomorrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding cake,"

mused an impertinent youth, "and that will do for that same Agnes. But we'll have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't often enjoy weddings. But if they don't go on, it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom, impatiently.

"Go on," said the bride, firmly.

"Go on," said Uncle Candfield from the back of the room.

"O don't," said the pink maid, looking for her handkerchief.

Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried forward and those before cried back, it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the Reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian knot by saying, hurriedly, "I pronounce you man and wife." Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.

Alma Hill, '30

THE WOODS

Great straight trees
Lined the hidden path;
Heavy-laden trees,
And white-covered path.
Short, sharp twigs,
Sticking through the snow,
Little, broken twigs,
And great expanse of snow.
Poor cold beasts
Seeking warmth, but cold,
Growling, shaggy beasts,
But naught of warmth—just cold.
Bare, black crag
Dared the wintry blast,
Open, lonesome crag
To cold, relentless blast.

Elizabeth Brown, '30

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

FRAÜLEIN NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER

How many girls who were at Abbot in the years between 1890 and 1910 have happy recollections of German classes and German table and Fraülein Schiefferdecker! These old pupils and friends of hers will be sorry to learn of her death on December 21st of last year at Pretzsch a-d-Elbe in Germany.

There was a kindness and amiability, a steadfastness and loyalty, about Miss Schiefferdecker that made her pupils very fond of her. To many girls the German classes are the most vivid of their memories of Abbot. She managed to give them something of her own love of German language and literature which they have never lost. And how courteous she always was, how hospitable, how devoted to her friends! In the last year or two of her life at Abbot not a day went by without a visit from her to Mrs. Draper.

After twenty years' teaching, love for her native land drew her home, and for many years she had been living quietly among friends in the old Schloss at Pretzsch. For a year or two she had written of failing eyesight, but she was really ill for only a few months.

She always kept a very warm place in her heart for Abbot Academy, and it seems appropriate that a few of her old American friends and pupils should put up a cross in her memory in the little cemetery at Pretzsch.

Miss Edna Barrett Manship, teacher of Rhythmic Dancing, 1922 to 1926, died April 30, 1930 at Newton.

The exhibition in the John-Esther Art Gallery this spring is an interesting and colorful collection of watercolors. Most of them are done by local and contemporary artists, among whom is Mrs. Van Ness. The paintings include a wide variety of types and subjects and are well worth seeing.

In the latter part of June Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason will sail for England. They plan to spend the summer there and in Scotland. They have made few definite plans and anticipate a leisurely and fascinating trip.

Miss Grimes is also planning to spend the summer abroad. Among

her plans she mentions the Passion play at Oberammergau and a month's stay in Germany.

Members of the school will miss Miss Friskin next year. She is taking a sabbatical leave and intends to travel on the continent and to study in London. We shall miss her company and the sound of her music.

The Friday afternoon teas held in the recreation room this year have proved a pleasant custom. The faculty have taken turns at receiving and have succeeded in creating a cozy social hour which day students as well as house girls have enjoyed.

Miss Hopkins, who is president of the New England School Library Association, presided at the spring meeting of the association at New Haven. On June 14 she will lead a round table discussion at the Northeastern Convention and the Massachusetts Library Clubs at Swampscott.

Although we regretted the absence for several weeks of Miss Robinson and the illness which caused it, we considered ourselves fortunate in finding such good substitutes for our Latin classes as Mrs. Ripley and Mr. Noss. Becoming better acquainted with our near neighbor proved pleasant and beneficial. We also enjoyed seeing a man's point of view through Mr. Noss, the new assistant minister at the South Church.

An interesting addition to our library is a relief map made and presented by Miss Burt. She chose Andover and its surrounding territory for her subject. The map was part of her work for the Master's degree for which she has been studying at Cornell.

We were glad to see Miss Baker drive in in her newly acquired car to visit us and to be present at the French plays. We have missed her this year and were glad to have her call.

On May 16 and 17 Miss Bailey represented Abbot Academy at the Inauguration of Dr. Katharine Blunt as President of Connecticut College.

SCHOOL DIARY

- January 8 The return is always more exciting than the departure.
*The end of
 Christmas va-
 cation*
- January 12 New ideas on that old, old subject—New Year's
Miss Bailey Resolutions.
- January 14 The first concert that we have had since we return-
The Musical ed from Christmas vacation.
Art Quartet
- January 18 How much we all enjoyed the Shakespearean recital!
Edith Wynne Old characters, Viola, Romeo, Juliet, seem to be so
Matthison much more vivid to us now that we have heard them
 portrayed with Mrs. Kennedy's lovely voice.
- January 19 Already an old South Church friend to some of us, in
Mr. Noss whose address we were all very much interested.
- January 21 The Senior-Mids show their talents in "Rich Man,
Senior-Mid Poor Man", and "The Flitch of Bacon". How proud
Plays we are of them, especially since most of them are
 new girls!
- January 25 We were briefly told of what we could do in the world
Miss Jackson of business.
- Dr. Stone* How nice it is to have Dr. Stone of Chicago with us,
 all the more because he is related to us in so many
 ways.
- January 28 Mr. Coon played to us tonight. It was one of the most
Second Faculty enjoyed recitals that we have had this year.
Recital
- February 2 Dr. Crotch spoke to us, at a very lovely Lenten Serv-
Lenten Service ice. Afterwards we heard an almost too short organ
 recital.
- February 3 Another year's Seniors depart for the promised land—
 Intervale—full of excitement and anticipation.

- February 6 Again they're back from the land of ice and snow, and what a welcome the under-classmen gave them!
- February 9 Our good friend Dr. Cutler spoke tonight. His address
Dr. Cutler not only interested but thrilled us.
- February 11 More lovely music. I'm sure that all of us—the ap-
Joint Faculty prentices in the art of music—are inspired to higher
Recital things, having heard what we may do.
- February 14 Our annual gay Valentine party.
Valentine's
Day
- February 15 We find how accomplished are our fellow students.
Students'
Recital
- February 16 The stereopticon certainly does help. We saw pictures
Recital of tonight that brought home to us the atmosphere of
Bible Tales the Old Testament.
- February 18 A real night-club at Abbot even to the napkins around
Day Scholars' the ginger-ale bottles!
Party
- February 22 It was well observed—actual cherry pie.
George Wash-
ington's birth-
day
- February 23 He took us out of ourselves into another world.
Rev. F. A.
Wilson, D.D.
- February 25 We went to Palm Beach and basked in the electric
A. C. A. party light of Davis Hall amidst some palms.
- March 2 Dr. Gilkey gave us a very inspiring talk on how much
Dr. Gilkey more of a heritage we should have than our fore-
fathers had.
- March 4 The "Taming of the Shrew" satisfyingly well done.
Senior Play
- March 9 Mr. Shipman always seems to bring to us an inter-
Mr. Shipman esting evening.
- March 11 A Chinese and—incidentally—a pyjama party.
Griffin Party

- March 15 An interesting debate pro and con the abolition of
Q. E. D. submarines.
- March 16 Another old friend of ours whom we always welcome
Dr. Stackpole back.
- March 20 How time is going! Another and almost the last
Easter departure for some of us.
vacation
- April 2 Vacation over, we return even more appreciative of
our old school for having been away for a short time.
- April 6 A most interesting and instructive talk on Japan by
Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary Mrs. Cary and her daughter Alice. Some of the beauti-
Class of 1877 ful slides made us all have an inclination to turn
missionary.
- April 9
Song Competition
- April 13 A lovely Good Friday service.
Miss Bailey
- April 15 Miss Friskin gave us a piano recital such as only she
Fourth Faculty can.
Recital
- April 20 A beautiful Easter service and a helpful talk by Miss
Easter Service Bailey.
- April 22 How many of us were thrilled by the wonderful music
Mr. Sanroma that Mr. Sanroma gave us.
- April 23 The League of Nations held a session up on the "hill"
League of Nations tonight, with the help of Miss Bailey and Mme. Craig.
- April 26 Odeon presented the lives of modern poets, giving a
Odeon short history of their lives and reading a few of their works.
- April 27 A stimulating talk.
Mr. Henry
- April 29 Two of the most amusing plays we've seen and a
French Plays chance for us to test our understanding of French.
- April 30 How did Miss Carpenter ever accomplish it? It's a
Gym mystery, especially to us who have taken gym.
Exhibition

- May 1 Was there ever anyone who, while at Abbot, did not
 May go to the May breakfast one year?
Breakfast
- May 3 Spring is really here—we know it—thanks to Miss
Spring Festival Ling and the elocution and music departments.
- May 4 A very moving address on evils and why they must be.
Dean Brown He made us feel that perhaps after all they have a
of Yale place and a very necessary one in our lives.
- May 6 One of our greatest pleasures is to hear our faculty
Joint Faculty play.
Recital
- May 7 Quite a success, as Abbot's birthday always is. This
Abbot Birthday year we represented Mother Goose.
- May 10 Everybody had a wonderful time. How jealous were
Prom the under-classmen as they looked on from the balcony!
- May 11 Miss Nichols came back to us for a little time after a
Miss Nichols long absence, and need we state here how much we enjoyed having her?
- May 14 Prospective candidates for Wellesley were taken there
 today by Miss Bailey, and judging from their expressions on their return they had a very good time.
- May 15 We were all invited to a talk on "The Development
Philomatheia of the Airplane" by the members of Philomatheia. It was worth hearing.
- May 17 Songs and Fables. Beauty and the Beast.
Aeolian
- Dr. Clarence E. Barbour, President, Brown University* We felt honored by the visit from the new President of Brown.

HONOR ROLL

FIRST SEMESTER 1929-1930

K. Dutton	91
C. Hoag, B. Lord, D. Reinhart, M. Turner, H. Simpson	90
H. Allen, H. Bolton, M. Hirst, M. J. Manny, E. Perry, H. Ripley	
J. Simon	89
E. Burt, G. Chamberlain, A. Schultz, M. Shepard, F. Sullivan	88

THIRD QUARTER

K. Dutton	92
M. J. Manny, H. Ripley, M. Tower	91
G. Chamberlain, M. Hirst, B. Lord, M. Shepard H. Simpson	90
H. Bolton, A. Eckman, C. Hoag, E. Perry, D. Reinhart, F. Scudder,	
J. Simon, D. Sturtevant, M. Turner, M. Whitehill	89
H. Allen, E. Bigler, A. Cole, A. Schultz, F. Sullivan	88

COMMENCEMENT WEEK 1930

Saturday, June seventh—RALLY NIGHT

7.15 p.m. School Rally
Singing on the Abbot Hall steps

8.00 p.m. Draper Dramatics in Davis Hall

Sunday, June eighth—BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY

10.45 a.m. Commencement sermon at the South Church by the
Reverend Benjamin Tinkham Marshall, D.D.

7.30 p.m. Commencement Vespers in Davis Hall

Monday, June ninth—ALUMNAE DAY

11.00 a.m. Alumnae Association, annual meeting

12.30 p.m. Alumnae Reception and Luncheon

4.00 p.m. Principal's Reception in honor of the Graduating
Class

8.00 p.m. Commencement Concert

Tuesday, June tenth—COMMENCEMENT DAY

10.30 a.m. Tree and Ivy Planting

11.00 a.m. Graduation Exercises at the South Church. Address by
Robert De Vore Leigh, President-Elect of Bennington
College

12.30 p.m. Commencement Luncheon



ATHLETIC NEWS

All through the winter we had heard little snatches of what the Gymnasium and Rhythmic classes were doing, but it was not until the Gymnasium Meet and the Spring Festival that we got a real idea of what these classes were.

The Gymnasium Meet started off with a snappy exhibition of marching and exercises. The many knots the girls tied themselves into in the apparatus exhibition was very interesting. The climax of the night came with the keen competition of the Gargoyles and Griffins in the games. The two folk dances were eagerly watched by the two teams. The tumbling was a surprise to us all—hard forms were done so well.

The score of the night proved the evenness of the teams and the excitement of the competition. The Gargoyles won by 1-3 of a point, the score being 86 2-3 to 86 1-3.

In the Spring Festival we saw what the Rhythmic classes had been doing. There were several dances in which the three divisions participated. They were very graceful, fitting into the atmosphere of the

Festival. The colorful gypsy dance added much gaiety and amusement.

Both exhibitions showed good training and hard work during the winter months.

Because of the shortage of time between the end of the Gymnasium and Rhythmic classes and Field Day, the separate sports have met three times instead of the customary two times a week. There were complaints of stiffness the first week, but the results of the second week have shown a great improvement. We are eagerly looking forward to Field Day as a day of close competition. Both the Gargoyles and Griffins are working hard because they realize that the result of this day will be decisive for the score which will determine which team will get the shield.

FIELD DAY

After several days of rain the weather decided to clear up for Field Day. The events of the day began with a parade around the circle. The crowds broke up at the tennis courts to go to Track and Baseball. The Track events proved very interesting. In the Javelin Throw Jane Goodell broke her own record by throwing it 62 feet 7 inches. When Mary Smead broke the tape at the end of the 60-yard hurdles she also broke the long-standing record by running it in 9 seconds. A lively game of Baseball was also staged at this time. These events were followed by Volley Ball. After lunch a close fight in Tennis Doubles was witnessed. The riding games followed this. The Tug of War decided the score for the day. After a few minutes' hard pulling the Griffins pulled the Gargoyles over the line.

That night the Griffins received the cup. Congratulations.

The following scores will prove the keen competition in all events.

Track—28½-24½, Griffins.

Free for All—14-10, Griffins.

Baseball—23-13, Gargoyles.

Volley Ball—2-0, Griffins.

Tennis Doubles—8-10, 6-4, 6-4, Gargoyles.

Riding Games—Gargoyles.

Tug of War—Griffins.

PLAYS PRESENTED BY THE SENIOR MIDDLEBURY JANUARY 21, 1930

A FLITCH OF BACON

An 18th Century Comedy

by Eleanor Holmes Hinckley

A COUNTRY SQUIRE	Clement Cruce
DICK, his nephew	Mary Bacon
LUCAS, an old retainer	Flora Collins
ADAM, a young husband	Faith Chipman
SUSAN, a young wife	Gretchen Sawyer
JACK } Comrades of the Lichfield hunt	Linda Rollins
HAL }	Frances Scudder

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

A Farce in One Act

By Bertha Y. Burrill

March 4, 1930

EMMA	Catherine Ireland
KITTY	Frances Flory
PETER	Harriet Gregory
MRS. BONNELLI	Nancy Carr
MRS. OLE OLESON	Evelyn Folk
MRS. PATRICK HAGGERTY	Dorothy Welch
TOMMY BROWNING	Marie Whitehill
A VISITING NURSE	Charlotte Marland
LARGO JOHNSON	Abby Castle
MRS. X. Y. SMYTHE	Emily Bullock
YETTA GOLDENSTEIN	Dorothy Stevenson
MRS. TAMMAS MACPHAIRSON	Mary Angus

Stage Manager: Margaret O'Leary

Director: Bertha Morgan Gray

Well worth seeing, especially the "foreign Americans" in the second play.

LES ESPERANCES

by Paul Bilhaud

HERMANCE	Mlle Constance Hoag
HORACE	Mlle Elizabeth Piper
Domestique (Personnage muet)	Mlle Elizabeth Quinby

ENTR' ACTE

Chansons populaires apprises au cours de l'année les élèves de première année

Sur le Pont d'Avignon
Il était une bergère
Do, do, l'enfant do
La Mère Michel
Au Clair de la Lune

Au piano
Mlle Friskin

ROSALIE

By Max Maurey

MME BOL	Mlle Hélène Simpson
M. BOL	Mlle Faith Chipman
ROSALIE	Mlle Doris Seiler
IMPRESARIOS	Mlle Métails, Mme Craig
DÉCOR ET MISE EN SCÈNE	Mlle Eleanor Ritchie

Thanks to Mme. Craig and Mlle. Métails these two French plays were a great success, giving us charming glimpses of really French life.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

March 4, 1930

BAPTISTA, a Rich Gentleman of Padua	Lucile Leavitt
VINCENTIO, a Gentleman of Pisa	Alice Hoyt
LUCENTIO, Son of Vincentio, in love with Bianca	Kathie Fellows
PETRUCHIO, A Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherina	Barbara Lamson
HORTENSIO	Cornelia Gould
GREMIO	Gay Chamberlain
TRANIO	Janice Lovell
BIONDELLO	Christine Hollands
A PEDANT	Marianne Hirst
KATHERINA the Shrew	Elizabeth Brewer
BIANCA	Louise Atkinson
A WIDOW	Donna Brace
GRUMIO	Jeanne Harrington
CURTIS	Elizabeth Quinby
NATHANIEL	Ruth Baker
PHILLIP	Eleanor Ritchie
JOSEPH	Mary Richards
NICHOLAS	Elizabeth Tarr
PETER	Doris Seiler
COOK	Kathryn Dutton
SERVANT TO BAPTISTA	Helen Simpson
A TAILOR	Marjorie Turner
GENTLEMEN	Grace Hadley, Barbara Lord
LADY ATTENDANTS AT WEDDING	Florence Gardner, Miriam Rand, Elaine Burr
GENTLEMEN ATTENDANTS	Elizabeth Dean, Elizabeth Perry

THE SCENES

ACT I—SCENE 1	Padua. A Public Place
SCENE 2	Baptista's House
ACT II—SCENE 1	Baptista's House
SCENE 2	Baptista's House
ACT III—SCENE 1	Petruchio's Country House
SCENE 2	Petruchio's Country House
SCENE 3	A Public Road Near Padua
SCENE 4	Before Lucentio's House
ACT IV—SCENE 1	Lucentio's House at Padua
Stage Manager	Katharine Foster
Director	Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

The Seniors turn to Shakespeare and do the play surprisingly well. Vide poem "The Courtship of Petruchio."

CLASS OF 1910 — PAST AND PRESENT

CLASS OF 1910	PROPHECY IN CLASS BOOK	PRESENT OCCUPATION
MARIAN SANFORD	Poet laureate of Warwick	On the editorial staff of the Woman's Home Companion.
EMILY SILSBY	Holding Sunday evening musicales.	Now Mrs. Owen Morgan, housewife.
GRACE KELLOGG	Singing in Grand Opera	Interested in several branches of church work.
CLARISSA HALL	Studying abroad.	Now Mrs. Harold Hammond, "home executive."
MIRA WILSON	Writing biographies	Principal of Northfield Seminary.
LUCY PORTER	Giving lessons in the Minuet	Now Mrs. John E. Sutton, physician and co-author of a medical book.
RUTH MURRAY	Acquiring More (Moore)	Now Mrs. Arthur S. Moore, housewife.

ALUMNAE NOTES

1851

Death: In Andover, March 8, 1930, Caroline Hall, aged ninety-five, wife of the late Moses Foster, daughter of Sarah Swift, 1829, and mother of Anna Foster, 1880. Mrs. Foster was the ranking member of the Abbot Alumnae Association. She was a woman of rare beauty of character. In these last years of invalidism and blindness, her mental alertness and her constant cheerfulness have been to her friends a constant source of wonder and admiration.

1857

Death: Sarah A. Richardson (Mrs. William O. G. Springer), at Andover, December 12, 1929.

1858

Death: Anna M. McDuffee (Mrs. Franklin S. Brown), in Exeter, N. H., April 20, 1930.

1865

Death: Deborah B. Dowse, wife of the late Lowell Coolidge, at Sherborn, April 5, 1930, aged eighty-three. Her only daughter, Elizabeth, Abbot 1898, always lived at home and has cared for her during her declining years.

1866

Professor Gilbert N. Lewis, head of the College of Chemistry at the University of California, who was presented in April with the annual gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences, is the son of Mrs. Mary White Lewis. Professor Lewis has been theorizing about abstractions. He thinks that Time may perfectly well be considered as moving from future to past, and that Cause and Effect may also move in the opposite direction from that usually considered correct! A condensed statement of his reasoning was published in a recent number of the magazine *Time*.

1867

Death: Clara E. Clement, wife of Walter S. Donald, in Andover, March 13, 1930. She had been in poor health for a long time and after the death of her husband, following a brief illness, lived only a few days. Mr. Donald was brother of Mrs. Mary Donald Churchill, 1863.

1868

Mrs. Harriet Abbott Clark, in her sorrow at the recent death of her son, Eugene, secretary of Dartmouth College, has the comfort of hearing unusual tributes to his worth and influence. President Hopkins said of him, "Strong in character, charming in personality, richly endowed with talent, his goodness was a positive force, his culture was a virile influence, and his accomplishment was as a house founded upon a rock."

Death: Mary E. Whitcher (Mrs. John A. Lamson), in Boston, April 14, 1930.

1873

Death: Cleora W. Munson, wife of the late John K. Judd, of Holyoke, January 30, 1930.

1875

Death: Harriet L. Aiken, of Indian Orchard, February 2, 1930. Sister of Elizabeth Aiken Gleason of the same class, who died some years ago.

Mary Parker Woodbury and her daughter, Olive Parker, 1903, of Goffstown, N. H., were seriously injured just after Christmas in an automobile accident but are now fairly well.

1878

Mrs. Ellen Conant Stinson, of Roxbury, is one of the "Gold Star mothers" to visit the battle fields of France this June.

1879

Death: Anna Lord (Mrs. Francis E. Miller), March 3, 1930, Glencoe, Ill.

1881

Death: Annie F. Lyman (Mrs. Perley L. Kimball) of Bellows Falls, Vt., January 10, 1930.

1883

Mary Lee, author of the much talked-of novel, "It's a great War", is the daughter of Marion Dove Lee, of Chestnut Hill.

1884

Miss Lily Dougall, whose death occurred in England in 1923, had made Cutts End, her home in Cumnor, near Oxford, a gathering place for scholars to discuss questions of religious and philosophical interest. As a result of these group discussions, several books of essays, to which she contributed vitally, were published under the editorship of Canon B. H. Streeter. It was her wish that after her death her house should continue to be a "workshop for religious thinking", and this wish has been carried out by her intimate friend, Miss Earp, who had lived with her. In a recent book of religious essays, entitled "Adventure", the editor, Canon Streeter, speaks in the introduction of this effort at corporate thinking on the nature of Science and Religion as arising, like the earlier books, out of conferences at Cutts End. This public acknowledgment of obligation to Miss Dougall is a tribute to her scholarly mind and to the strength of her personality.

Annah J. Kimball is spending the summer in Europe.

1885

Miss Helen J. Bunce has recently received the degrees B.S. and M.A. from Columbia University. Miss Bunce is sailing the last of June for a summer of foreign travel.

1887

Death: Bessie C. Baird (Mrs. Joseph A. Archbald), of Buffalo, N. Y., January 17, 1930.

Mrs. Ida Jones Barter, of Roslindale, is State Curator of the Massachusetts Daughters of the American Revolution.

1889

Flora Mason recently originated and compiled, for an Old Colony Historical Society Fair in Taunton, a clever program simulating a radio broadcast. Local business firms entered into the undertaking and sponsored different features. These were interspersed with bits of historical lore taken from old local newspapers. The parodies on regular radio numbers were ingeniously carried out, and the whole performance made a great hit.

1893

Mary A. Thompson is sailing for Europe May 11th.

1896

A scholarship fund in memory of Anne P. Hincks has been established at the Orchard Home School, connected with the Bethesda Society of Boston. Friends of Miss Hincks and friends of girls are rising to make possible this very practical memorial. Nothing could be more appropriate than such a perpetuation of her lifelong interest in girls in the school which, as Executive Secretary of the Society, she was influential in founding. Mary Byers Smith, Abbot 1904, of Andover, who is Chairman of the Board of Managers of the school, is sponsoring the Fund.

Sarah Jackson Smith is going to Europe this summer. Besides the usual travelling she expects to visit two weeks in Berlin and two weeks in or near Nice.

1897

Mary Smith Churchill's husband, Lieutenant Colonel Marlborough Churchill, U.S. Army retired, has been appointed secretary of the Josiah Macy, Jr. Foundation for the promotion of effective methods of preventing and curing disease and for the relief of suffering.

1898

Letters have recently been received by Abbot friends from Mrs. Ann Gilchrist Strong, who wrote of her work as dean of the Home Science department, in the University of Otago, at Dunedin, New Zealand. There were those at Abbot who thought of her when Admiral Byrd spoke over the radio from Dunedin and wished her voice might also come through the vast spaces.

Death: Alice Page, of Hyde Park, Vt., October 14, 1929.

1904

Freda Gleason Fuller's husband, Clifford Justis Fuller, died last November. Freda is living at Gleasondale with her mother, and her three children are all away at school.

Gertrude Greening Weadock sailed for England in May. She is doing some interesting work in restoring old letters and manuscripts for Mr. Clement's library at Ann Arbor.

Mary Byers Smith and Helen Abbott Allen are planning to spend two months in England and Scotland.

1905

Dr. Beveridge Moore and his wife, Amy Blodgett Moore, have been invited, with a number of other doctors and their wives, to go to France to visit "L'Institut de Hydrologie de France." They are to be in France, as guests, during the month of June. If Mrs. Moore can arrange to go with her husband, as she very much hopes to do, she will miss the twenty-five year reunion, and that will be a disappointment to the others of the class, as well as to herself.

1910

Birth: A daughter, Carol Whittier, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold W. Hammond (Clarissa Hall), of Brookline, March 28, 1930.

Dora Heys Pym, with her nine-year-old son, Arthur, is taking a two months' trip abroad, including the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

Marriage: Ethel Anna Reigeluth to Myron Guy Darby, July 6, 1929 at Bronxville, N. Y. Address: 110 Tanglewyld Ave., Bronxville, N. Y.

Marion Sanford has been manager of the *Woman's Home Companion* office in Paris since May 1928. She writes, "Since I've been in Paris I've seen Anne Blauvelt and Louise Norpell Meek, as well as Miss Howey, and expect to see Betty Ordway and Irma Naber this year, so you see even Paris keeps in touch with Abbot."

The *Private School News*, published by Porter Sargent, recently issued in a "series of biographical sketches presenting the younger head masters and head mistresses" a story about Mira Wilson, now principal of Northfield Seminary. Her picture accompanied the article, and brief extracts were given from her response to the toast on "Scholarship" at the Centennial Luncheon last June.

1911

Frances Pray received the degree of Ph.D. from Pennsylvania State College last June, and has been spending the winter at her home in Bristol, N. H., taking piano lessons in Concord, while attending to the printing of her thesis. She has presented to the library a copy of the book, which is entitled "A Study of Whittier's Apprenticeship as a Poet, 1825-35." Miss Pray has done a careful and valuable piece of work in making available to students the early poetic efforts of the poet, hitherto unpublished. As her full bibliography shows, this required endless research in old newspapers, magazines and gift-books. The autobiographical material thus found will prove most helpful in tracing the development of the poet's mind and art.

1913

Barbara Paine Morse has moved to State College, Pa. Mr. Morse is now secretary to the President of the College.

1914

Birth: A daughter, Mary Annis, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic W. Rich (Helen Gilbert) of West New Brighton, N. Y., March 8, 1930. Mary Annis is the granddaughter of Mrs. Annis Spencer Gilbert, 1889.

Mrs. Lucretia Lowe Douglas has been assistant professor of English this year at the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater, Oklahoma, while her husband has been studying in Chicago.

Sad news has come from Santa Ana, Calif., that Susanne, the four-year-old daughter of Elsie Whipple Spruance, died in March.

1915

Norma Allen Haine, contralto, gave a recital with Warner Lawson, pianist, in Hartford, Conn., in March. The press critics mentioned as specially pleasing in the varied program the diction and interpretation of three songs by Franz, and the admirable tone and power in the number by Brahms.

Marriage: Mary Genevieve Toye to Jerome Leo Donovan, at Lawrence, August 20, 1928. Address: 240 Andover St., Lawrence.

1916

Birth: In Manchester, N. H., April, 1930, a son, Peter Greenough, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bartlett (Dorothy Pillsbury).

Birth: A daughter, Nancy, to Mr. and Mrs. George G. Sicard (Dorothy Cole) of Larchmont, N. Y., May 1, 1930.

Engagement: Alice B. Prescott to Edward F. Plumb.

1917

Birth: A son, Frank Witherell, 2nd, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Witherell Reynolds (Gwendolen Brooks), of Andover, March 21, 1930.

Sophia Chrysakis is manager of a dairy farm, outside Athens, Greece, with five cattle from Russia and Switzerland. The farm belonged to her brother, and she undertook the care of it after his death, a few years ago.

Dr. Tsing Li Chen, of Shanghai, China, is planning to send her son and daughter to America for their education. She finds plenty of medical work at her hand, such as acting as school physician for two primary schools and a high school, work at the Infirmary five days a week, and clinical work at the hospital.

Mary Shipman is continuing her study at the Noyes School of Rhythm in New York and also working in the office of "The Inquiry", an organization which is investigating and arousing interest in social, racial and educational conditions in this country with the ultimate purpose of world betterment.

Marriage: Harriet Josephine Murdock to Elmer Theodore Levine, at Haddam, Conn., April 8, 1930.

1918

Birth: A son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Barnes (Catherine McReynolds), of New York City, January, 1930.

Marriage: Ruth Clark Searle to Alvah H. Weaver, at North Andover, April 26, 1930.

Marriage: Anna Faith Williams to Thomas Arthur Bisson, at Auburndale, May 2, 1930.

1919

Birth: A son, Robert Holt, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore M. Atkinson (Jane Holt), of Watertown, December 1, 1929.

Death: Dorothy Stibbs (Mrs. S. Stephenson Waters), of Cleveland, Ohio, April 9, 1930. Her church calendar in recording her death, quoted Wordsworth's lines:

"Thou didst tread life's common way
In cheerful gladness."

Marriage: Ruth Hathaway Webster to Cabot Jackson Morse, Jr. Address: 166 Second Ave., New York City.

Marriage: Dorothy May Williams to Wilson B. Higgs, at Rochester, N. Y., August 16, 1929. Address: 1190 Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Edith Wright Parr from California sends the school best wishes for the second hundred years. She had expected to be present at the Centennial, but instead was at that time driving with her husband to Alameda. The accounts of the celebration meant a great deal to her.

1920

Marriage: Marjorie Downs Christian to Charles Wakefield Mowery, at Lynchburg, Va., April 3, 1930. Address: Cornwallis Rd., Greensboro, N. C.

Birth: A son, John Franklin, to Mr. and Mrs. William P. Foster (Irene Franklin), of Andover, April 7, 1930.

Marriage: Jean Alice McClive to John Raymond Weaver, at Buffalo, N. Y., June 15, 1929. Address: 742 Crescent Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Birth: A daughter, Barbara Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert K. Thompson (Margaret Worman), of Atlanta, Ga., April 24, 1930.

1921

Birth: A daughter, Margaret Osborne, to Mr. and Mrs. Otis T. Bradley (Marian Alling), of New York City, February 7, 1930.

Marriage: Henrietta Thompson to Edgar Reed Beal, at Briarcliff Manor, N. Y., March 15, 1930. Address: Tyn-y-bryn Cottage, Ossining, N. Y.

1922

Elisabeth MacPherran has a secretarial position with a publishing firm in New York City.

Taye Hirooka Kanda has been with her husband this year in Austria, where he has been studying theology.

Engagement: Margaret Tener Hopkins to Philip Noel Osborn.

1923

Birth: A daughter, Phebe, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Roland Crampton (Barbara Clay), of Cohasset, April 18, 1930.

Mary Newton is now at the head of the Lending Department of the Newark (N.J.) Art Museum, which sends out art material to schools and clubs. She read a paper on "Visual Education" before the Division of Superintendents at the spring meeting of the National Educational Association in Atlantic City. On the side, she is studying vocal music in New York, singing with the Newark Choral Society, and taking courses at Columbia.

Engagement: Nettie D. Pritchard to Norris W. Potter, Jr., Colby, 1929.

1924

Marriage: Helen Cornelia Epler to Sherman Tenney Baketel, December 29, 1929. Address: 35 Anderson St., Boston.

Marriage: Bessie Katherine Korst to Robert Bennett King, at Janesville, Wis., November 26, 1927. Address: 47 Seminole Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

Marriage: Violet Ethel Thompson to William Gilbert James, June 18, 1929 at New Rochelle, N. Y. Address: 415 East 16th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1925

Dorothy Beeley played first violin in a presentation of Glück's "May Queen" by the Smith Clef Club last February.

Natalia Jova has a position in a dentist's office in New York City.

Birth: A daughter, Elisabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Guilford Hartley (Sarah MacPherran), of Duluth, Minn., April 20, 1930.

1926

Members of class of 1926 who graduate from college this June — Simmons: Anstiss Howard Bowser; Wellesley: Marion Elizabeth Burr, Evelyn May Glidden, Elinor Colby Mahoney, Dorothy Pease, Margaret Stirling, Fuki Wooyenaka; Smith: Ruth Emeline Farrington, Patricia Alice Goodwillie, Edna Vincent Renouf, Sylvea Bull Shapleigh; Mt. Holyoke: Frances Leighton Flagg, Ruth Mowatt Stafford; Radcliffe: Frances Elliot Merrick.

Marriage: Barbara Harriett Bloomfield to Arnold Seton Wood at Brookline, January 27, 1930. Address: 4307 42nd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Birth: A son, John Daniel, to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cross (Alice Cole), of Wimbledon, England, April 2, 1930.

Frances Merrick, a senior at Radcliffe, has been placed on the Dean's list. This means an average of B in at least four courses.

Alice Abrahamson is to take the part of Belladore in the presentation of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" by the Shakespeare Club of Wellesley on June 13.

Marion Burr is vice-president of the graduating class at Wellesley and is head of the gigantic Tree Day plans. She is studying art and hopes to be a portrait painter.

Death: By accident, Cynthia E. Hunt (Mrs. Clyde W. Wallace) and her husband, at Lansing, Mich., February 7, 1930.

Emily Lyman is secretary for two college publications at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Olive Rogers and Ruth Deadman have secretarial positions at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mary Sun, after two years of study at Elmira, is at the Yale University School of Nursing.

Birth: A son, George Winslow, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert G. Watson (Edna Russell), of West Hartford, Conn., November 28, 1929.

Birth: a son, James William, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Y. Houghton (Virginia Spear), February 27, 1930.

Gretchen Vanderschmidt is secretary to the principal of the Sarachon-Hooley School of Secretarial Training in Kansas City, Mo.

1927

Pauline Humeston is to be president of Claflin Hall at Wellesley next year.

Sydna White is studying drama in Cambridge.

Louise DeCamp has a secretarial position in the office of Temple Tours, Boston.

Priscilla Chapman is doing secretarial work in a broker's office in Boston.

June Hinman has been elected chairman for next year of Freeman House at Wellesley.

Miriam Houdlette is studying at Bryant and Stratton's in Boston and conducting a troop of Girl Scouts in her home town, Melrose Highlands.

Word has come to the school of the death in March of Lois Kimball's father.

Nancy Sherman is doing special writing for the *Boston Globe*.

Ruth Perry has been given the Mary Duguid Dey scholarship at Smith College. This is awarded to members of the three upper classes for "superior scholarship and ability."

Lucy Sanborn has just won the Anna Hallowell Memorial Scholarship at Bryn Mawr. She has just been elected editor-in-chief of the *College News* for next year.

1928

Marriage: Marjorie Bluett Ellis to Townsend Foster, at Detroit, Mich., January 4, 1930. Address: The Parkhurst Apts., Detroit, Mich.

Barbara Vail is elected a "Village Junior", at Wellesley, which means that she will be an advisor of a group of freshmen in the village.

Marriage: Winifred Elizabeth Dudley to Robert Foster Burnham, March 1, 1930, at Oberlin, Ohio. Address: 16 Clifton Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

Margaret Graham has been elected a business manager of the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*. She was in the cast of Henry Fielding's "Tom Thumb", recently given in the "Playshop Laboratory" of the college.

Marriage: Elizabeth Retta McKinney to Gilbert Smiley, at Derry, N. H., January 2, 1930. Address: 1949 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton.

Birth: A son, Theodore Conrad, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore L. Max (Marian Smith), of Utica, N. Y., July 3, 1929.

1929

Olive Warden has been chairman of Clinton House, Wellesley College, this year.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR CLASS

[illegible]

SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

[illegible]

JUNIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

[illegible]

JUNIOR CLASS

[illegible]

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH STOUT
<i>First Vice-President</i>	KATHRYN DUTTON
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	JANICE LOVELL
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	BARBARA HEALEY
<i>Secretary</i>	BARBARA LAMSON

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	RUTH BAKER
<i>Vice-President</i>	DORIS SEILER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	GAY CHAMBERLAIN

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	CORNELIA GOULD
<i>Vice-President</i>	MARJORIE TURNER
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN SIMPSON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN RIPLEY

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

<i>Gargoyle Captain</i>	KATHERINE FOSTER
<i>Griffin Captain</i>	BARBARA SMITH
<i>Head of Baseball</i>	FAITH CHIPMAN
<i>Head of Basketball</i>	ALICE HOYT
<i>Head of Hockey</i>	MARY SMEAD
<i>Head of Tennis</i>	JANET SIMON
<i>Head of Track</i>	LINDA ROLLINS
<i>Head of Volleyball</i>	DONNA BRACE
<i>Head of Archery</i>	AUDRIE GRIFFITHS
<i>Head of Clock Golf</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Head of Croquet</i>	FRANCES SULLIVAN
<i>Head of Hiking</i>	MARIANNE HIRST
<i>Head of Riding</i>	ELIZABETH TARR



The Abbot Courant

January, 1931

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JANUARY — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
THIRTY-ONE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LVII, No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1931

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THE ABBOT COURANT

Board of Editors

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MARY SMEAD '31

JOYCE HENRY '32

ELIZABETH LATHROP '32

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Business Manager, MARGARET O'LEARY '31

GEORGIA THOMSON '32

HILDA LYNDE '32

Vol. LVII

JANUARY, 1931

No. 1

EDITORIALS

In this number of *THE COURANT* the editors have tried to collect an impression of the atmosphere of our school as it is now so that some day when, years hence, in the midst of your housecleaning, you come upon this then time-yellowed magazine a perusal of its pages will bring back old memories and scenes. Our frontispiece, the library, will radiate incident after incident. In how many evening study hours have you suddenly found a certain book indispensable when the quiet of your "single" grew unbearable? How many source-themes have been written there with the aid of the reference books? At the time when you come upon this publication and climb up onto a trunk to examine it, our library may no longer exist. Our dream of a new and larger one may have been realized.

But now, although the actual walls refuse to expand, new books are being tucked into every possible corner. Recently new copies of modern fiction, poetry, and biography, volumes which we have been intending to add to our own bookshelves, have found their way in among the classics of former times. Have you seen these additions? On another page we have recommended several as especially interesting. You may enjoy looking them up. Then, in your housecleaning days, your memories will not be just of dictionaries, encyclopedias, the *Variorum* or Mr. Green. Lessons, assigned books, and pleasure-reading all will be combined in your memory of the library.

A few days before the Christmas vacation began Mrs. Van Ness talked to the faculty about the teaching of art and brought along as examples some of the remarkable work of the Beaver Country Day School. This aroused our interest in what our own school was doing along artistic lines. So we poked around a bit and found out quite a lot we never dreamed of. The beginners here are given all sorts of problems to help develop their ability to visualize and to give them some acquaintance with the terms an artist uses. From the very start they begin to make use of these abilities in original work of their own. This visualizing aptitude also helps, though we may not realize it at the time, in every other study. Then there are some serious-minded pupils who continue in more technical work: they do charcoal drawing from casts. The special art girls this year made their own Christmas cards. Each Tuesday there are design classes with Miss Lord of Boston. Every June an exhibition of pupils' work, both in the Saturday art classes and the design classes, is held in the Art Gallery, and many of the examples are certainly original and show great promise. Who knows but that we may have a female Rembrandt or Velasquez here all unknown to us?

Poor old floor in Davis Hall! What bruises the old man must suffer to help give us a good time. He bears the continual pattering of feet on his surface. "Thank goodness they don't wear spikes," he says to himself.

There are old girls and new ones to get acquainted with at the beginning of each year. He sees them often at many parties and concerts.

With Christmas comes the Children's Party. Their light tread and gay laughter does his old heart good. They jump and play. What a good time they are having! Then there is the Prom with its whirl of light-colored dresses and syncopated rhythm, its swirl of steps and light hearts. June brings the excitement of Commencement. He sees some of the old girls rushing around excitedly with diplomas in their hands. He bids them goodbye, but they rush on, not thinking of speaking to him.

So, perhaps, when we cross him in the near future we shall walk lightly and show some regard for our old friend who succeeds in giving us a good time and complains about nothing that we do.

One Friday night not long ago it was announced that when our callers came we might ask them if they would not like to dance. Happy inspiration of Miss Bailey! Now at nine o'clock begins the parade down the hall, and gay strains of music float up from the "Rec" room, tantalizing even more the girls upstairs who only wish that they were down there dancing too.

Where is our girl of yesterday, with her short skirts and even shorter clipped speech? She seems to have gone, and somehow with the donning of longer skirts and higher waists she seems to have acquired a new charm. Her hair is longer; her voice seems to have taken on a softer more modulated note.

But, we say, that cannot be; why how could a phenomenon like this happen so suddenly? Fact remains, though, that to all appearances it has. To be sure when the lovely trailing evening dresses are put on, a "stride" is still evident, and to some observers this spoils the grace of the dress. But skirts are longer even for sports, and though young ladies go in for sports in just as big and even a little bit bigger way, they have become a bit more dignified and not so flamboyant about it.

There are mountains and there are molehills. Some people confuse the two. Now a molehill is made quite unintentionally by a humble small animal in his search for food. His little mounds may detract from the beauty of one's lawns, but that some muddle-headed individual should decide that a mountain has been planted on his property shows evidence of a badly dislocated imagination. Mountains are tremendous structures and it is, of course, ridiculous to confuse them with less magnificent formations. But this is an everyday occurrence in the midst of a collection of girls. Some poor blind individual, or perhaps not so poor and blind, does "something". Two busy people grasp it, one at each end, and stretch and stretch until, "Why, really, it must be a mountain! For goodness sake, why, goodness me, it's a whole range of mountains!" And so it grows. But, after all, maybe the person who did the "something" would rather it be left a molehill.

An experiment on this subject was made recently and proved to be not only amusing but enlightening. Rumors were made up, the more absurd and incredible the better; and it was interesting to hear the reports come back, to note the expansion, and to see how many credulous people had been willing to absorb them. But it does not take a member of the Rumor Society to start tales. Some unsuspecting individual might express a liking for swimming pools, another a desire for one here; and in no time at all, with none of the trouble of construction, a beautiful, glassed-in, green-tiled swimming pool lies sparkling in the grove. Now such a mountain is very pleasant. Others are not so much so:

First Academic Senior: "What's the English assignment for Saturday?"

Second Academic Senior: "O, it's written work, a theme."

F. A. S.: "O I don't want to write an essay! Is it hard?"

S. A. S.: "The subject is rather horrible, 'Elizabethan Customs.' "

F. A. S.: "What! My dear! I don't know a thing about that! Why, it's a huge topic. I can't do it. I haven't had English history for a whole year. You're lucky to be taking it now. I'll have to read and read. You've probably taken all your notes. And it's due Saturday? Why, I can never—" and so on.

Such mountains aren't pleasant. Let's keep them molehills.

Success is something that everyone wants; there has always been a glamour around the word which attracts everybody. But now along comes a professor at Columbia University who says that success, "in its actual sense," is not worth gaining. It is achievement and not success which should be our aim, for he says achievement is the lasting attainment. Isn't that something to think about?

You, whose fair names have entered this magazine at the end of a story, poem or "article" should really show your parents what a worthy daughter they have and ask them to send for this magazine in order to see your great work. Have they ever seen a composition of yours in print? This is their great opportunity. Or if they are discouraged with your lack of ambition send them *THE COURANT* and prove your worthiness.

And you who have not yet anything of your own in *THE COURANT* must not forget that your family is interested in the doings and atmosphere of school that you have omitted in your letters. When you go home you will find your mother enjoying a poem or your father chuckling over a joke that you also have laughed at. So tell your parents about *THE COURANT*, whose existence perhaps they are unaware of, and send them one.

STATION THOUGHTS

Never quiet,
Ever restless,
Mobs of unknown hurrying people;
Crowding, pushing on,
A gay kaleidoscope,
Unknown, bundle-laden.

A rhythm in three
Jagged on a 'cello
To a candle upside down.

Never quiet,
Ever restless,
Mobs of unknown hurrying people.

Miriam Bass '31

BUG TALE



NCE there was a Bug who lived in a boarding-school. He was a very little Bug and probably you would never have noticed him. But he was a wise small creature and he knew a lot of things about the school that nobody else knew. The first time I saw him was when we went up in the dome to look through the telescope. He was sitting in the garret room way back in a musty corner under the eaves with his chin in his hands, and he was thinking very hard. When the others had gone I stayed and asked him why he was thinking so hard, and he said I couldn't understand and would I please go away? I said no, could I please stay and learn why he was so solemn? And he said yes, if I wanted to inflict my presence where it wasn't wanted. So I stayed. He sat there and I sat there and we both thought thoughts. He had a pained expression on his face and I asked him if he had an ear-ache. He said yes, he often had one. I asked why. And he said because once it had been frozen and when one froze one's ear in June it always ached. I asked how one could freeze one's ear in June and he said he knew I'd ask that so he had an answer all ready. It was a very hot evening in early June and at that time he still lived over in the other building. In the winter he lived under the Radiator, but during the warm weather he had moved up to second floor under the Icebox. It was a very hot night and the whole atmosphere was strange and restless. He saw pretty colored lights strung outside the window and he heard many voices. Then after everything inside was still he heard voices in the distance singing, and as they drew nearer he heard high heels clicking and long silk skirts rustling. The singing grew louder, deafening, and, gripped with sudden terror, Bug scurried up the drain-pipe into the Icebox and away into the farthest corner behind the Ginger Ale bottle. Soon everything quieted down and he forgot his fear and he realized how cold it was. Where *was* that drain-pipe? He could not find it and his ear got "frozen and frozen". Then someone lifted the lid and took out an Eskimo Pie. Bug leapt out, but too late, he'd frozen his ear in June and it would always ache.

I said that was too bad and had he ever tried the lamp over in the infirmary? He said no, and I said that it might make his ear stop hurting, and he said maybe it would.

Then I said why didn't he still live over under the Radiator, and he said he didn't dare. I asked why. I thought it was a very nice place to live. He said that once he had had a horrible, horrible Experience when he lived there and just to see the place made him very nervous. And then he told me about the Experience. It was at night and he awoke to hear a door close softly and several boards creak and without further warning a head-splitting, terrifying Thunder cut the dim silence of the whole building. He heard groans and thumps in all directions and a cruel snicker from over near a big double door with curtains. Then a long, long series of weird-faced, bulky shapes with vari-colored legs lumbered down the stairs and collected in groups very solemnly. A short service was said over the meeting which received it in silence and the members dispersed as they had come. They had not stayed long, but it was horrible while it lasted. Bug said that he could see to this very day the leering faces of those spirits.

Then Bug told me about living over under the Radiator. It had been very nice before the Experience. One morning the maid stirred up the dust with the carpet-sweeper more thoroughly than usual, and a sudden gust of wind blew him way out from his retreat and he landed with an awful bump before a door. He picked himself up and looked in and realized that he had never seen the place before. It was a huge room and long, with lots and lots of comfortable chairs. Bug walked up and down and looked at all the pictures. He heard strange sounds coming from a box in a corner. He couldn't hear very well because of his ear so he went over and climbed up on it and listened to the music. Then he heard voices at the other end of the room. He jumped down and went over and looked in through the door. He saw a little room with a big desk. There was Someone at the desk and she gave a slip of paper to a person who seemed very pleased. There was a short clap of thunder and everyone went away. Bug went too. He went out a door, crossed a hall and stood in front of a strange double door and looked under the crack. He heard a loud hubbub of many voices and it made his ear ache so he went back across the hall and crawled up into an upholstered chair and went to

sleep. But even in that shadowy chamber his peace was disturbed. The maid came banging in with chairs and more chairs until there were more than Bug knew how to count—all in a big circle. Things began to look interesting so Bug ran over and hid in the fireplace. He got settled just in time for then troops of people came in and sat down and began to talk. Lots of them began to sew or knit. It was a queer meeting; they didn't have a thing to eat. I asked Bug what they said but he couldn't remember. I said I should think it would have been interesting, and he said maybe it was. He said that as he sat in the fireplace he got hot, and he thought there must be a fire, but there wasn't. The people talked and talked and it got hotter and hotter. Then there was a clap of thunder so they all went out, all but Bug. He waited until their voices died away in the distance. Then he came out and walked until he found his Radiator. He crawled under and curled up in his nest. Pretty soon the people came back and music started nearby. People were sitting on the Radiator now. Everybody was talking and over and over again voices would ask, "Zamailup?" and another voice would say, "Notheyhadfaculty-meeting." Then somebody said yes, it was up now, and there was a sort of a civil war right in front of the Radiator. Lots of people squealed and stepped on other people's toes, and some just looked solemn. Then the thunder (Bug was beginning to get used to it) stopped the music, and everybody went away—everybody but a small group—one who had been in the big meeting and a few who hadn't. They said something about stars and a telescope. It sounded interesting so Bug came out quietly and clambered up into a fur collar to hear about the stars. But the fur collar moved, and Bug was carried outdoors and into another building. It was dark and quiet and they went upstairs into a spooky room. They stopped and someone said something about a key, but Bug hadn't seen any stars yet and, anyway, he was sleepy. He must have fallen out of the fur collar because when he woke up he was in the corner under the eaves and his ear ached, and *now* would I *please* go away?

Mary Smead '31

KENSINGTON GARDENS

The place I like the very best in London is not Westminster Cathedral nor any museum nor any far-famed place which people "have" to see when they go to London, but that nice place called Kensington Gardens. It has always been a tradition in our family that a park is nicer than a museum to see if there is a choice involved. Thus it happened that on a certain day in 1928 my mother and I got down from one of those jolly English buses, and walked into Kensington Gardens, although the British Museum was literally across the street from our hotel.

The little pond was the first thing that met our eye. I do not mean the sailing pond, but the very littlest of that noble family, on which reside ducks and around which sit conglomerate sparrows, old men, children, and prim, starched nurses. All eyes are lazily focused on everything in general and everything is sleepily sunning itself. Once in a while there is a sudden burst of activity about the birds, as a new source of crumbs is discovered, or a nurse hauls a small boy off to tea, causing a flutter of interest all around the pool. Somehow it is always sunny around this little pond, although the London fog is far-famed.

What a contrast to this is the sailing pond! Perfectly round, it is an inviting oasis in the desert of primness to all small boys in white suits. Amid scores of tense but exuberant small boys, crowded all along the edge, vessels of every size and description sail proudly in every direction at the will of the breeze. The very littlest breeze is enough to start this busy harbor into activity, and with what joy does the winner of the race rush around to the landing place of his ship and lift it up for all to see!

Quite near this is the statue of Peter Pan, mentioned in all guide-books as an "artistic accomplishment of the highest order". On top of a pedestal of bronze, perhaps more fascinating than the statue itself, there stands the far-famed Peter, his legs wide apart, busily playing a fairy tune to all those who are fanciful enough to hear it. His expression, when you get close enough to see it, is rather pleasantly impertinent, and makes you feel that all bus-conductors with

red cheeks and Cockney accent are his direct descendants. There are usually two or three enraptured children poking their fingers into the eyes of the bunnies, patting the birds, and holding the fairies' hands, for it is of these that the pedestal is formed. Peter's loyal supporters in the land of Never-Never are now permanently allied to him in Kensington Gardens. And the statue of Peter is somehow the only thing which does not call forth an "how cute" from the people who are just "seeing" the garden, for they seem actually to respect the one thing which reminds them that they once believed in fairies.

As all of my favorite places in London are concentrated in Kensington Gardens, I hope that this will not prove a disappointment to any who really appreciate the British Museum, which I perhaps ought to have talked about. I think that those same people have surreptitiously lingered around Peter Pan and waited for the children to go away so they could talk to the little people on the pedestal.

Dorothy Rockwell '32

THE STRANGER

All was "quiet on the western front," all peaceful on the east—and, in fact, as well as outward appearances could be judged, every one was happy and contented in the little walled-town of "Saint Paul." But those outward appearances didn't show the discouraged, despairing look on the face of Father Roubard, who came to close the gates of the village against intruders. What a day it had been! From early morning until late at night seemingly thousands of curious foreigners had poured into his city—and for no special reason but just to see what it was like.

He had known only one of these sightseers who appealed to him. And he came once every year. He seemed to enter into the spirit of "Saint Paul" with genuine interest, to talk sincerely with the people—poor and dirty though they were—to try to get their point of view of life, and always to cheer and comfort them. For these people truly were an unfortunate lot, whose one interest was their church. In what striking contrast to the rest of the homes was this little chapel! Why, it was very clean and neat—and those would be the last adjectives in the world used to describe the other parts of "Saint

Paul." The annual visitor took great interest in this church, and visited it every year. Father Roubard actually enjoyed showing him the sacred relics, for he was very sympathetic and could talk about them most intelligently. To the rest of the tourists he showed them—if he was requested to—but not without a pang of sorrow at having to do so.

One year—a year ago that very day—he had taken the stranger to his own home. He had shown him all his treasures, which, although of little value, were still dear to him. His greatest and most precious treasure he had shown him also. This was his foster daughter, whom he loved as his own, a tall, dark, lovely girl just the age of the stranger. Father Roubard had been quite uneasy that evening, for now was to begin—perhaps—the most desirable thing in the world from his point of view—that is, the romance between the charming stranger and his daughter. Oh, it was quite evident that she cared for him almost immediately; and that he was attracted to her seemed probable, since for the first time in all his visits there he had remained two whole days. At the end they had walked down to the gates together and he had said, "I will come back again to you one year from today, Cécile." How happy she had been! How patiently she had waited the long year through! Her father and she often talked about the stranger, wondered where he was, and fairly counted the minutes until his return. And both smiled happily over the thought of their meeting once again.

But now it was all over; the day when the stranger had promised to come again had gone. He had not come. For the first time in five years he had failed to appear—and Father Roubard and Cécile knew it was all over. From now on every day would be exactly like the rest; they would become just like the other lost people of "Saint Paul," narrow-minded, simple and forlorn—and all because another ship had passed in the night.

Hilda Lynde '32

SEASONAL

(a poem in seven couplets)

In the spring of the year, the spring of my love for you,
Like new young buds upon an old tree grew
My thoughts, with promise swollen, all unknown;—
Thoughts of you, that have in summer grown
To such great length and breadth of petiole
That they have clothed the branches of my soul
In surest fullness of maturity:
Yet sorrow of the autumn rains that flee
Before the troubled wind that wildly sighs
Has made but greater glory in my boughs:
My golden leaves light up the leaden sky
With joy of you, till winter comes and I
Let fall my thoughts then gently one by one
Until my soul is bared—completely yours.

Phyllis Frederick '32

BITTERSWEET

"Well, hello, Miss Lee! Ah sure is mighty glad to see yo'. Dey sayed yisterday that yo' all was a comin' back, and Ah jes' knowed that yo' all would come to see the new horse right away. He sutny is a nice horse. He sutny is! Dat horse will be the bes' horse on dis here plantation yit."

The speaker was standing in one corner of a large paddock, rubbing down a beautiful, sleek, black horse. As he spoke, he stepped back and gazed with a proud, affectionate glance—a glance that only a darky groom can give—at the fine thoroughbred which stood before him. He was talking to a slender young girl of about sixteen years, dressed in a riding habit, who had just run up and thrown her arms around the horse's neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad that you have 'Sunny' all ready for me to ride! He looks brimful of pep too. I haven't seen such a nice horse since I've been to school in the North," said Lee as she stroked the horse's long white nose.

"Sunny", too, seemed glad to see his mistress, for he, in turn, rubbed his nose against her cheek. Suddenly, as if moved by an afterthought, Lee brushed back the unruly chestnut curls from her forehead, and looked with two laughing brown eyes into the old darky's face.

"You know, Sam, I almost forgot about the little colt, and I must see him. I also want to see little Sammy. Has he grown much since I left?"

At the mention of his little grandson, the darky's face beamed with delight. "No, dat chile ain't grown much yit, but he sure am a nice boy. He with Hannah now. Tell him to come 'long with yo', and see de horse. De horse is in the last paddock with his ma'm. Dyah is Sammy now, kyahing dat piece o' meat to the dogs."

The long driveway leading to the paddocks was fringed with little brown houses, where the darkies lived. In front of one of these stood a cunning little colored boy, with bare feet and ragged, dirty clothes. However, in spite of his attire, the little four-year-old was certainly an attractive darky boy. He had very black skin, kinky

black hair, large black eyes, and pearly white teeth. Just then he was jumping around wildly, keeping a piece of meat barely out of the reach of an equally ragged little dog. Lee called to him, and he instantly dropped the meat, and ran to join her. Nothing pleased him more than to go to the paddocks, especially when he could go with his young mistress, who had been the object of his adoration since he was old enough to talk.

They walked together up to one of the paddocks, which was opposite the long line of stables. There the mother and colt were standing. The mare was peacefully eating grass, while the colt, keeping close to his mother, gazed about on the world in general with a most distrustful look. Sammy climbed the fence in order to see the little animal better. In alarm, the colt kicked up his heels, and ran to a farther corner, where he continued to scrutinize his spectators.

He was a beautiful animal of reddish brown, with some white on his nose. His long slender legs were indeed comical, however, for he did not seem to know how to manage them, and kicked to one side in a most amusing way. At the same time he switched his short, bushy tail wildly.

It was plain both to Lee and Sammy that the little horse would not allow them to come near him, so they contented themselves with watching him from a distance. Suddenly Sammy turned about, and looked solemnly at Lee, as if he wanted something. Finally he said in a wistful, baby voice, "Miss Lee, is dat horse gwine be yourn?"

"Yes, Sammy, do you like him?"

"Um, I wish he was gwine be mine," answered the little ducky, examining a scratch on his small brown foot. "I'd take good kyah o' him if he was."

"But you can take care of him even if he is mine," replied Lee, touched by the tone of the little boy's voice. Then she added, "I tell you, Sammy! You and I will have him together. You can take care of him, and I'll race him, when he is old enough."

The pleasure in the child's eyes was amazing, as he rushed off shouting, "Miss Lee gwine let me have part the horse, granddaddy!"

After Sammy's departure, Lee stood alone, still watching the colt, and wondering what to name him. Suddenly, however, her attention was attracted by the sound of horse's hoofs.

A tall young man rode up, dismounted, and stepped up to shake hands with Lee. He was handsome and had a fine soldierly bearing. She looked at him in amazement.

"Why, Joel Stuart! What has Augusta done to you? Honestly, I scarcely knew you."

"I know it," the boy replied with a smile. "But you've changed, too. Nicer than ever," he murmured to himself. Then turning to Lee again, "Well, Lee, is it Sweetbriar next year?"

"You bet, Joel, and you are still going to the University of Virginia, aren't you?"

"Sure thing! Guess I can come to see you more often now."

Just then Lee noticed a bunch of reddish brown berries tied to the back of Joel's saddle.

"What are those berries, Joel?"

"Bittersweet. Mother likes them, so I brought them home for her. By the way! They are almost the color of the colt!"

"Why so they are!" agreed Lee. "I know! We will name the horse Bittersweet. I hope that sometime he will be a good racer, and that Dad will run a horseshow over in the field."

So the little horse was named Bittersweet. True to Lee's wishes, the colt grew into a sleek, strong animal. Also, in accordance with her wishes, five years later, her father planned to hold a horseshow, in which his horses would be raced against those of his neighbors.

One evening, when the event was about a month off, Walter Stuart, Joel's older brother, appeared and asked to see Lee's father. The old Colonel welcomed the young man cordially, and proposed that they stay on the porch. Lee, sitting in her window, was startled and surprised, when the young man suddenly said, "Colonel, what would you take for Bittersweet?"

"Bittersweet! Why nothing, my boy. That horse belongs to Lee, and her heart is set on racing him herself at the horseshow. What do you want with him anyhow?"

"I want to put him in the Kentucky Derby. Prince has hurt his leg seriously so he will not be fit for the strain, and Bittersweet is the only other horse around here that I think would win the cup. I've won it twice, and if only I can win it this year I can keep it."

His tone was pleading, imploring. It was evident that the man was determined to make an entry. Nevertheless, the old Colonel

was not moved. He shook his head decidedly, and the usually kind face grew stern.

Walter's nerves were keyed to a high pitch. He had anticipated opposition to his proposition, but he had determined not to give in at any cost. He was a headstrong young fellow who had always had his own way. In despair, he jumped to his feet, and flung open his wallet. One thousand, two, three, five, ten thousand dollars. He fairly shouted, "Here, take this! Take the pay in cold cash, but give me the horse. I must win that cup!"

Lee listened motionless. Her father cleared his throat, moved uneasily in his chair. It was too much. She dashed down, and threw her arms around his neck.

"No, Daddy, no!" she pleaded. "You mustn't sell Bittersweet! I love him! He is my horse!"

The man gently removed the tense arms from his neck. The battle was won. His daughter was everything to him. No, the horse would stay. Walter argued and begged in vain. The Colonel returned the money, and sent him home. Lee went to bed happily.

Yes, Lee thought the battle was won, but not so soon. One evening when Joel and Lee were at the Country Club, Walter appeared again. He took the opportunity to bargain with the old man when his daughter was not around to influence him. Walter's conscience did not bother him. Lee and Joel were engaged now, so the horse would soon be in the family again. He argued thus with the old Colonel for two hours. Finally he calmly laid twenty thousand dollars on the table, and watched to see the effect on his opponent. Money would have won his case long before, if the girl hadn't interrupted. Perhaps it would now. The Colonel had lost *some* money in the stock crash.

The Colonel stared at it aghast. Then he counted it slowly. Finally he spoke—hesitatingly—as he gazed about the magnificent room, where everything spoke of wealth, in spite of his money losses. "Well, Walter, I never have happened to think that I needed to go to the Poorhouse. In fact, I've never seen a Poorhouse that suited me. However, twenty thousand dollars is worth a horse. I'll find another one as good as Bittersweet. He's yours!" The very room seemed to echo, "he's yours."

The thought of Lee's sorrow then came upon the old man. He was irritated, and spoke sharply. "Take the horse tonight, Walter, but

for pity's sake do it quietly. Those darky quarters will sound like a funeral procession tomorrow, and I don't know what I can do to appease Sammy."

The young man agreed to all the minute details, and ten minutes later, the Colonel heard the sound of horse's hoofs leaving the yard. Well, the deed was done. Now he would have to face Lee.

The next morning Lee had a late breakfast, so her father escaped seeing her. Suddenly, however, when she was eating her meal, the door was flung open, and a very small darky boy of eight or nine years rushed in. He stood looking at the girl with a long face, and doleful eyes.

"Well, Sammy, how is our horse this morning?" She had hit the tender point. The little darky burst into tears, and explained between sobs, that someone had stolen him.

Lee was no less upset than Sammy. Nothing could make her feel better. Joel came over in the afternoon, but she had no use for him then. She opposed him in all his plans, and made him generally miserable. His misery was doubled, because he realized the cause of her unhappiness, and, of course, knew where the horse was. Finally he could stand it no longer. He told her how his brother had secured the animal from her father, and how he himself had tried to persuade Walter not to buy that special horse. He tried his brother's argument that the horse would again be in the family when they were married, but to no avail. Lee turned and ran, leaving her perplexed and puzzling lover standing disconsolately by the garden gate.

An equally troubled father came home to a lonely supper that night. Lee had taken old "Sunny", now comparatively stiff and slow, but still with enough life in him to make an attempt at the jumps. She could be seen in the distance, racing the poor old beast as fast as he could go.

As the Colonel watched his daughter handle the animal so fiercely, yet so dexterously, he knew that she was trying to work off some of the fire of her pent-up temper—the temper that he had irritated so—by his deliberate thoughtlessness. Suddenly he took his cane, and disappeared.

One hour later he came out of the Stuart house, his face marred by a frown. It was obvious that he had not accomplished that which he

had wished to do. Almost immediately, Joel stepped up beside him, and inquired what conclusion had been reached.

"He won't give in, my boy," replied the Colonel sadly. "He would scarcely even listen to me. However, if you get a chance, tell him what I tried to tell him, that I will let him enter Bittersweet in the Kentucky Derby, if he will only sell him back to me now. I'll even pay more than he paid. Don't you think that is a pretty fair deal?" With that he turned away, while Joel walked back to the house.

Another hour had passed, and dusk was fast falling. Suddenly a horse came galloping up to Blue Ridge Farm. It was Joel on Bittersweet. Would he stop? No! He too, had spied Lee still riding as hard as ever. Now he galloped faster; now he had caught up with her; now they had both dismounted. Then, as the old Colonel watched, he saw Joel give Bittersweet's reins to Lee. Thereupon, they talked for a minute, and then, arm in arm, set off toward the stables, each leading a horse.

A little while later the Colonel decided to go up to see Bittersweet himself. By that time it was very dark, and so he was immensely surprised to see a light in the horse's stall. Wondering what it might be, he crept up to the window, and looked in. He could just see the animal, contentedly munching oats, but it seemed to him that something else was there also. Taking out his flashlight, he pointed it at the object. There stood Sammy, rubbing down the horse with as much energy and vigor as his small arm could command. True to his promise, he was trying to take good "kyah o' Bittersweet."

Ruth Tyler '32

AN INVENTOR

A flickering thought, a spark in the dark,
A fantastical dream, overwhelming, compelling.
 Ambition was his tool;
 Many called him a Fool.
Desire was his mother;
Work his only companion, pondering and floundering.
 His Youth a mere sigh,
 Old Age soon was nigh.
The flame was enkindled—night became light!
 The dream was fulfilled!

Elizabeth Turner '32

TWILIGHT

Occasional flurries of the wind ruffling the calm dark water—
Little waves kissing the stones on the shore—
Birds—dipping here—rising there—
The shrill note of the whip-poor-will coming from the woods—
Across the lake an immense round orange moon—shining through
 the blackened skeletons of by-gone trees—
Casting long shadows over the water—
One lone star shimmering its pale light down on the water as the
 orange moon is slowly rising over the trees.

Katharine Cook '32

STUDYING TO MUSIC

The seven o'clock bell rings for study hour. The throbbing jazz in the recreation room stops and you retire to the peace and quiet of your room.

Psychology, being the subject which requires the most preparation and the freshest mind, is the first study you tackle. All goes well until the bell for the end of silent time rings. You hear footsteps entering practice room Number One. She begins playing the drawling, soothing notes of a classic. This does not interfere with Psychology because you are soon unaware of the sound.

Suddenly an occupant of room Number Two commences some crashing chords, drowning the former notes. You jump, startled, and then listen a few moments until the new rhythm enters your head. Psychology is soon recommenced, but this time you have to read by jumps to keep time with the thundering chords. This performance continues for fifteen minutes. Now the musician (?) of Number Two has finished her chords, which also finishes her day's practicing. As the last few dominating sounds die away, the occupant of Number One can again be heard. She also has tired of practising and is pounding out some modern jazz. Again the method of study must be changed. You find your head bobbing and feet tapping to the irregularities of the familiar tune. This necessitates reading the words with the same rhythm. This music continues only a few minutes. Some kind teacher must have been bothered also. Peace reigns for half an hour.

Sque-e-e-ek, sque-e-e-ek, sque-e-e-ek!!! Someone is tuning up a violin. Soon the whining notes of scales are heard. As the player progresses in the scale, her foot starts an accompaniment on the floor. Thud! Thud! Thud! Up the scale. Thud! Thud! Thud! Down the scale. Psychology must be given up as a lost study. You depart for the peace and solitude of the Senior Parlor.

Marie Whitehill '31

IN THE SPORT LINE

When we read or hear about a good book, our first question is, "Who wrote it?" But seldom do we ask, when either participating in or watching a good game, "Who originated it?" As a rule, we enjoy a book more when we know about the author or what circumstances caused him to write the book. In the same way I think that we might enjoy tennis, hockey, or basketball if we knew their history. I will endeavor to give an account of the last, which is a comparatively new sport.

At the close of a successful football season in 1890, Dr. Gulick was giving a lecture to the senior physical students of the Young Men's Christian Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts. Both the faculty and students had been much impressed by the popularity of football. Everyone of these students expected to become a physical director upon graduation in June. At that time this was not an easy task because proper indoor exercise was a difficult proposition. At the close of his lecture, Dr. Gulick asked whether games of an active type like football had a place in the gymnastic program. In the next lecture period they would consider this question.

Upon bringing this up the next day, it was agreed that games of the right kind would be a desirable addition to the regular gymnasium classwork. They made a list of the features that would be almost necessary to make such games successful. Among them were the following:

1. That it should call for as large a number of participants as possible.
2. That teamwork was preferable to individual effort.
3. That the best active games were played with a ball or some similar object.
4. That two or more goals were desirable.

Owing to the limited time of the lecture period, the subject was not considered further by the class. However, Dr. Gulick suggested that some of the members try to develop suitable games.

The subject was soon dropped until after another football season. During this time, Mr. Naismith, a student who attended Dr. Gulick's

lecture course, had become interested in the idea of inventing an active indoor sport. He was familiar with lacrosse, hockey, and the Canadian style of rugby.

In 1891 he invited a few of his friends to try out a game which he had been thinking over. They went to the gymnasium with him, eager to try this new game. He had a soccer ball and asked the janitor to get two soap boxes, but apparently sixteen-quart peach baskets were the only suitable things available. These were taken and fastened to each end of the gymnasium. The game was explained and the fun began. It took some time to score and when anyone did score, it was usually luck. When a shot did enter the basket, one of the players was compelled to climb the railing of the gallery in order to get the ball. A step-ladder was then brought into the game. This difficulty was soon remedied by the use of a mesh wire basket with an opening at the bottom. The peach baskets gave the game its name basketball.

The students became very enthusiastic about this game and it met with immediate success. Knowledge of it rapidly spread throughout this country and many teams were organized. Many physical directors have introduced this game into foreign countries. At present it is estimated that there are eighteen million people playing it all over the world.

In recent years, since girls have become interested in sports, basketball has not only afforded a good indoor sport for girls, but an excellent outdoor sport. In spite of the few changes in girls' rules, the fundamental rules remain.

Thus basketball within a comparatively few years has become one of the most popular games both for boys and girls and today it is played by more people than any other sport.

Mariatta Tower '34

SWAMIDASS

Swamidass opened the front flap of his father's stall in the bazaar. The sun had just risen and he must hurry and make the sweet-meats before the crowds came to buy. It was going to be a very exciting day because of the festival and also because this was the first time his father had let him tend the store alone. Fastening the flap to the roof, he climbed up on the stall, got out the little stove and the many ingredients to make sweet-meats. He had made them often, so his experienced hands and fingers rolled the flour, mixing it with sugar and filling it with honey and heating them all on the stove. Slowly a pile of golden-yellow curly-cues stood in front of the stall. He made other kinds and soon was surrounded. The other stalls were opening up and similar piles of sweet-meats rose on other stalls. A little further down were the stalls full of garlands made of the fragrant jasmine. He saw his friends busy, for the garlands and sweet food would be in great demand.

Already a few white-clothed pilgrims were going to the stalls, buying necessary presents to offer to the gods. The bees were quicker than the pilgrims to find the sweets; several had alighted on the yellow mass and were sucking the sweet syrup. There was no use in shooing them away. Now the bazaar was filled with pilgrims. More and more came to his stall. Beggars sat on the sides of the narrow street, asking for alms. Holy men with ash-covered foreheads and saffron robes went to the different stalls getting free breakfast. Sacred cows lazily came towards him, but the bee-covered pile did not attract them. Swamidass felt a holiday mood coming upon him. It was fun to sit in the stall and see everybody. He loved to barter and not let the crowd buy things for a lower price.

In between times he sat thinking about lots of things—life and people especially. He had seen a pariah slink down a side street when he saw a Brahmin approaching. A moonsif had spat on an outcast when she got in his way. Why was it that they should be treated like that? They were human beings just as he was. How did anyone know that they had committed some sin in a former birth? Even the cows were treated better than they were. He was sick at heart at this unfairness.

The realization that the golden pile had dwindled to almost nothing roused him from his reverie and he retired to the back of his stall to make more. Business was good today. When he came back most of the crowd had disappeared. He realized that the parade was about to begin. He heard the shrill notes of the trumpets and the steady beating of the tom-toms. A large excited crowd appeared. Some threw rice on the gods, others lay garlands, bananas, rock sugar on the base of the gaily decorated temple cart. Swamidass hurried out with his little offering. He gathered some holy ashes from the cart and smeared them on his forehead. The procession stopped and the music became gayer. A man, reeling with drunkenness, performed a crazy dance in front of the god. The moonsif, approaching in great pomp and ceremony, laid a beautiful piece of material at the idol's feet. The procession went on and Swamidass returned to his stall. He kept the stall open late. The hanging kerosene lamp made fantastic shadows on the wall. The question of the pariahs came to his mind again. About ten o'clock he heard his friend closing up his stall, so he decided to go home with him. He fixed the articles for the night and closed the stall and tied the money he had made that day into a corner of his shirt. Soon he was with his friend Rahmah on the way home. They discussed the procession and Swamidass said, "Rahmah, why is it that the pariahs are treated so badly? I don't think it's right. They are men just as we are. I saw—."

"Swamidass, *never* ask that. Don't you know that the curse of Brahm is upon them? You might offend the gods with those words. You will be turned into a pig or the evil eye will come upon you."

"I don't believe in the evil eye," returned his companion hotly. "Nothing has ever happened to me. I don't think anything would happen even if I touched a pariah."

Rahmah's face was a study of horror and fear. He looked askance at Swamidass as if he expected to see him turn into some animal. They walked on in silence, Swamidass very thoughtful, Rahmah darting fearful glances in his direction to see if he was still there. They were at Rahmah's house. Bidding him "Salaam" Swamidass hurried home to eat his small heap of rice and curry which had been put aside for him. Being very tired, he placed his mat on the floor and was soon sound asleep.

In the ensuing days Swamidass thought about the pariahs a lot.

He saw their girls and boys tending cattle when they should have been at school. They were constantly maltreated. Half of them went around in filthy rags, half starved and miserable.

He spoke to his father one night. "Father," he questioned, "why is it that we should treat these pariahs in this way? You yourself shun them and yet you see that our cow has a good meal and a place to stay every night. When I grow up I am going to be kind to them. Brahm won't do anything to me for it. These stories of punishments are old-fashioned."

"Dass," his father cried indignantly, "do you dare to go against the teachings of Brahm and Krishna? If I ever see you touching a pariah I will throw you out of this house forever."

"But maybe you'll be a pariah in your next birth and I might treat you badly. How would you like that?"

"You disrespectful son!" The father got up and started pushing the boy into the house. "I am treating you kindly when I should be beating you for saying such things. You will be the one to be a pariah in your next life!" The father came out of the house bursting with fury.

The next day he told the priest about his wicked son and arranged to have him have special lessons in the *Veda* and *Bhagavad Gita*. Swamidass memorized paragraph after paragraph. In this way they thought he would forget his silly notions. It did convince him for awhile, but the ever apparent cruelty reminded him of his former thoughts. He saw the white men going into the houses of the outcast and nothing happened to them. Their God must be generous and kind. As time wore on he graduated from the class in the Holy Scriptures. To his elders he looked as though all of his former ideas had vanished, but they were deep-rooted in his heart.

One day Swamidass was walking in the bazaar road. There seemed to be some disturbance in the street. Instinctively he walked faster. There before his eyes was the moonsif, whip in hand, beating a poor pariah girl. He spat on her, then taking off his shoe started to hit her with that. That was the sign of the greatest disgust. Already crowds were flocking around to see the excitement.

Swamidass began to run. He felt a sudden sickening at heart; then slowly it changed into anger. His face grew hot and he started to pant. The crowd saw a strong, lean youth, an indescribable expres-

sion on his face, break through. He grabbed the shoe and whip from the moonsif's hand and started whipping and beating him. A tiger-like light flashed in his eye, a scornful smile on his lips. With his other hand he held the pariah girl, dragging her behind him as he slashed the retreating moonsif. The crowd aghast slowly moved away. This was outrageous—a caste boy beating the head man of the town and above all touching a pariah. The moonsif escaped like a beaten dog. Swamidass stopped and looked down at the miserable creature he had by the hand. His vision was blurred with rage, but he saw two figures rapidly approaching him. The dimness cleared and the two proved to be his father and the priest. He knew what this meant, but he met the gaze of his father unflinchingly. He still held the girl by the hand as if afraid to lose her. His father advanced, tense with rage. He tore the family charm from the boy's neck, stripped off his shirt, smeared the neat caste mark on his forehead and threw the boy to the ground, spitting on him. The priest with his hands clasped above his head was muttering words to ward off the evil eye. The father kicked him and spat on him again and threw him to the ground. "Beast," he muttered as he turned to go. Swamidass was too weak to do anything. He lay on the ground utterly worn out. He saw his father and the priest vanishing and he knew his family ties and caste were vanishing with them. For a minute he felt like running after them, but looking up he saw the pariah girl looking down on him with wonder and admiration. A lovely smile broke upon his face. He knew he had done the right thing.

Frances Scudder '31

ALMOST ANYTHING

(by a person with cold toes)

The radiator chortles gleefully,
Nor cares a whit for subtle harmony.
The frosty breath of winter does pour in
The window, and my stockings are but thin.
Alas, it is in vain I seek repose;
A clammy chill has settled on my toes.
While musing on the myth known as steam heat
I seek some ray of comfort for my feet.
Sweet irony of furnace men below;
The more the noise the less the warming glow.
Why talk of turning leaves and gusty skies?
'Tis here the essence of true autumn lies.

Dorothy Rockwell '32

TIME AND SPACE

Hardy plans his picture craftily, completely. He feels space and he makes us feel it. The moors stretch off to meet the horizon. The light sky comes down to touch it, leaving the lid off of everything to give us all the room we want. He puts a dot of a man here and a distant cart there. Nothing cuts the sweep of distance.

"Hardy's gaze perceives time as well as space." In the description in the opening pages of "The Return of the Native" everything, moors, sky, horizon, the road, and even the people seem to have existed from ancient times and to have gone on quietly, smoothly, without disturbance. The evening of the bonfires seems only to mark a periodical incident. The people climbed the hill and started the fire automatically, merely because it was time to do so. Everyone seems resigned to fate; they do not question beginnings or ends; they merely accept them. Events occur by clock-work. The click of machinery drowns out opposition—tick, tock.

Mary Smead '31

We often stop to admire or to marvel at the beauty of Nature or of some of the beautiful buildings of the world, but we seldom realize the history or the age of these things. We see a brook running through a meadow and, although it may be as old as the earth itself, it is too sparkling and alive to suggest anything but carefree youth to us. We are struck by the glory of an orchard whose trees are covered with fragrant blossoms of the early spring. The trees may have stood for years and years and years, but certainly those fresh, exquisite, pale blossoms cannot seem old. Branches bud in the spring on huge gnarled oak trees, centuries old, but the little green shoots and the sap running through the limbs of the stately old tree make it seem almost tender, and very young. Villages may have been founded by the earliest settlers, yet the people in them keep them alive and changing, and it is the people which make the town. Buildings, either the immense skýscrapers of New York, or the tiny houses of a small town, cannot suggest age to us, no matter how tumbled down they may be, for there are bound to be people in them.

The sea might bring the idea of something old and worn to us, for it is so vast, unconquerable, and mysterious, yet even the sea changes with the tides. Perhaps the fact that things about us are new and challenging is what makes life so interesting.

Hardy, however, has found something which can carry us back through the years. He says, "Before the traveller stretched a long, laborious, Roman road, dry, empty and white." To me the word stretched gives the most vivid impression of time. Perhaps if this road had been a short, curving, narrow brown road it would have been just an ordinary everyday road, but because it is broad, and straight, and white, and stretches on until it meets the horizon, we seem to feel the extent of endless space and time. I wonder where the road goes after it meets the horizon, and if possibly it may not stretch back into the days of the men who built it, those warlike Romans, with the sun flashing on their golden armor. Perhaps they too marched along this dusty, endless road in the glaring sun. Or perhaps such people as those of the "Canterbury Tales" journeyed along this way at twilight, searching for a shelter for the night, just as the world was going to sleep, and the dark shadows were on the heath. Only the whiteness of the road ahead stood out in the gloom.

I shall never see these pictures except in imagination, but who could resist the lure of this road, stretching into the unknown, and wonder what marvelous things we should find if we were to follow it to its undiscovered end?

Pauline Rogers '31

RECONCILED

If you can say the same words often enough
They somehow weave themselves into the stuff
Of destiny.
And so it seemed to be
With Dad and old Mom Hay.
For Dad was wont to say,
"It's bound to come," a dozen times a day,
By which, as everybody knew, he meant
The future fame of Bayport, on the coast
Of Texas where, he liked to boast,
His whole life had been spent.
Mom came from Northern pioneers
And all the sun-scorched, work-worn years
Had not moved her to see the good
In lazy Southern ways.
Her busy days
Were spent in pitting will and energy
Against the lassitude
Of her slow neighbors. Even the graveyard stood
A challenge to her decency.
"Ain't fit for heathen let alone good
Christian folk," she'd sputter
And make them help her clear the clutter.
But Dad she loved and to his "bound to come,"
"I'll ease up on old Bayport some
If it gives you your dream
Before you die," she'd say and beam
At him,
Her eyes grown dim.

The last bright hope the town had known
A decade since had hotly flown
Into thin air. Of course a Federal built port
Is just the sort

Of issue politicians hanker for
In drawing out opponents' gore.
So Bayport baked and drowsed until the fame
Of Kentville's well lit up the flame
Of oil-well frenzy. Prices soared
Skyhigh. Promoters poured
Into the narrow streets, the maddening song
Of "OIL—OIL" echoing through the throng.

The derrick set, machinery drilling,
Dad stood among the milling
Crowd and watched the growing mound
Of earth cast up from underground.
He was the first to see the slimy stream
Of oil that wriggled like a blue
Black snake.
Queer guise in which to make
A dream
Come true,
Yet there it was. A shout arose
As it began to lick the toes
Of those too near. . .

Afterward Jake Hilliard said
He'd noticed Dad looked mighty queer
But hadn't thought much of it till he'd heard
That Dad was dead.
Perhaps it seems absurd
To say that joy can kill
But Mom can tell you that it will.
She does not grieve, but spends her days
Smiling kindly at the ways
Of her slow neighbors, who are wondering, no doubt,
Since the well has petered out
What keeps her, why she doesn't want to go
Up North. But there is much they do not know.

Helen Danforth Prudden '13

POTTERY-MAKING IN SAN ILDEFONSO

Nearly every Indian woman can make pottery, some better than others. Two years ago I went to the pueblo of San Ildefonso to watch Maria, the most famous potter in New Mexico, make some pots. As she never uses a potter's wheel this is a very delicate art. She was seated in front of her little adobe house. Beside her were standing some enthusiastic village children, more interested in the tourists than in Maria. They were dressed in brilliant calicoes and formed a beautiful color scheme.

The pueblo has a clay-pit where the people get their material. It is quite a long way off and the women collect the clay in baskets which they carry home on their heads.

When she is ready to begin Maria kneels, facing the pile she has already made. The wind blows from left to right. On the right of the pile is a beautifully colored finely woven blanket. She gathers the clay in a basket and tosses it into the air. Sometimes the clay has stones or lumps in it, so that as she throws it into the air the wind blows the fine, smooth clay onto the blanket and the coarse material falls again onto the pile. This process is called "winnowing." She continues in this fashion until the clay is thoroughly sifted; then she adds water and very fine gravel until the clay is of the right consistency. Then she takes it in her hands and rolls it into a long thin cord and finally coils it into the desired shape. Sometimes she shapes the bottom of it in an old basket, and when she removes it, behold the pattern known to archaeologists as "basket-weave".

When the vessel is shaped she picks up a small smooth stick and rubs the bowl with it as she spins the bowl round with a quick movement of her left hand. This makes the pot smooth and no trace of the coils is left.

After the moulding and drying comes the final touch—paint. But before this is done the "slip", a thin wash, must be added as a base for the paint. When the slip is dry the bowl is ready to paint. Maria's pots are always all black so the painting is very simple. Most pots have colored designs, such as lightning, deer, birds or merely lines.

The woman sometimes paints her own work and sometimes someone else does it for her.

After the paint is applied Maria sets the bowl in a very hot fire of cow or buffalo-dung to bake. When it is taken out of the fire it is rubbed with a smooth stone until before our eyes lies the finished article, a shiny black pot.

Barbara Kidder '34

LORD GERALD PLAYS THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Over the long, low, many-windowed second story of the big hall in which the entries of the Horse Show were stabled lay an odor of straw, liniment, horse blankets and everything which has to do with horse-showing. Lord Gerald, after perilously ascending the ramp from the first floor, with a little complaining squeak leaped up onto the half door of one of his charges. Lord Gerald did not like this show. He preferred the outdoor shows, far more interesting they were. True, there wasn't any mud to get in one's fur here, but what was a little mud compared to the glorious noise of a fair, where you wandered around from one tent to another, in which were all sorts of fascinating things, and smells, and—Lord Gerald stopped thinking about it—he felt too depressed. Here there were big hunters, nervous hackneys going up and down that ramp between floors, making you spend most of your time behind a water-bucket. Or even worse there were innumerable human-beings, always in a hurry and with regards for the feelings of no one.

Human beings—they were a bother; there were some now, pointing at the stall and jabbering away for dear life. Lord Gerald supposed it was one of the horses who had carried off first honors the night before.

They were coming too near. Gently, unobtrusively, he laid back his ears, got up lazily and shot forth a lightning paw tipped with sharpness. The human jumped back with a little scream, at which another started and came forward. Why, it was one of those nice officers he had blundered into the other day; shouldn't be wasting time with that woman, officer. Don't you know anything at all? Women are tricky. He knew; in Michigan once—Officer, what are you doing? My last rat's eye! Must look into this.

Lord Gerald leaped off the stall door and raced down the aisle between the stalls. They were just going down that awful ramp. He wouldn't touch paw to it except for that officer's sake; but the poor fish didn't know anything, it seemed. He trotted along until he got to the ramp, slid down the first two or three feet, jumped aside to avoid plodding hoofs, and slithered, claws out, to the bottom, where he landed in a heap. Shaking his dusty gray self, he scurried out and around the corner to see the officer and the girl vanishing in the

direction of the entrance. Well, he'd just have to go back upstairs again and try to think of some way to stop this. The officer-man was nice; he knew just how to scratch your ears and tumble you around when you felt very young.

Back Lord Gerald went, and to get more inspiration curled up on a cot in the officers' tack-room. Everything would be grand if they would only come around the stalls where he could get into action. Otherwise the officer-man was lost. . .

The next day Lord Gerald was sitting in the tack-room again when he heard voices. H'm, the woman was around again. He sidled out of the door and twitched his tail thoughtfully. They were over by his horses, whither he went. He sat on the half-door next to the door of the stall on which they were leaning. The officer was resting a narrow book, in which he was writing, on the door, and the girl was mighty pleased with herself. Lord Gerald knew that, because she had winked at a man a few stalls down—funny, there were so few people around—and gesticulating with her hands had motioned toward the officer. Suddenly she saw Lord Gerald. She gasped and said something about "that frightful cat." Lord Gerald didn't like that in the least, so when the officer made as if to push him from his perch, he laid back his ears and delicately opened his mouth, revealing two rows of needlelike teeth. That was his prize defense from humans, because after that display nobody came any nearer than necessary. It worked superbly; the officer retreated, and continued writing, spurred on by the excited encouragement of the girl. Tearing the paper out of the book, he unexpectedly turned around, surprising the girl and the stranger conversing in their sign language. Lord Gerald saw the officer's eyes widen a bit, then his hand shot out and gripped the girl's arm. The cat hitched himself nearer; he mustn't miss any of this.

The three were talking now, and all of them were tremendously angry. This was going to be good! His man was most certainly able to take care of himself, which Lord Gerald hadn't thought before. The other man was reaching for the paper in little quick rushes and the girl had retreated somewhat, though still taking a most active part. All of them were talking at once, and Lord Gerald thought he had never seen any one more fighting-mad than the officer. The second man had him by the wrist and was bending it back and back until finally the paper fluttered to the floor. Instantly both men grasped

for it as it fell. But a third reached it before them. The big gray cat had thought it was time for action, and almost the second the slim piece of paper had hit the floor, he was on top of it, spitting defiance to all and sundry to step in and take his piece of paper away from him. Nobody took his dare, for the simple reason that there was nobody to take it. An instant before a group of visitors had surprised the actors of this scene, and the girl had fled with her assistant a close second. . .

Later the officer made the astounding announcement to his fellow devotees of the Service that he was indebted a great deal more than any one knew to the cat across the way.

"Huh? Cat, did you say?" exclaimed one, cocking an eyebrow.

"Cat," nodded the other. "You know that girl I met couple of weeks ago at that dance? Well, she took a fancy to me—funny how dumb you can be—and we seemed to hit it off pretty well together, when darned if she didn't ask me for a loan. I thought it was pretty big, but I didn't say anything. I was writing the check when I happened to see that cat out of the corner of my eye. He was wrinkling his nose and squinting his eyes in that funny way cats have, you know, at something beyond me. I knew it wasn't Jane and I hadn't seen anyone else around, so I thought something was up. I must have turned around pretty suddenly, for there was Jane wig-wagging to a dirty little runt behind me, and both of 'em looking awfully happy over something. Well, then I saw that nigger in the woodpile. You remember the little trick a couple of gentlemen played on Tim Ashley about the loan, and then wanting him to pay hush money to cover their getaway which they had all neatly planned? Well, I was the poor nut this time, and I'd be out of a darned nice bit of some few iron-men if old Gerry hadn't jumped in and roared at him."

"Why so?"

"Why? Muh dear man, I was so sore from last night's cropper I couldn't lean over from the shoulders down, and consequently the villain would have vamoosed and our hero would have been pretty well sunk."

"You always were too generous, Ted."

"Quite so. I fed Gerry so well this A.M. that my benefactor pretty nearly died. True generosity!"

Joyce Henry '32

SPANISH MOSS

Spanish moss,
Long,
Gray,
Wistful,
Brushes my face
As I pass in the twilight;
Touches me with its ghostly fingers
As half-forgotten thoughts
Brush against my mind
When I lie sleepless at night-time.
And the feel of the long slim fingers
Lingers in the twilight
Like a vague memory,
Clinging,
Gray,
Wistful.

Harriet P. Wright '32

OLD NEWGATE PRISON

My visit to Old Newgate Prison in Connecticut left with me two definite impressions. The first was the present appearance of this man-made building. The sight of the old jail with its stone-walls crumbling away, and its huge iron doors with their bolts, once strong enough to keep men prisoners, now rusty and weak, make me see the difference between a natural and an artificial piece of work. That which is made by Nature, as we see from Thomas Hardy's "The Return of the Native" in his picture of Egdon Heath is very little affected by years, but that which is made by man, like man himself, cannot easily withstand the ravages of time. Many years ago, during the American Revolution, the prison was at its height. Its dark cells, now empty, were the wretched quarters of many a tortured prisoner. Its strong walls, now silent, often resounded with the cries of men, half-crazed by their want of freedom. The place neither looks, nor sounds, nor is what it was during the Revolution. Thus we see how the passing of years has changed it materially.

The second impression that I gained from my visit was that, though Old Newgate has changed in appearance, time could do nothing to change the atmosphere of the place. The same feeling of horror prevails now that must have been current years ago when men were imprisoned by its walls. On all sides, though we do not see the pain itself, we see the remains of what caused pain for many hapless creatures: here a huge iron ball and chain, there a pair of heavy iron hand-cuffs. The mines create the most horrible sensation of all. These are small cells about two hundred feet below the earth's surface. As one walks through them he breathes the same damp air breathed by the prisoners of long ago. It is certainly not hard to realize the awful suffering endured in these cold, dark cells.

And so the impressions which I received from visiting the old prison, though not very pleasant perhaps, are, nevertheless, ones which will remain with me always as a reminder of the cruelty of prisons in bygone days.

Marian Stewart '31

A DESERTED COAST

The whole world reflects the gloom of the over-cast sky. The grey sea with its waves of the dead flat hue of lead roll like molten iron until they dash against the rocks, foaming and broiling, but cold—so cold. The cliffs, which have been beaten upon by the relentless waves since time began, lower above the sea as though they would suddenly reach down their strong arms and swallow the sea up with one gulp, but each time the waves slip away from danger just in time. As the thunder of the waves beating on the rocks resounds through the air, it seems as though the cliffs were laughing at the untiring attempts of the great sea to break through its barriers.

There is no sound, save the dull tolling of the ocean and the shrill whistling of the wind. Occasionally a sea gull's piercing cry adds to the weirdness of the wind's lament. The only sign of what might be life only makes the scene more desolate and depressing, for in the distance stands a shack, deserted by the hermit who once inhabited it but who has long since disappeared. Windows, half-shattered by frequent tempests, glare like eyes searching into space. One blind has been ripped off and another half severed from its fastenings by a passing gale. Beyond this house, on the other side of the point, stretches a long shore. The sand is not the same golden brown as when the summer sun shines on it, but it is grey and soggy, covered with masses of drab-brown seaweed. From such a shore the war-like Vikings might have come, or sailed on such a sea, but here not even a tree, robbed of its foliage, breaks the bleak outline of the horizon; no sun brightens the waves, nor is there any snow to soften the monotony of the flinty grey peaks. Instead there is always the gloom of the sky and the sand, always the pitiless roar of the sea on the stern cliffs, and the wild shrieking of the wind.

Pauline Rogers '31

"RAGS"



Rags was a little black and white dog with a wiry coat, who faintly resembled a wire-haired fox-terrier. He had a large black spot in the middle of his back, and a black patch over his left eye and ear. One ear stood straight up, and the other one was slightly lopped over, giving the little dog a very comical expression.

Rags had two companions. One was Tommy Baker, his seven-year-old master, and the other was the great chestnut stallion "Emperor", who was the head of the Tower Hill Farm stud. Rags slept in Emperor's stall and spent the day tagging along after Tommy.

There was only one drawback to Rags's life on this great stock farm, and that was Mrs. Baker. She had never liked mongrel dogs and she thought Rags was a disgrace to the Baker family. Her idea of a real dog was a Great Dane or a shepherd dog—particularly the former. She had often declared to Mr. Baker her wish to have such a dog, and he finally, though disapprovingly, consented to get one on Tommy's eighth birthday. He himself was very fond of Rags, but he thought that because Tommy was so much under the influence of his mother, he would probably give up Rags's companionship for the new dog. Besides, Mr. Baker felt that a Great Dane was not a dog to be trusted.

Rags was five years old when Dan, the new dog, arrived. Rags resented having a strange dog in the house and growled at him every few minutes. Every time he did this he was severely punished either by Mrs. Baker or Tommy. Nothing serious happened until Dan tried to shove Rags away from his place before the fire. With a growl of fury Rags fastened his sharp little teeth in the loose folds of skin on Dan's neck. Quick as a flash the great dog turned, and before Mr. Baker could stop him, he fastened his cavernous jaws on Rags's throat. Pepper blown up his nostrils was the only thing that made him let go.

After that Rags nearly lost his life several times. Finally, in spite of what Mr. Baker could say, it was decided that Rags should be kept in the stables and not allowed to come in or near the house. For almost a week the broken-hearted little dog never missed a chance to sneak into the house, and whenever he could he would follow Tommy around, pleading with his pathetic eyes to be forgiven. His food was left untouched, and finally he would not even leave Emperor's stall. When Mrs. Baker was told of this she just said, "Oh, he'll get over it." Get over it he did in a certain way. He began to eat again, but now instead of following any of the family around, he would run out of sight whenever he saw a human. No one could touch him, and once when one of the grooms tried to pick him up he bit him in the arm. He spent most of the day lying in the paddock, while Emperor cropped the grass. From time to time the great horse would go over and nose his little comrade, as though he were wondering why he no longer was playful and happy.

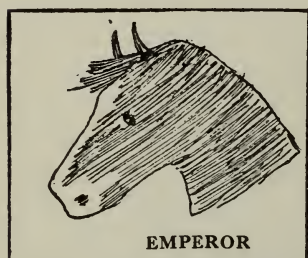


The Bakers were in the habit of having many people come to their farm to look over their wonderful show horses, and they always showed Emperor to guests. This horse was very valuable and the family were all crazy about him. A year after Dan arrived at Town Hill Farm, he became very jealous of the stallion. He disliked having attention paid to anything but himself. For a long time the

Bakers didn't notice this ever-increasing jealousy, but Rags did. Whenever Dan was near the horse, Rags would sit down on his haunches nearby and pant nervously. He seemed to know that some day Dan would harm that horse. Finally Dan's dislike for Emperor became so noticeable that he never was allowed to go near the stables.

On hot summer nights Emperor was left out in the paddock, and his canine companion was ever beside him. One night early in August Rags just couldn't sleep, but wandered back and forth across the paddock as if looking for something. All of a sudden he stood very still, and the hair on his back bristled. Crawling under the paddock fence was Dan. Rags lay flat on the ground watching to see what the big dog was up to. Suddenly Dan ran as fast as possible

across the paddock to where Emperor was feeding and leapt for the stallion's throat. Terrified, the horse whirled on his hind legs, and Dan's teeth clicked together, catching nothing between them. He ran after the horse again, and this time tried to hamstring him, but he was once more unsuccessful for he felt a sharp pain in his hind leg. Rags had come to Emperor's rescue. Dan lost interest in his first desire to kill the stallion and now determined to finish his other enemy first. In vain he tried to get hold of the smaller dog; Rags quick as a flash dodged him, and then would run in and bite his opponent. These bites, made by his pin-like teeth, only made Dan mad but really did him no harm. Finally he managed to sink his teeth in the dog's throat, and slowly Rags's wind was shut off and everything became black to him.



In a large armchair near the fire in the parlour was something all wrapped up in blankets. All around this object the Baker family stood quietly as though they were waiting for a little fat man in glasses to say something. Very feebly from among the blanket folds there appeared first a little black nose and, finally, the much bandaged-up head of Rags. He looked around at the people standing there, feebly wagged his tail, and then dropped his head upon his forepaws and slept. "I think he will be all right now," said the man with glasses, "but it was a close call. Knowing how you valued that horse, I don't believe you can fully repay this little dog for what he has done for you."

Rags, who had been rescued from death by the head groom, continued to get well. He no longer was a dog eager to keep out of the way of humans, but was overjoyed to be once more the only dog on Town Hill Farm, for Dan had been shot. No bed or chair was too good for Rags, and he was never left behind when the family went away. The comradeship between Emperor and the little dog was just the same, and the dog never failed to see the horse at least three times a day. "No dog will ever take the place of Rags" was forever after that the saying of the whole Baker family.

Lucy Drummond '32

NOVEMBER

November in the forest: barren trees
Who rear their naked limbs into the breeze;
The flowers too are gone and leaves lie dead,
And rustle to the wind and rabbits' tread.
On hillsides goldenrod and aster stood
Till frost from heaven came upon the wood.

November by the sea: the sea gulls fly
Above the stormy wave, across the sky.
And piles of rocks and seaweed line the shore,
Where on the beach the angry billows roar,
But with a song and sadness that I love
Much more than gales in trees so high above.

Georgia Thomson '32

A RAINY RUSH HOUR IN THE LOOP

As the clock strikes five the maddening crowd swings from the office-building doors out into a drizzling rain. Work is over for another day and all are hurrying on their homeward way. In the theater district the matinee crowd comes to join this surging throng. Through this crowd I try to push my way along State Street. All the store windows are brightly lighted but no one stops to window-gaze tonight. In the distance the gay-colored theater and restaurant lights glitter. All are passed by unseen. At the corners poor soaked paper-boys cry out "Chicago Daily News" and "Chicago Herald and Examiner." With the umbrellas and crackling raincoats I push on through the splashing rain to Michigan Avenue. Cars speed down the boulevard, slamming on the brakes and skidding around the slippery corners. Many horns toot impatiently at pedestrians who, in trying to cross the crowded streets, run out in front of the on-rushing cars. At the north end of Michigan Avenue I see through the mist the Wrigley Building rising out of the blackness like a mountain of snow. The Lindbergh Beacon on the Palmolive Building cutting through the rain reveals a clear line of skyscrapers on the right side of the avenue. As it swings to the left it casts its bright light on the Field Museum and then passing quickly over the Planetarium it sends a golden stream across the lake. A short time ago the Loop was hot and dirty but the rain has cleansed it and now the streets and sidewalks are shiny and glistening. All the lights sparkle and the air is cool and refreshing. The crowd hurries on unaware of the transformation, thinking only how inconvenient and wet it is and how glad they'll be to reach home. I at last reach my hotel and leave the thousands of other people to continue their journey. Mine is finished. As I open the door to my room I wonder what could be more thrilling than to be a part of the hurrying world in the Loop on a rainy evening.

Mary Jane Manny '31

THE WHITE ROOSTER

Old China—that vast unknown land where countless millions dwell, leading a life so secluded that few are the foreigners who can even guess at the depth of humanity and of suffering which lie buried there. This then was the stage for one of the most memorable of all the many nights of the many years I have dwelt in China. A stage lighted only by the thoughts and souls of generations of warriors and philosophers whose customs have been so religiously guarded, in spite of the strife which Russia has brought to their country, that the heart is unmoved though the mind and eyes may be dazzled.

The immediate scene was laid in the spacious home of the new consul, which through its perfectly ordered routine suggested none of the want and cruel discomfort that revolutionized Russia has thrust upon a China numbed and blind with age.

The after-dinner jokes had gradually dwindled down to nothingness and the firelight made us all rather pensive. Someone suggested stories, so Serge, our greatest story teller, who had lived in Russia all his life, said that he would tell a tale as weird as the country from which it came.

"It occurred many years ago in the little hamlet of my forefathers in northern Russia," he began. "It was March and a cold, blustering wind was sweeping over the prairie. In a tiny cottage two lowly peasants, Stephen and Marya, were seated on either side of a bed on which a boy was lying, almost dead with some strange illness. The doctors of the village had given up the case as hopeless but the parents would not lose faith. They at last decided to go across the river to visit a famous medicine man.

"After much effort they arrived. It had been a hard journey and they were greatly fatigued. They stumbled, however, into the magician's cottage and told their story. He listened thoughtfully and finally said, 'I can do nothing unless you bring the boy to me.' This answer astounded the poor parents because they did not believe that they could get their son safely across the river. The medicine man commanded them to go home and buy two dozen candles, a red

rooster, a white rooster and a loaf of black bread, then return with the boy, leaving the white rooster at home.

"The parents did exactly as they had been told and returned guarding their precious burden, the red rooster, the candles and the bread. They had left the white rooster at home as the magician had commanded. When they arrived at the dimly lighted hut the medicine man stripped the boy and laid him on a bed. Next he lighted the candles and placed them all around him. After twisting the head off the squawking rooster, he gouged out the soft center of the bread and dipped it in the rooster's blood. Then he smeared the boy all over with it, dressed him and told Stephen and Marya to take him home. They were frantic and pleaded with him to tell them if their only child would live.

"He made this astonishing reply, 'If the white rooster is dead when you get home, the child will live.'

"Stephen and Marya looked at each other in hopeless dismay because they had left the rooster perfectly well and had enclosed it in a yard where nothing could possibly get at it. When they got home, however, they heard a great squawking and there on the ground the white rooster lay dead."

There was a moment's silence and then somebody asked, "Did the boy live?"

Serge simply said, "That boy was I."

Frances Harvey '32



Cross erected in memory of Miss Schiefferdecker at Pretzsch,
Germany, by some of her old Abbot pupils

Hier ruht in Gott

NATALIE SCHIEFFERDECKER

geb. 26 März 1845 gest. 21 Dezember 1929

Gewidmet von den
dankbaren Schülerinnen
der Hochschule
in Andover, Amerika,
an der die Heimgegangene
lange Jahre erfolgreich
gewirkt hat



WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO PRINCETON CHAPEL

I

Silence hung within the nave,
Shadows gathered down the aisle,
Slender shafts in double file
Met on high in pointed arch,
Loved saints all filed with steady march
Across the transept window's glow.

II

There I saw the sunlight pave
Shaft and floor with opal hue,
Rose and aster, gold and blue,
Dyed the stone in pools of light,
As through the windows, stained bright,
The west-rays fell in level flow.

III

Hushed were voices speaking there,
Pavements felt a softened tread,
Strife and clamor there lay dead,
Buried 'neath a peace divine.
I seemed to feel a lingering sign
Of prayers and chants made long ago.

IV

Through the stillness of the air
Whispered music, fragments came,
Melodies I could not name.
Still a beauty hovered near,
The singing of a heavenly sphere
That my own soul has yet to know.

Jessie Marianne Hirst '30

SOMETHING TO READ

"The Good Companions" by J. B. Priestly

A group of English people of very different background meet and have most interesting adventures. An unusual and thoroughly entertaining story.

"On Forsyte Change" by John Galsworthy

A rather disappointing collection of short stories dealing with the Forsyte family. Many of the characters whom he now brings to life have died in his former novels, so that these stories seem a bit unnecessary. Very well written, however.

"Miss Mole" by E. H. Young

Have you ever stopped to think about those mysterious people who go around from one home to another, acting as companions or housekeepers? "Miss Mole" draws for us a seemingly drab, uninteresting character, but when analyzed this spinster proves to be forceful, humorous and altogether interesting.

"Collected Poems" by Robert Frost

A group of poems of city and country life in New England, of every-day thoughts written in a flowing, expressive style.

"Poetical Works of Robert Bridges", late poet laureate of England

The first poems are based on Greek myths and pattern themselves after the old Greek masques. The second part contains short poems of English country life, nature, and pretty love ballads.

"The Wanderer of Liverpool" by John Masefield, poet laureate

Vivid and powerful in the beauty of its description of ships and the true likening of them to life.

"Science and the New Civilization" by Robert A. Millikan

Mr. Millikan in this collection of scientific addresses has succeeded in presenting his idea—that science plays an all important part in the progress of civilization—in such a way that even the most unscientific must be intrigued and fascinated.

"Gandhi of India, His Own Story" edited by C. F. Andrews

A fascinating story of Gandhi's experiments with truth. Told simply, frankly, and with great interest by Gandhi himself.

"Spain" by Salvador De Madariaga

A new view of Spain telling of its past history and very interestingly of present unsettled political conditions which may soon lead to a Revolution.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

<i>Tuesday</i>	16	New girls came. Jolly-looking crew.
<i>Wednesday</i>	17	Great furor! Old girls back. Now things can start!
<i>Thursday</i>	18	Chapel in the old hall again.
<i>Sunday</i>	21	Miss Bailey on friendships.
<i>Tuesday</i>	23	Old-girl—New-girl dance. Theory of friendships put into practice.
<i>Thursday</i>	25	Sports started! Three practices a week instead of two.
<i>Saturday</i>	27	Intelligence tests. "And did the king ever ask for another story without an end?"
<i>Sunday</i>	28	Miss Bailey on heroes and hero-worship.
<i>Monday</i>	29	Gargoyle-Griffin elections. Shield hung by Griffins. Contest begins anew!
<i>Tuesday</i>	30	Moonlight, pine trees, water, comrades, song: Senior picnic!

OCTOBER

<i>Saturday</i>	4	Exhibition hockey game at Radcliffe. Inspiration!
<i>Sunday</i>	5	Miss Cadbury of Philadelphia on Friends' relief work in Vienna. Austria brought closer.
<i>Tuesday</i>	7	Corridor stunts. Skits and a fashion show.
<i>Wednesday</i>	8	Teas at the Old South and Christ Church parlors.
<i>Saturday</i>	11	Senior Model Class meeting demonstrated rules of order for benefit of ignorant and amusement of all.
<i>Sunday</i>	12	Mr. Bean, an old friend, advances an interesting theory on education.
<i>Tuesday</i>	14	Senior-mid picnic. Mm—appetites? "A" Society spree.
<i>Saturday</i>	18	First hygiene lecture. Miss Carpenter.
<i>Sunday</i>	19	Mr. Henry: picture of life of the Indians in Utah instead of a sermon.

- Monday* 20 Gargoyle-Griffin competition in hockey and basketball. Recorded elsewhere.
- Wednesday* 22 Faculty reception. Pleasant evening with interesting people.
- Saturday* 25 Second hygiene lecture. Dr. Meserve.
- Sunday* 26 Autumn Vespers. Mr. Stackpole on joy of wholehearted living.
- Wednesday* 29 Bradford Day. Rain unable to dampen spirits. Jolly time had by all.

NOVEMBER

- Saturday* 1 Miss Hopkins hostess at tea for New England Library Association.
- Current Events class goes to Foreign Policy luncheon in Boston. Argument on stability of Germany's government.
- Sunday* 2 Dr. Fowler. Analogy of castles to lives.
- Tuesday* 4 Germani concert at P. A.
- Masquerade in Davis Hall attended by horses and Colonial belles.
- Thursday* 6 Levitzki held us spellbound.
- Friday* 7 History of Art class visited Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
- A. D. S. dinner.
- Saturday* 8 Third hygiene lecture.
- Dr. Richards of Oberlin on higher mathematics, geometry not according to Euclid. Subtraction turns into addition.
- Tuesday* 11 Prof. Warren K. Moorehead on archaeological research in Maine and hereabouts. Illustrated.
- Friday* 14 Heifitz at Phillips.
- Saturday* 15 Andover-Exeter game and torch parade brought Dr. Barbour back.
- Tuesday* 18 Free evening to get ready for the big day.
- Wednesday* 19 Gargoyle-Griffin Day: a morning of competition, afternoon tea for the faculty and teams, and evening celebration with awards. See Athletic News.
- Saturday* 22 Fourth hygiene lecture. Thayer McNeil movies on feet and posture.

<i>Sunday</i>	23	Dr. Cutler, our friend and trustee, on "real gratitude".
<i>Tuesday</i>	25	First of the teas. Cozy.
<i>Wednesday</i>	26	Thanksgiving service and then recess!
<i>Friday</i>	28	Back again with such tales!
<i>Saturday</i>	29	First faculty recital. Very interesting historical program by Mr. Howe.
<i>Sunday</i>	30	Dr. Calkins of Cambridge, an old acquaintance, on morals made interesting.

DECEMBER

<i>Tuesday</i>	2	Dr. Ellsworth returned. Readings from "Green Pastures" fascinated us in chapel. Evening of Shelley, Byron, and Keats thoroughly enjoyed.
<i>Friday</i>	5	Miss Kelsey was hostess at tea in the recreation room.
<i>Saturday</i>	6	Fifth hygiene lecture by Dr. Meserve.
<i>Sunday</i>	7	Dr. Wilson on loyalty to duty.
<i>Tuesday</i>	9	A. D. S. plays were well done and much enjoyed.
<i>Saturday</i>	13	Children's Christmas Party. Santa Claus 'n' everything!
<i>Sunday</i>	14	Our Christmas service, with verses, carols, and the organ, was led by Miss Bailey, who made us think of the real meaning of the season.
<i>Wednesday</i>	17	"There's a song in the air." We put it there! Christmas party. Merry Christmas!
<i>Thursday</i>	18	Ten-forty-eight from Andover! Happy New Year!

JANUARY

<i>Wednesday</i>	7	My dear, I had the <i>best</i> time. . .!
<i>Thursday</i>	8	Back at work again with mid-years in sight.
<i>Saturday</i>	10	Skating party at the pond. Hot dogs!
<i>Sunday</i>	11	Another old friend, Dr. Burnham, on the grace of God and the grace of living.
<i>Tuesday</i>	13	Dr. Haridas Muzumdar presented Gandhi, the man and his message. Striking.
<i>Sunday</i>	18	Mr. Noss, our South Church pastor, is always welcome.

Tuesday 20 Do you see that Senior-Mid in the red sweater? Senior-Mid plays exceptionally well done. *Feast of the Holy Innocents* was so innocent. *The Londonderry Air* will always mean red hair and an Irish youth, and the pantomime was clever and very spectacular. Congratulations, '32!

HONOR ROLL

FIRST QUARTER

Mary Henderson, Mariatta Tower	91
Anne Cole, Marie Whitehill	90
Clement Cruce, Margaret Farnham, Evelyn Folk, Elizabeth Palmer	88

Received into Cum Laude Society, June, 1930: Gay Chamberlain, Barbara Lord, Helen Simpson, Frances Sullivan, Marjorie Turner.

ATHLETIC NOTES

BRADFORD DAY

Our second Abbot-Bradford Play Day! Rumors of its being postponed were reported, but Wednesday morning brought a break in the clouds. Bus loads of girls started to Bradford, all eager to meet new girls. Singing on the lawn made us peppy. Then a great mob of girls tried to find their "Bradford Girl." They treated us very cordially. Folk dances helped to "break the ice". Hockey, basketball and tennis were in full sway when the rain began to come down in torrents. There was a mad dash for the dormitory. The intended barbecue was served in the dining-room. Songs and prizes for the winning team followed. The rain continued, so we spent a lovely afternoon playing bridge and dancing. The weather didn't hinder our fun of making new friends and seeing new places. The announcement to leave came too soon and we sang our goodbye songs until another year.

GARGOYLE-GRIFFIN DAY

The two teams assembled in front of Draper Hall with a determined feeling to play their hardest for their team and at the same

time to enjoy doing it. Tennis Singles and Doubles started off with great excitement. The minor sports, such as Croquet, Clock Golf, Archery, Deck Tennis and Ping Pong came next, each drawing groups of enthusiastic lookers-on. The Basketball brought many gasps and cheers as baskets were made. Everybody was entering whole-heartedly into the games, urged on by an equally whole-hearted audience. Hockey followed with its clashing sticks and flying mud. The score was very close and all realized that the result was the deciding point for the day. The last whistle blew with the Gargoyles in the lead. The final score of the day was 45-35 in favor of the Gargoyles. Congratulations, Gargoyles.

HERE AND THERE

We are glad to have Mr. Southworth a neighbor—fact is, we are surrounded by trustees, so watch your step, girls!

His daughters, Vivian and Betty, are both working hard this year. Vivian is a freshman at Vassar, and Betty is still at the Bennett School.

Miss Bailey attended a "Head Mistress" meeting in New York over November 6th and 8th. It is too bad that she was unable to be present at the time of the delightful piano recital by Levitzki.

All who knew Winifred Dudley, graduated from Abbot, 1928, will be interested to know she is now living in Boston as Mrs. Robert Burnham.

Miss Burt is teaching science in Santa Barbara School for Girls. She went by the Panama Canal Zone and thinks it is the ideal way to go west.

Miss Baker is at home in Plymouth teaching French in the High School.

Word has come from Miss Friskin of the wonderful time she is having browsing around Europe. She has many new ideas, seen many interesting sights, and we shall no doubt profit by them all next year. She spent the summer and early fall in England and Scotland. By November 10 she expected to be on the continent and spend about two weeks between Chartres and Paris. From Paris she will go on to Rome for four or five weeks to study a bit of Italian, which she says seems a bit befuddling—even teachers have their difficulties!

Florence, Milan, Salzburg and Vienna are all a part of her program. What a marvelously interesting time she must be having and I for one envy her!

In November Miss Friskin met in Paris our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ripley and George, who are spending the winter in Europe.

Miss Bailey took Helen Ripley to her school in Geneva last summer. On the way they stopped at Paris, where they visited Mr. and Mrs. Duits at their lovely old home at Vigny. Mr. and Mrs. Duits and "Sammy" came to America at Christmas time to make a visit of several months. One day in January was spent at Abbot Academy.

Miss Kelsey and Miss Mason had a delightful summer in England, and Miss Grimes was also a European traveller.

Mr. Flagg motored with Mrs. Flagg to Los Angeles in August to attend a meeting of the National Association of Mutual Insurance Companies. As retiring president of the organization, Mr. Flagg was presented with a handsome telechron movement clock.

Miss Angelica Patterson, teacher of drawing and painting, 1892-1905, has a studio in Santa Barbara, so writes Kate Clark, 1897, who had a pleasant visit with her there not long ago. Her work is confined now to symbolic subjects. These highly imaginative abstractions, expressing soul changes and development, are represented by swirling designs in brilliant colors.

Miss Laura K. Pettingell is teaching at the Dexter School in Brookline.

Early in January we received the news of the death of Miss Tryon's mother.

Old girls will be sorry to learn of Mr. Bassett's death last July. Mrs. Bassett will continue to take the Seniors to Intervale.

It seems a pity to take advantage of our new girls; but one of them actually believed that we used the rope-belts in a fire drill, and she also believed that she must return to her room via the rope.

Have you heard that ten years ago *high* shoes were required after November first—one of the theories being that, if we did not wear them, our ankles would become large and our future husbands would not love us?

December 27, 1930, Ruth Cann announced her engagement to Seward J. Baker.

The second "Cum Laude" dinner will be held in the John-Esther Art Gallery on Saturday, January 31, with our new trustee, Dean Morriss of Pembroke College, as guest of honor.

News has arrived of the birth in Cambridge on January 14 of Sally Titus, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews (Doris McDuffie).

A. D. S. PLAYS

"THE WEDDING PRESENT"

By William Carson

ROBERT GORDON	Mariette Whittemore
DOROTHY GORDON	Dorothy Stevenson
JAMES DIXON	Metta Bettels

"THE BOY COMES HOME"

By A. A. Milne

UNCLE JAMES	Flora Collins
AUNT EMILY	Audrie Griffiths
PHILIP	Clement Cruce
MARY, parlour maid	Linda Rollins
MRS. HIGGINS, cook	Mary Angus

SENIOR MIDDLE PLAYS

FEAST OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS

CORNELIA MILK	Helen Allen
ELECTA MILK	Dorothy Reinhart
MRS. OBERLY	Dorothy Richardson
MRS. OMAN	Ruth Tyler
JENNIE	Hilda Lynde

"THE LONDONDERRY AIR"

THE BOUND-OUT GIRL	Katharine Cook
THE PEDDLER	Virginia Arnold
THE WIDOW BOGGS	Virginia Lawton
HIRAM	Eunice Randall

THE SHEPHERD IN THE DISTANCE

By Holland Hudson

THE PRINCESS	Virginia Brown
THE ATTENDANT	Atossa Welles
THE SHEPHERD	Anne Dudley
THE WAZIR	Mariette Whittemore
THE VIZIR	Mary Hyde
GHURRI-WURRI	Louise Wallburg
THE GOAT	Dorothy Moore
THE NUBIAN	Elizabeth Lathrop
THE MAKER OF SOUNDS	Louise Porter
	Joyce Henry
SLAVES OF THE PRINCESS	Elizabeth Vincent
	Elizabeth Turner
	Ruth Mailey

ALUMNAE NOTES

1853

Death: Harriet A. Butterfield, wife of the late Amos P. Carleton and daughter of Mary Ann Bradley, 1829, in Methuen, March 27, 1930.

1858

Death: Eliza A. Farnham (Mrs. Leonard A. Burnham), at Gloucester, October 13, 1929. Sister of Rebekah (Mrs. Jenkins), 1845, Susan (Mrs. Abbott), 1852, and Frances (Mrs. Fuller), 1856.

1863

Death: Georgianna Wardwell (Mrs. Joseph C. Dole), at Andover, December 1, 1930. Sister of Lucy, 1840, Hannah, 1843, Margaret, 1857, and Maria, 1859.

1864

Death: Caroline B. Adams (Mrs. Albion P. Topliff) at Portland, Me., November 2, 1930.

Death: Susan E. Clark (Mrs. Daniel W. Ranlet), in Manchester, N. H., November 1930.

1866

Death: Sarah D. Lord (Mrs. Robert B. Hall), at Newton Center, May 31, 1930. Mrs. Hall's special contribution to Abbot was through her facile pen. She helped with the press publicity at the time of the Semi-Centennial celebration. During the last few years as ill health has given her leisure from active duties, she has written such delightful letters expressing her pride in the school and loyalty to its interests that extracts have often been used, especially in the BULLETIN. Those who happened to see her at the time of the Centennial will count among the lovely memories of that occasion her joy at being able to join in the celebration.

1867

Death: Lizzie M. Batchelder (Mrs. Judah S. Baker), at Pasadena, Calif., July 1, 1930.

Death: Anna L. Fiske (Mrs. Edwin R. Hoag), at Chelsea, August 3, 1930.

Death: Sarah P. Osborne (Mrs. George S. Poole), at Cambridge, August 26, 1930. Mrs. Poole was a regular attendant at Club and Association meetings as long as her health permitted.

1869

Death: Ella M. Damon (Mrs. Horace North), at Brookline, December 17, 1930.

1871

Death: Sarah E. Calhoun (Mrs. Charles H. Hoysradt), at Seattle, Wash., March 14, 1930.

1875

Death: Lizzie P. Whitcomb, sister of Eva M., 1872, and wife of Rev. S. Winchester Adriance, at Winchester, November 13, 1930.

1878

Mrs. Ellen Conant Stinson was one of the Gold Star mothers to go on pilgrimage to France last summer as a guest of the United States government. Mrs. Stinson was full of appreciation for the consideration shown them at every turn.

Death: Augusta Fellows (Mrs. Henry T. Goold), at Woburn, July 19, 1930.

1880

Death: Mabel Jewett at Easthampton, September 24, 1930.

1882

Death: Nannie I. Shaw (Mrs. A. Bowman Weaver) after a long and painful illness at Broomall, Pa., February 7, 1930. Her daughter, Katherine Woods, 1905, writes of her, "She was the bravest soul I ever knew."

1884

Mary Duncombe's husband, Judge William S. Kenyon, is a member of President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission. Their home is in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Death: Helen B. Holmes, wife of the late Edward C. Mills, former trustee, and mother of Helen Mills Farnsworth, 1909, at Boston, December 8, 1930.

Death: Mary Nevin (Mrs. John B. Booth), at Sewickley, Pa., November 24, 1930. Though rather frail in health, Mrs. Booth's death was wholly unexpected. She was planning to start in a few days with her daughter on a world cruise. Mrs. Booth had recently retired from the office of president of the Pittsburgh Abbot Club. Her successor, Mrs. Gertrude Jackson Miller, speaks of her as the "finest type of woman, vitally interested in everything, younger in her feelings than any of us who came years after. Abbot had a real friend in her. No one can take her place in our Club."

1885

Mr. Asa F. Shiverick, husband of Ruth Hatch, and a prominent business man of Chicago, died in December after an illness of two years. Mrs. Shiverick is an active member of the Chicago Abbot Club.

1886

A bronze sundial has recently been erected in the grounds of the public library in Helena, Ark., as a tribute to Mrs. Margaret Redford Ready. It is an expression by the Directors of their "sincere appreciation of Mrs. Ready's generous spirit, her courage and resourcefulness, and her devoted and faithful service as president of the Board". The dial is set in the center of an old millstone on the lawn, with English ivy growing between the dial and the millstone.

1889

Kathleen Jones went to England last summer as a delegate to the British Library Conference, where she spoke at a meeting on hospital libraries. She was given an extra month of vacation to study prison libraries. She spoke of her experiences at the November meeting of the Boston Club, telling of her visit to the famous Borstal Institutions for juvenile delinquents and of the important part the libraries play in the re-education of the boys. Miss Jones also described a delightful tour through some unfrequented parts of the country.

1891

Captain William C. Miller, husband of Alice Fleek, and father of Martha Grace, 1918, Virginia, 1920 and Alice, 1925, died in Newark, Ohio, in July.

1893

Isabel Nicholson's husband, Colonel William H. Eaton of Pittsfield, has been appointed by the Governor chairman of the new State Commission for erecting a war memorial at Mount Greylock. Another member is Dr. Claude M. Fuess, husband of Elizabeth Goodhue, 1898, of Andover.

1894

Death: Julia A. Sanborn (Mrs. David S. Watson), at Covina, Calif., June 15, 1930. Sister of Clara Sanborn, 1892.

1896

Death: Mary C. Hart (Mrs. Charles E. Roberts) of Portland, Me., November 5, 1930. Daughter of Philena Richardson, 1863.

Mrs. Brooks Holt, mother of Florence, 1896, Eleanor, 1898, Charlotte, 1901 and Alice, 1909, died in Andover in July.

1898

The recently published two-volume life of Daniel Webster, written by Dr. Claude M. Fuess, husband of Bessie Goodhue, is designated in a long and careful review in the *Boston Transcript*, as "a really profound biography". The freshness and vitality of his work, undertaken after long and thorough research, is commended, as well as the "ease and clarity" of his style and the "felicity of his appraisals" of character.

1901

Mrs. Charlotte Holt Burr is assistant to the director of the new Dining Hall at Phillips Academy, which was opened last fall.

1902

News has come to the school of the recent death by accident, in Chicago, of Mr. Vernon Harrison, husband of Florence Lindenburg.

Lieutenant Colonel Kemper has been transferred to New Hampshire, so Mercer and her family are now living again in Manchester.

1908

Mary Stuart Kinder, of Lincoln, Neb., recently visited Ruth Gillilan Steenburg and her family of four children in Aurora, Neb.

1909

Helen Norpell Meek, who is president of the Central Ohio Abbot Club, sends various items of news about class and club friends. She speaks of the death of Helen Weber Mitchell's father and of Frances Wright Kimball's mother. Mrs. Kimball visited Abbot in October.

Nora Sweeney sailed in January for Spain, where she will be assistant librarian in the International Institute for Girls.

1910

Mira Wilson was elected last May second vice-moderator of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference.

1911

Birth: A daughter, Rosemary, to Mr. and Mrs. Louie S. Jones (Jessie Wightman), of New Britain, Conn., May 19, 1930.

1913

Birth: A daughter, Virginia, to Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Danforth (Margaret Day) of Portland, Me., October, 1930.

Helen Danforth Prudden is editing a woman's magazine, *Quest*.

1914

Mr. Melvin W. Gurshin, husband of Helen Blood, died May 15, in Lynn. There is one child, Melvin.

1915

Birth: A daughter, Eleanor, to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Green (Marion Hamblet), August 1930, at Hanover, New Hampshire.

1916

Birth: A daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Wyllys L. James (Margaret Perry), of East Orange, N. J., November 3, 1930.

Marriage: Alice Beardslee Prescott to Edward Fields Plumb, at Gaylordsville, Conn., May 31, 1930.

Birth: To Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Larrabee (Emma Stohn), a daughter, Janet, on May 20, 1930.

1917

Birth: A daughter, Carolyn Bacon, to Mr. and Mrs. Myron S. Chellis (Miriam Bacon), of North Beverly, September 3, 1930.

Frances Gere is teaching two classes at the Art Museum in addition to her work in a Concord private school.

Mary Shipman is at the New York School of Social Work.

1918

Helen Martin Thomas's father, Mr. Robert T. Martin, of Newport, N. H. died in June.

Margaret Speer has returned from China and is now living at 24 Gramercy Park, New York City, and working for a master's degree at Columbia.

1919

Marriage: Nadine Elizabeth Scovill to Carlton Edmonds Young, at Waterbury, Conn., June 29, 1929. Address: 49 Maynard Ave., Waterbury, Conn.

Elizabeth Luce Moore is back in America "for good". She is living at 969 Park Avenue, New York City.

A tribute to Dorothy Stibbs Waters, who died April 9, 1930, was received from the Cleveland Abbot Club too late for insertion in the last issue. It reads in part: "Her sense of responsibility to her family, her friends, her school, and her undaunted, optimistic

spirit in the midst of over-whelming difficulties have made an imprint upon all those who knew her. Our lives have been enriched and we shall ever be thankful that we were permitted to know her intimately even for a few short years. Her spirit lives on."

1920

Birth: A daughter, Anne, to Mr. and Mrs. Talcott Parsons (Helen Walker), of Cambridge, December 27, 1930.

Birth: A son, Thomas Loring, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Barnes, Jr. (Miriam Rowell), of Plymouth, April 19, 1930.

Birth: A son, John Tyler, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Miller (Elizabeth Hawkes), January 12, 1931, at Bristol, Pennsylvania.

Agatha Wade is now in the Dearborn Public Library, Dearborn, Michigan.

Hope Allen Bates has moved to East Greenwich, Rhode Island.

1921

Marriage: Frances Boyd Howe to Forrest C. Lattner at Marlboro, July 3, 1930.

Engaged: Marian L. Parker to Henry N. Paulson of Detroit.

Marriage: Frances Isabel Lamont to Vinton Charles Johnson, at Lawrence, September 10, 1930. Address: 6 Washington Ave., Cambridge.

Marriage: Winifred Brooks Simpson to Norman T. Worgan, at Lowell, October 18, 1930. Address: 26 Allston St., Boston.

Marriage: Catherine Barrows Swift to George Howard Weller, at Providence, R. I., April 12, 1930.

Birth: A son to Mr. and Mrs. Bradford D. Bennett (Katherine Weld), of Cambridge, November 11, 1930.

Mary Frances Williams, a tutor in fine arts, is head of the tutorial house at Radcliffe.

1922

Marriage: Elizabeth Barber Brewster to George Everard Thompson, at Derby, Conn., October 25, 1930.

Ruth Dewey has entered Boston University with advance credit for her work at Abbot.

Birth: A son, James Henry, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore C. Cooke (Florence Phillips), of Swampscott, July 5, 1930.

1923

Birth: A daughter, Katherine Ives, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart J. Bugbee (Edith Damon), of Charleston, W. Va., August 1, 1930.

Raymah Wright is teaching at the University of Maine.

Elizabeth Flagg is taking the one-year course at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Engagement: Eleanor F. Noyes to George Joyce Roedel (Haverford, 1925), of Philadelphia, Pa. Eleanor did not return to the Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, where she taught, last year, the second and third grades.

Marriage: Rose Hoffman Lobenstine to Robert Emmett O'Bolger, at Shanghai, China, March 7, 1930. Address: 1592 Ave. Joffre, Shanghai, China.

Marriage: Rosamond Martin to Theodore Hakan Johnson, at Winchester, October 26, 1929.

Marriage: Nettie Dorothy Pritchard to Norris Willett Potter, Jr., at Andover, August 9, 1930. Address: 175 Hemingway St., Boston.

Marriage: Mary Weld Scudder to William Lawrence Marshall, Jr., at Darien, Conn., October 11, 1930.

Marriage: Elizabeth Whitaker to Frank William Warren, at Stamford, Vt., July 7, 1930. Address: 650 East 21st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Birth: A son, Brooke, to Mr. and Mrs. John B. Durant (Ruth Holmes) of Brighton, November 21, 1930.

Birth: A daughter, Ethel, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Henry (Elizabeth Thompson) of Dayton, O., August 22, 1930.

1924

Polly Bullard is private secretary to Dr. Robert DeVore Leigh, president-elect of Bennington College.

Constance Twichell has a position in a Trust Company in New Britain, Conn., working with wills and trusts.

Laura Scudder is a technician in the Presbyterian Hospital in New York City.

Engagement: Katherine H. Hart to Richard Henry Bird.

Marriage: Margaret Bush to Stanley Page Ham at Mountain Lakes, N. J., October 4, 1930. Address: 109 North Country Club Drive, Schenectady, N. Y.

Marriage: Mary Holt Harvey to Thomas Gabriel Kindel, at Chicago, Ill., June 24, 1930.

Marriage: Helen (Simpson) Keating to Louis John Ott, at Mansfield, Ohio, October 8, 1930. Address: 20 Bartley Ave., Mansfield, Ohio.

Marriage: Ruth Larter to Howard Eveleth at Suncock, N. H., September 6, 1930.

Marriage: Helen Gault Smith to Dr. James Irving Farrell, at Danvers, November 8, 1930. Address: 30 North Anderson St., Boston.

Birth: A daughter, Nancy Lee, to Mr. and Mrs. Lee W. Court (Elsie Draper), of Canton, November 29, 1930.

Birth: A daughter, Jean, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Alexander (Laura Bliss), October 26, 1930, at Burlington, Vermont.

1925

Death: Dorothy G. Bailey, of Bronxville, N. Y., November 4, 1930.

Theodate Johnson is active in the "Play House" in Cleveland, Ohio, and comes to Boston occasionally to continue her study of singing with Mrs. Burnham.

After spending two years traveling in Europe, Margaret Daniell has gone to Beverly Hills, Calif., to live. She is on the designing staff in the Paramount Lasky Studio.

Elizabeth Burnett is teaching Physical Education at the Greenwich Country Day School, Greenwich, Conn.

Elaine Boutwell is a clinic secretary in the Massachusetts General Hospital.

Eleanor Bodwell is general assistant in the Williston Library, Mount Holyoke College.

Barbara Nelson is in the Lending Library of the Old Corner Bookstore, in Brookline.

Emmy Louise Wylie is designer at Mrs. Franklin's Shop in New York City, illustrating fashion advertisements for *Vogue* and the *New Yorker*.

Marriage: Lila Eleanor Rich to Howard Lockwood Giles at Rutherford, N. J., October 6, 1930.

Marriage: Mary Catherine Blunt to Theodore Gordon Pierson, July 6, 1929. Address: 2 Noll Place, Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Adolph Stein, Jr. (Ruth Hart) have a son, Nicolas Peternell, born October 13, 1929, in Copenhagen, Denmark. The Steins are now back in this country and are living at 1779 Government St., Baton Rouge, La.

Birth: A son, Frederick Edmund, III, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Sears, Jr. (Charlotte Kitchin), of Avon, Conn., August 26, 1930.

1926

Anstiss Bowser is doing laboratory work in the "Evans Memorial", Homeopathic Hospital, Boston. She spent the summer traveling in Europe with Katharine Clay. In London they saw Alice Cole Cross and her husband and two small boys. They missed Gertrude Craik, however, at Monte Carlo.

Gertrude Craik is living at Villa Carmelha, Avenue Saint Roman, Monte Carlo.

Frances Flagg is at Miss Sacker's Art School in Boston.

Ruth Stafford is at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School this year, in Boston.

Patty Goodwillie is attending the Nursery Training School in Boston.

Fuki Wooyenaka went home to Japan by way of an exceedingly interesting trip through Europe, after graduating last year from Wellesley.

Engagement: Alice S. Mitchell to Alvan George Smith (Harvard, 1926), of Medford.

Engagement: Frances McDougall to John Haines McLoon (Bowdoin), of Rockland, Me.

Marriage: Emily Thornton Gage to William Henry Sloan, at Paris, France, September 17, 1930.

Marriage: Muriel Louise Hunter to Jarvis Jennings at Bridgeport, Conn., October 8, 1930. Address: Bayberry Lane, Westport, Conn.

Marriage: Ruth Katzmman to Seth Speakman Pope, at Hyde Park, June 14, 1930. Address: 7 Perkins St., Jamaica Plain.

Birth: A daughter, Nancy Lee, to Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth R. Henley (Dorothy Gillette), of Danvers, November 19, 1930. The class claims the honor of having Nancy Lee as the Class Baby.

Frances Merrick is doing psychological testing at the Worcester State Hospital.

1927

Gertrude Drummond has a position in the office of the president of Sarah Lawrence College.

June Hinman's mother died suddenly of heart disease, at their home in Andover, on September 29.

Emily House is teaching first and second grades at the Choate School in Brookline.

Beatrice Stephens and Ruth Perry are on the Dean's List at Smith.

Engagement: Nancy Sherman to Homer T. Craig, Jr. (Leland Stanford University, 1929, Harvard Business School, 1931) of Oakland, Calif.

Engagement: Nancy P. Kimball to Stuart Randolph Stone (Bowdoin College, 1930) of West Newton.

Engagement: Jane P. Graves to Woodbury Howard of Concord, N. H.

Engagement: Dorothy L. French to Douglas Mintie Gray (Dartmouth 1927), of Waterbury, Conn.

Engagement: Priscilla Chapman to Stephen Webber Ryan (Dartmouth 1925), of Winchester.

Marriage: Mary Hamilton Ayers to John Bruot Hower, at Akron, Ohio, December 25, 1930. Address: 121 Elmdale Ave., Akron, Ohio.

Marriage: Jane Dare Fitch to Edwin John Roland, Ensign, United States Coast Guard, at New London, Conn., September 6, 1930.

Marriage: Eleanor White Gordon to Alexander Fraser Calder, at Concord, November 5, 1930. Address: 230 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington.

Marriage: Ruth Evelyn Harvey to Charles Abbott Hart, at Medford, July 12, 1930. Address: 3 Felsdale Close, Winchester.

Birth: A daughter, Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon K. Brown (Persis Goodnow), of West Keene, N. H., September 24, 1930.

1928

Margaret Graham had one of the leading parts in the Junior show at Mount Holyoke in November, that of Maximilian in the "Tears of Toci."

Death: Suddenly, by accident, Oddle W. Anderson, husband of Constance W. Rundlett, at Long Beach, Calif., October 27, 1930.

Birth: A son, Theodore, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Taylor (Dorothea Dow), of East Orange, N. J., July 29, 1930.

1929

Cleone Place is studying at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Despina Plakias has gone to Greece to visit her grandmother in Janina. During the summer she was at Dublin Inn, Dublin, N. H., where she was assisting the hostess.

Millicent Smith is secretary in the office of Walnut Hill School.

Ruth Whitehill is teaching at the Beaver Country Day School in Chestnut Hill.

Jeanette Hubbard is at Denison College, Granville, O.

1930

Marriage: Mary Beatrice Richards to John Sylvester Bethune at Andover, October 18, 1930. Address: 11 Cobbett Place, Lynn.

Eleanor Ritchie is a sophomore at Wheaton.

Gay Chamberlain is at Vassar.

Mary Shepard is at Radcliffe.

Alice Canoune is at Barnard College.

Helen Simpson is at Knox College.

Dora Maxwell, Barbara Smith, Doris Sturtevant, Frances Sullivan, Elisabeth Walworth are at Wellesley.

Grace Hadley is at the University of Wisconsin.

Elizabeth Brewer, Elizabeth Brown, Elenita Cowee, Hortense Dunbar, Alice Eckman, Mary Jane Owsley, Barbara Healey, Miriam Rand, and Elizabeth Stout are at Smith.

Elaine Burtt and Barbara Lord are at Mt. Holyoke. Barbara received the Freshman Competitive Scholarship for the New England District, which is given to the one having the highest average in College Entrance Board examinations. She has also been elected to the Representative Council.

Evelyn Hamilton and Alma Hill are at Simmons.

Cornelia Gould is at West Hampton College (University of Richmond).

Ruth Baker, Kathryn Dutton, and Lucille Leavitt are at Katharine Gibbs School in Boston.

Alice Hoyt is at the University of Vermont.

Helen Ripley is at the Pensionnat La Marjolaine, Geneva, Switzerland. She spent her Christmas vacation with her family at Pontresina, where she thoroughly enjoyed the winter sports.

Elizabeth Tarr, Elizabeth Perry, Christine Hollands, and Louise Atkinson are at Miss Wheelock's School in Boston.

Jeanne Harrington is at the Nasson Institute in Maine, studying Household Arts.

Marjorie Turner is at Miss Child's Art School (School of Fine Arts and Crafts).

Florence Gardner is at the Lesley School, studying Household Arts.

Jeanette Quimby is at National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C.

Betty Quinby is at the Weylister School (secretarial) in Milford, Conn.

Doris Seiler is at an Art School in Newark, N. J.

Barbara Lamson is at the Old Colony School.

Marianne Hirst, who spent the summer with Katherine Fox's mother, Mrs. John Fox, is now in New York City helping her in her work for international peace. In February she will enter Beaver College in Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, where she will probably take a fine arts course and specialize either in illustration or design.

Rosamond Castle is taking a secretarial course in Quincy, Illinois.

Betty Dean is at the Burnham School at Northampton.

Katharine Foster is taking an art course in Concord, N. H.

Mary McCaslin is at a Kindergarten School in Philadelphia.

Frances Flory is at Denison College, Granville, Ohio.

Katherine Flory is at Goucher College.

Marianna Smith is at the Bouve School of Physical Education.

Virginia Scheuer is at Miss May's School in Boston.

Katharine Roth is at La Marjolaine in Geneva.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	FRANCES SCUDDER
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	DORIS ALLEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	GERTRUD VAN PEURSEM

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The Abbot Courant

June, 1931

ANDOVER, MASS.

PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY



JUNE — NINETEEN HUNDRED AND
THIRTY-ONE

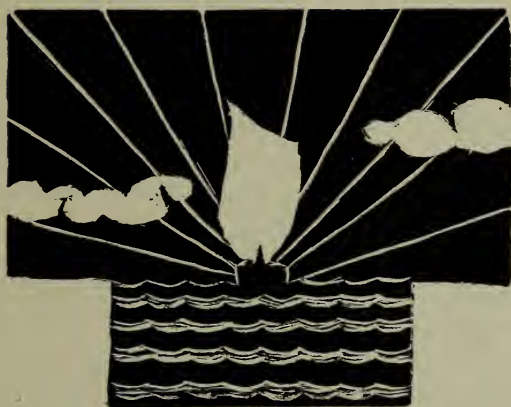
THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME LVII, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1931

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D. S.

A DREAM OF SUMMER

There's a velvet-green hill sloping down to the sea,
All patterned with sweet-smelling flowers;
And a twisted old oak, a kindly old tree,
Made green by the soft summer showers.

At the foot of my hill the waves wash on the beach—
Blue turquoise and crested with foam;
And far on the ocean the tiny sails dip,
Gleaming white in the bright summer sun.

All this from my hill in sweet rapture I see,
As in peace and contentment I gaze;
And cares are forgotten and all sorrows flee
On my hill that is kissed by the waves.

Constance Hoag, '32

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Vol. LVII

JUNE, 1931

No. 2

EDITORIALS

See the pretty pictures in our magazine? They were made in our own studio! Special art students have been busy this year doing many things—charcoal sketches, water colors, linoleum cut Christmas cards, and now they're making and printing woodcuts. We thought you'd like to see a few samples.

Have you ever noticed that in a school like ours silence is far from being considered a virtue, as it ought to be? There are all sorts of silences, as we are well aware when we fall into one ourselves, but how many times have we caught ourselves looking askance at people for the very silences which we ourselves enjoy. It is safe, we think, to say that three-quarters of all school-girl silences are due to some form of discontent. This statement is the result of lack of observation of ourselves. *We* have felt many more times the silence of contentment or meditation than that of seething wrath or dark discontent. The average person's discontent takes the form of an active mood; he either tells someone about it or throws things around until relieved. Silence is represented inside as well as out by a kind of quietude, and is therefore as much of the mind as of the body, while discontent is an active mood, whether expressed physically or mentally.

Silence, because it indicates repose, should be respected and not condemned. Let every man make a place in his plan of life for silence, the golden and great.

Wouldn't it be funny—or would it be—if all the animals inhabiting various apartments of Abbot should miraculously come to life? If a pair of owl book-ends should hop off their weighted perches, would they roost on our orange pipes? If certain individuals now find it difficult to reach the dining-room in time for breakfast, how would they ever manage if they first had to catch and tie up some spirited pup? Wouldn't packing boxes turned on a side in the corridors make good kennels? And besides they would suggest June—or September. We shouldn't mind so much having our wee china dog trail us into the dining-room to beg crumbs at our table, but we'd not appreciate at all the fly that so persistently perches on his ear. Then if they all should come alive, the question arises, "Would they grow?" Because, although all our corridors are eight feet wide, they really aren't broad enough for life-sized pink elephants, nor for giraffes, nor for West Point mules. I'm sure I shouldn't like to sleep in the same room with a huge, silly-looking cambric dog with floppy ears if he were alive, even if he were perfectly harmless. And sleeping brings up fire-drills. It might prove difficult to train such a menagerie of girls *and* less civilized creatures to collect in orderly fashion within the brief space of one and four-fifths minutes. Dear, this is getting involved and I mustn't give you nightmares!

Before the last two years of preparatory school the subject of College Boards is vague. But how suddenly this subject jumps into existence in the last two years! Every theme, every problem and word of syntax, has the great shadow of College Board hanging over it. A mistake is made, and almost before the teacher opens her mouth you know what she is going to say, "Suppose you did that on the College Board!"

Why should these two words produce such a terrifying effect? Yes, we all realize that College Boards are like an ogre that seizes you at the end of the Senior year, but why should this ogre spoil every minute of two good years? If the teachers would make their ideals

that of the College Board, if they could make you feel that it was their standard you were rising to, what joy there would be! If they would only steer their classes by the methods of the College Boards without mentioning those two terrorizing words, what a shadow would suddenly vanish! If those two little words were entirely omitted I'm sure the ogre would not be so menacing and that the last two years would be freer.

Sunday is the accepted day of rest. We do not know why it falls on Sunday, but we do know that when Sunday comes around we are quite ready to rest, and this is especially true in the joyous spring-time. We are inclined to like the solitude of our rooms. Unfortunately, however, the rooms get hot and stuffy and we feel longings to enjoy the outer air and the greenness of spring and summer weather. We can have just as much enjoyable solitude in the grove, and be just as quiet, and have the benefits of fresh air and sun and the inspiration of something to look at besides four walls. Why then not follow this worthy impulse and spend Sunday afternoon in the grove?

This thing called spring fever is unavoidable. Even if one is the most conscientious of students during the fall and winter terms, and begins the spring term with the most noble resolutions to study, one at some time or other falls unawares into the clutches of the demon of abstraction and from that point onward one's resolutions are gone. Somewhere we have read that in the Low Countries of England every thirty-five years the frosts, droughts, et cetera, come about again. "Why wait for thirty-five years?", says spring fever, and consequently turns up every year to distract and harry us.

There are two types of book-ends, the kind that stays put and the kind that does not. It is all very well if you can make a useful book-end beautiful, but don't, for the sake of your sanity, sacrifice efficiency for art in respect to book-ends! You all know the kind that is a sort of steady little stand-by and competently holds the books that you slam into its grasp when half the world has just collapsed. Compare with it, my friends, not the modeled profile of the head nor the

swell of the sails but the resulting crash on your nerves when said bust or mighty ship goes banging to the floor, followed by a swoop of books and the clatter of little falling things. Now this latter type of support is crafty. It does not accidentally choose this psychological moment for its act. It does it for show, to draw attention to its beauty. Do you not prefer my modest favorite?

What pleasure little boys and girls get teasing other people just to see them get "het up". It really isn't any meanness on their part but it comes from a certain joy of seeing other people get excited over some little thing. We all still have the trait and exult in worrying other people.

Sometimes if someone else hasn't got us excited we bring it upon ourselves. We talk and talk about some little thing as if our whole life depended on it. There is excitement in getting "het up". It often illumines our dull moments or thoughts. It makes us give vent to our feelings and at the same time seems to lift a great load from our minds. So don't blame the person who suddenly starts to expostulate on some insignificant subject. To stop an act of this kind would take the joy out of someone's life.

Why, who's that? O don't you know there is a tea-dance on the "Hill" this afternoon? Why, here comes someone else—and soon we see a whole group of girls dressed in lovely flowing gowns and lacy hats. Who are they? Why, they can't be the girls we see every day, hurrying to and from classes with books under their arms, glasses on shiny noses, wondering what they got on the last history test. There they go, out the gate, with the soft slush of silk skirts, leaving a delicate fragrance behind. They seem to have been suddenly transported into another world of gayety, quite apart from our hum-drum school life—and then they pass out of our thoughts while we go about our work for the next day.

But hark, what is that noise over-head? Thud, thud, thud; nearer and nearer it comes. Finally we hear a step on the stair, then we see a foot and skirt appear, and then in come one or two flushed, happy-eyed girls that sit down rather hurriedly and self-consciously to

dinner. What is it that makes them look so happy? What have they seen or done to make them look like that? We do not have to ask them if they had a good time. Tomorrow we shall see them again going about in the same old way, doing the same things—but are we not all just a little bit better for their happiness, which seemed to infect all of us and give us a new interest?

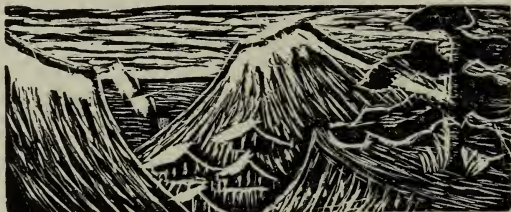
“O Isobel, come over here a second!” I shouted at the retreating figure in the polo coat, which, however, continued to retreat.

“She’s deaf,” I exclaimed to the person on my right, who shook her head and replied, “No, only in a fog.”

“Spring fever, you mean,” I corrected, gazing at the forsythia hiding a certain corner of Draper.

“Then it’s all-the-year-round spring fever, I’m afraid. Why I’ve never known her to be fully conscious,” said my friend. “Her head’s always in the clouds.”

For a moment the words entranced me—to be in the clouds, those dreamy, soft, fragrant clouds of the imagination—or memory! How we all love to float in them, forget the dreary, mundane life below, and with a smug consciousness of our own exotic soul, drift on into time and space! But we awake with a jolt, having lost our Latin book—and so it goes for most of us, in and out, awake and asleep, present and absent. But what of those perpetually in a fog, continually the Headless Horsemen? Though we long to grab them by the neck and shout, “Wake up!”, we can’t do a thing, for with a complacent air compounded of martyrdom and sleepiness, they will simply smile and turn over for another nap.



C. H.

WISHING

I have three hairs to wish with:
Shall I choose the three
From the fairspun head of April
Shining by the sea?
Or from the head so wind-tossed
Of March the vagabond?
Why not from June the pretty
Sophisticated blonde?
And I'd like (if I could catch her)
The jolly locks of May,
But then I love October,
So carrot-topped and gay!
But here are braids of Titian
That crown September's face,
And August in a pigtail
With urchin winds doth race:
Or will it be December—
The snowy head of age,
Or iron-gray November—
January the sage?
Perhaps from February
(Who's growing bald in spots)
I'll have three hairs to wish with
And tie in wishing-knots—
But July's a little tow-head—
Oh dear! I cannot choose,
For all the months are lovely—
There's not one that I would lose!

Phyllis Frederick, '32

NOT YESTERDAY BUT TODAY

In the summer of 1928 Mother, Father and I traveled to Japan via Russia and Siberia and stopped for over a week in Moscow. We were horrified by the poverty and misery we saw everywhere. No one looked happy, properly clothed, or well fed. Almost every one had a skin disease of some sort. I remember seeing one day in the market a man selling cheese who had only one leg. He delighted in showing to his customers his old stump, which was covered with sores and surrounded with insects.

The living conditions were horrible. The beautiful old Moscow homes were badly in need of repair and were being used as boarding-houses. Windows were broken and roofs were falling in. Families were crowded together in filthy rooms. There was no privacy at all, and the sanitary conditions were of the worst.

During our entire stay in Moscow we saw only two modern automobiles and these were owned by the Soviet Government. The people either drove droshkies or crowded in the street cars. There were not enough street cars to meet the needs of the Moscow people and it was a common sight to see five or six people pushed off the car steps after it had gained quite a speed. We saw only two old men in Moscow, one a beggar and the other the hotel porter. We remarked to our guide, a young Russian who spoke English, about the scarcity of old people. "O most of them died off during the famine," he said, "and it was just as well, for Russia can't be bothered looking after them. Every one must look after himself."

Mother wanted to visit one of the much talked-of "Homes for Orphans", so we planned to drive out to one, but oh no. We must make an appointment at least two days before hand! We were finally allowed to visit the "Open Air Home for Orphans", but upon our arrival it was not hard to see that this was a fake institution planned just for the tourist.

We had to pay for every little thing in Moscow. When we went to a restaurant we paid for the lift up, for the meal, for the service, and then for the lift down. It was practically impossible to get butter, as it was all exported. Twice a week small quantities were sold but the

line was always so long that it was hours before one could secure his small amount.

We were always watched by the G. P. U. (Soviet police). On our second day in Moscow, unaware of our attentive G. P. U., I received quite a scare. Before coming to Moscow friends of mine teasingly told me wild tales of what would happen to me in Russia, how I would be stabbed, choked or even starved to death. Of course I didn't believe these stories but I did remember them. It was broad daylight and Mother, Father, and I had just climbed in a droshkie when Father remembered his camera and sent me back for it. To reach our room, the only one in Moscow said to have a bath-tub, one must go down a long corridor, turn to the left and proceed down another long, dark, and musty-smelling corridor. There were many other similar corridors leading into this one. I reached our room, got the camera, re-locked the door and started back. Suddenly I heard soft footsteps behind me. I quickened my pace and to my horror the footsteps also quickened. Terror seized me. I recalled vividly my friends' tales, and visions of being cruelly murdered passed through my mind until I became so frightened that I fairly flew through those corridors, down the steps and into the droshkie. I never did find out who my supposed "murderer" was but presumed it was one of the faithful G. P. U's ordered to watch us.

Carol Grosvenor, '31

SUNLIGHT

Sunlight in the forest,
Sliding, slipping, glistening through the dark green leaves,
Dripping golden honey on the soft, deep moss,
Bringing sudden solace to the weeping violet.

Mary Henderson, '31

MISCHIEF AFOOT

"You know, Amos, I feel just lake havin' some fun. Let's go down ta the brook an' go paddlin'. Maw tole me not to but, I don't know, I feel lake doing just what I want to."

"Check an' double check," answered the so-called Amos. "Say, Andy, what do you say if we make mud cakes and then bring 'em home an' put em in your maw's best room."

"Hum, that ain't so hot. I jest soon put 'em in *your* maw's, though. Why, you don' know my maw when she gets started. She jest—"

"Yeah, mine's the same," said Amos in a rather disgusted tone. "She's always a-crabbin' 'bout somethin'. I think we'd better do what we proposed to in th' beginnin'."

After this short interview two small darkie boys could be seen heading for the brook with their black faces looking full of mischief. From their size one looked about six and the other eight. The smaller one was attired in a blouse (once upon a time white but now quite a grayish-brown color) and a pair of short brown knee pants set off quite decidedly by a bright red patch. He had no shoes or stockings, but even with these rather dirty, ragged clothes he wore a wide smile on his face. The other boy was dressed practically the same but his feet and legs were attired in black stockings and old, quite worn-out, brown shoes. Yet he too wore a wide smile on his face, not seeming to care how dirty or torn his clothes were.

They finally reached the brook and saw a young man taking pictures of the scenery. Upon further investigation they discovered that he was from the North and seemed to think that the scenery, which they had always seen and thought so plain, was too beautiful to express in words. The young man seemed quite interested in the two little darkies and they very willingly let him take their picture.

After he had gone Andy gave a deep sigh and said, "Ain't he funny, Amos? I neber thought that it was pretty out here, but that white fella' seemed to think so. Well, let's go paddlin'. Shall we?"

"Check an' double check."

Frances McTernan, '35

THE HIGH AND LOW OF HEELS

There are heels and heels—of every conceivable form and shape! Fashionists have attempted to benefit womankind by arranging these various types of heels in convenient categories, known by such descriptive names as spike, French, Baby Louis, high Cuban and Cuban. Theoretically this is a splendid plan and appears most acceptable on the surface, but to expect a woman to sacrifice her personal opinion on heels for these standardized ideas is asking something contrary to female nature. And so women continue to disagree among themselves on the exact dimensions of the true Cuban heel, some firmly upholding a low sport heel as a Cuban heel, others giving the name "Cuban" to a heel so high and slender that it resembles a spike. The trade names of shoes themselves are an index to the heels. For instance, we should hardly expect the extremely high heels on Walkover or Matrix shoes which we should immediately look for on footwear called by the more stylish name of Vanity or Peacock.

Pleasure and appearance seem to me the two principal reasons for the present popularity of high-heeled shoes, especially with youth, who indeed are the most chic in dress. Heels that add only a few inches to a small person's height inspire immediately a feeling of superiority, lightness, and the desire to dance. Perhaps because high heels are always associated with dancing and parties they seem more romantic, and therefore more desirable to youth, than commonplace sport shoes. I do not deny that sport shoes have a very definite place in every wardrobe. I merely say that dainty high heels arouse happy emotions in female hearts that more sturdy shoes are quite incapable of doing.

High-heeled shoes make the foot look smaller, and what does not woman do for vanity? The long skirt in style at present requires high heels to give the figure a proper sense of balance. Worn with low heels a flowing dress drags ungracefully on the ground. If the modern miss delights in accentuating a trim ankle and shapely foot with high-heeled shoes, why begrudge youth its fling?

Janet Simon, '31

"A PRESENT FOR MARY"

The little white china cup sat on the narrow top shelf of the hanging mahogany corner-cupboard and wondered what it was good for. It was very straight and slim and cylindrical, more the size of a doll's cup than one intended for use. The thin china was creamy and the gold band at the top was dull, while that on the handle was almost gone. Most interesting of all was the wreath of laurel leaves gilded on one side framing the words "A Present for Mary". This was a queer phrase to paint on one's gift, and the present owner, another Mary, often looked up at it from her desk and wondered who put it there. The cup remembered.

Once, long ago, (how times had changed!) the cup had been new, all white and gold, and there hadn't been any wreath or words on it. Before it had been "A Present for Mary" it had been just another piece of china in the cluttered window of a tiny shop in a busy colonial town. It sat there day after day and watched the beam of sunlight fall on one side of the window, travel slowly across to the other, and disappear. It was fun to watch the people on the street go by all day and to guess which would open the door and tinkle the bell. But sometimes the sun was hot and the little fat man of a cream pitcher with his green cocked hat talked too much. The Dresden dancers were so very conceited and made the plain little cup feel very inferior. Sometimes when people stopped to window-gaze they sent admiring glances at the graceful Dresden boy and girl, and they would vaguely notice the little cup, look at the price of the Haviland platter or the blue and white teapot and go on—or sometimes they came in.

Once a lady stopped and the whole window seemed to stir and try to look its best because that is the kind of a lady she was. She was young and her blue ruffled parasol shaded happy eyes, but it could not keep the sun from finding bright places in her softy hair. She looked like Dresden herself, standing there in her flowery crinoline. The deep blue sugar bowl swelled importantly and the cup wished that it could run over and hide behind the fruit bowl. But it was too late. The lady had seen her. Somebody else had seen her too. A little girl with short curls was pointing at her and her eyes danced in excite-

ment. Four friendly eyes were interested in the cup. Would they come in? No, they went on. The cup stayed in the window for several days and nothing happened. But the Dresden dancers weren't quite so haughty, and once, when the cup had become very tired of listening to the fat man of a cream pitcher, he stopped talking of his own accord.

Then one day the cup saw the little girl coming down the street. She was walking very primly and lifted her crispy skirts importantly as she stepped up to the shop window. She smiled as she spied the cup. It was still there! A small boy came up to the window and she pointed out her favorite to him. He nodded and seemed more interested in something else—perhaps it was the little girl. Anyway, they walked off together. The next time and several times after that the little girl came alone. But she always carried books and never stayed long. Then once the little boy came and stood before the window. He put his hands in his pockets and puckered his lips as though he were trying to decide something important. When he had reached a conclusion he entered the shop, clanging the bell noisily, and before cup knew what it was all about, she had been taken from the window, wrapped in white paper and was going somewhere in the clutches of a bouncing boy.

The next time cup saw light who should be there but the nice lady. The little boy was there too and looked rather anxious as he stood twisting his cap. The lady took the cup over to the table where every thing smelled of paint and turpentine. The colors were very pretty and once again cup felt very plain and homely. The lady must have guessed the feelings of the cup. She held it in one hand and a brush in the other and tilted her head questioningly. Yes, she'd try. And that was how the laurel wreath and "A Present for Mary" came to be on the side of the cup. The little boy thought that it was very nice and when Mary unwrapped her birthday gift she thought so too.

Marysm Smead, '31

WEATHER

Lots of people have a hobby—
Mine is—weather.
Weather!
Ah, how I love it!
It fits my every mood.
It understands, somehow.
Changeable,
Loving,
Hateful,
You know—
Weather.

Beautiful days
With warmth in the sun
And a tang in the air
Make me feel in love with life.
Languid days,
With a cloudless sky,
A caressing breeze,
Make me feel in love with love.
Isn't it wonderful,
Weather for every mood?

And the storms,
Ah, the storms!
I glory in them!
Revel in them.
Combat of the elements,
A challenge of danger,
A challenge to youth,
A feeling of power,
Might!

People have their hobbies.
Me—
I just love—weather.

GINGEE

The remnants of a solitary fort are the only traces of the bygone splendor of Gingee in South India. History books tell us only that it was built in the sixteenth century and in ensuing years it was the location of battles between the troops of north and south India, the French and English. Three rocky hills are fortified, making an ideal battlement.

Near the largest hill is a small cart road that goes through thick granite walls, winds around barracks of Hindu architecture and a large gate rich in carvings. It leads to a large field, in the middle of which are four small Hindu temples supported by pillars twenty feet high. This was probably the place of worship, since a whole army could stand nearby for a libation service to the gods. The gods were brought from a nearby temple, garlanded by the priests and then suspended from the little temples in elaborate swings. The beat of tom-toms accompanied each movement of the swing and grew louder and louder as the god went higher. Each soldier threw a handful of rice or dried peas on the god. The generals in full regalia went through great ritual to ask for victory. The dancing girls came out, the music grew louder, everything grew more animated. The priests stopped the swings and the crowd melted away. Victory was certain.

In the next field there is a five-story building near which are elephant stables. This building was the place where the sweethearts and wives of princes and soldiers sat to watch the men compete in combats. There are porches on all sides so they could see every part of the combat.

Now we are at the bottom of the hill and begin to climb the rough-hewn steps. A wall of rocks smoothly cut and fitting together perfectly without the use of mortar protects the way from the enemy. Half way up the hill we come to a flat place, at the entrance of which is a porch with carved stone pillars. On the floor are marks of games for dice or checkers. The flat place was once a queen's garden but it is now overgrown. The pool surrounded by steps where the queen bathed is now green with slime. Nearby a small temple still contains a black idol. In front of the temple is a rock about one and a half

cubic feet in size, on which are four heads, one of a goat, a cow, a bird and the last that of a human. It is a sacrificial stone, dating back to the times when they made human sacrifices.

It looks impossible to go beyond this because a sheer precipice rises right above us. The path leads to the other side, getting steeper and narrower. The sentry boxes are more numerous and carvings less elaborate. After another steep ascent we are almost at the top. First of all we have to cross a little rickety bridge that spans a narrow bottomless gulley. We wonder how any army could have conquered such a naturally protected fort.

As we reach the top we are startled by the chattering of monkeys as they run away from us. They are the only live things in this little deserted colony of buildings on the top. It is a miniature fort with a palace, temple, store-houses and barracks, surrounded on all sides by a nine-hundred-foot precipice. The small temple is on the edge of the cliff and we lie on the ground and look down, down. The temple itself is beautiful and exquisitely carved, except for one part which is left in brick. The Hindus do this to their temples so that when the god visits it he won't become jealous of its beauty and destroy it.

On another side is a French cannon still overlooking the broad expanse of plain, which is studded with fortifications beyond which is the checker-board of rice fields. It is a very ancient cannon with 1750 roughly engraved on it. Around this spot are many ruins of idols and edifices ruthlessly thrown down. The cannon and fallen architecture are true examples of the Western hemisphere coming in with their ugly machinery to spoil the ageless traces of Hindu civilization. We go away preferring to leave everything intact in its strange and deserted splendor.

Frances Scudder, '31

TIME

Cobwebs spread
Like silver threads
Over the windows.
They hang from the ceiling
Making lacy patterns on the floor.
As the sunlight filters
Through the ancient panes of glass,
The dust of ages lies thickly
Over everything.
Time, the conqueror, reigns supreme.

Catherine Ireland, '31

OIL

Golden liquid, as you spray
Your wealth upon
Our land,
Why is it you allow
Mere man to subjugate
Your strength?
Perhaps God wills you to be
Servant, not master,
Of man.

Clement Cruce, '31

“DUNKING”

The verb “to dunk” is not defined in Webster’s International Dictionary but the name “Dunker” from which the verb is derived is defined. This definition is as follows, “Dunker (G. *tunken* to dip). One of a religious denomination whose tenets and practices are mainly those of the Baptists, but partly those of the Quakers—called also Tunkers, Dunkards, Dippers, and by themselves, Brethren, and German Baptists.” It is easily seen that the verb “to dunk” is derived from the name of this religious denomination.

“Dunking” is an old-fashioned custom and is still considered a New England habit. Many people unthinkingly “dunk” their doughnuts in their coffee every morning. About a century ago breakfast was not complete unless you had a piece of pie and then you “dunked” your pie in coffee. To people today, outside of New England, the thought of having pie for breakfast is sickening and to think of “dunking” it!

The recent discussion concerning “dunking” has been caused by the fact that Governor Henry Long of Louisiana claims that he “dunks” his corn pone. Now the question raised is that a corn pone can not be “dunked” because it would crumble to pieces, and also is it etiquette to “dunk”? This last question I will take up later. The average New Englander does not know the real meaning of “corn pone” because he has had no colored “mammy” to make them for him and he has to rely on what the papers say about them. The *New York Times* claims that Governor Long wouldn’t know a corn pone if he saw one and that a real corn pone “crumbles at a touch” and that if anyone tried to “dunk” it he would see it collapse “into its fragrant flakes of pearl”. This assertion of the *New York Times* may be a little strong. Governor Long may recognize a corn pone when he sees one. It also may be a fact that his corn pones are a little heavier than they are supposed to be and would allow for “dunking”.

The question as to whether etiquette allows “dunking” or not is still unsettled. One interested reader wrote to Emily Post, who is supposed to be an excellent authority on etiquette, and asked that question. She does not take sides in this matter, but says, “when in

Rome, do as the Romans do", or in other words when you have dinner with Governor Long "dunk" your corn pone.

My opinion about this subject is truly a New England one, as I feel that you should by all means "dunk" your corn pone or doughnut if you think it tastes better, and I feel that my sentiments are best expressed in this little poem that appeared in the paper at the time of the controversy.

A' Dunking We Will Go!

My mother taught me not to dunk
Because she said 'twas shoddy,
But now I take my pie or cake
And dip it in my toddy!

I drop my toast into my tea
And let it soak its fill—
Since Mrs. Post says "dunk your toast",
By Emily!—I will!

Mary Angus, '31

MEMORANDUM

Little vase, I love you. You mean so much to me. Your graceful self, your rounded curves are serene in their symmetry. Your purple-black is warm and deep as the friendship of one who gave you to me. The golden threads of your cloissoné give me patience as they outline dainty iris, purple and white, poised over graceful, slender spikes of leaves. As the iris flourish and bloom, so flowers my friendship. Little humble blue petals low in the leaves tell me so.

Mary Smead, '31

FROM A VALLEY MAID TO HER MOUNTAIN LOVER

North-bent by the wind
The black pines on the bleak-crowned hill
Cast their shadows on the deep safe valleys below.
The leaden gray of the late sky
Rests its heaviness on the straight tall trees
Stretching their boughs high
Into the clean fresh air above.
Behind the sharp-cut silhouette of the branches
A thin strip of burning orange brightens the black and the gray.

I like to know that you are there somewhere
On top of the world keeping watch in the twilight.
I imagine you alone with the wild wail of the wind
With the black shadows and fresh scent of the balsam
And the cheerful flaming streak of gold
Lighting your hair and your eyes.

You, too, are free and strong like the wind—
Above the peaceful contentment of the valleys.
Yet, most of all, I love you for I know
That when the pines shadow the helpless valley,
And shed warmth over them in the coming night,
You, too, will look down from the wind-blown hill
To bend above me.
And I, like the valleys, too tired to climb,
Will slumber in the protecting shadow of your strength.

Pauline Rogers, '31

NOBODY KNOWS

Nobody knows what an awful fright
We have when it is calling night.
No work is done, we pace the floor,
Each minute we run to the door.
We tiptoe lightly down the hall
To where the clock hangs on the wall.
The minute hand seems awfully slow,
It hasn't moved in an hour or so.

We turn away in great despair,
And wring our hands, and tear our hair,
And then back to our room we walk,
And comb our hair, and try to talk
Of other things, until we find
We both have callers on the mind.

Anon.

C+

O scholars, listen to my plea,
I am perplexed as I can be,
For lo, I really wish to know
The reason for the high and low
Of marks from A to E!

Why is it some the A's do reap,
And others work and yet sink deep
Into the depth of that C+
Which makes them want to fume and cuss?
O scholars, help me with my plea!

C+, this mark, why was it made
To blot out hope of college grade?
And yet the teachers say to me,
"It might be worse, so hopeful be."
O scholars, answer this for me!

Barbara Graham, '31

MOOD



Mice and Cheese A. S.

In a description of the mood I am in now the best way to begin would be to let you look at me. I am sitting at a table and looking out of the window between words. My feet are stretched out in front of me and crossed, my spine is curved but comfortable, I feel buried in the chair, although I know perfectly well that if I moved I would probably fall off it, for it is that kind of chair. When I look out of the window I see a pine tree and a house. When I look at the house the pine tree gets in the way and the two images rush together and blur at the corners. I have looked at the pine tree and the house for hours, but I don't know what they look like yet. I am gazing at nothing with that peculiar intensity known to the idle-minded. My thoughts are floating and hard to pin down, like one of those

little threads you try to catch up with on the window pane, and when you follow it, it disappears, and when you look away there it is, sneaking inobtrusively into the corner of your eye—and you are usually too lazy to do anything more about it.

This is the kind of a mood where I sit asking questions pointlessly. A conversation carried on between myself would sound like this:

"What next?"

"What indeed?"

"I'm sleepy."

"Write your poem, write your poem, write your poem!"

"No rhyme."

"Try blank verse."

"Won't."

"Do something, do something, do something."

"Can't, can't, can't."

"Look at that tree. Now look at the house. Now look at the tree. Now look at the house. The sky is going mad. Your blotter is turn-

ing up at the corners. The sun has powdered the bricks on that chimney."

"That piece of pine tree against the sunset is a careless piece of hair. God forgot to comb it."

"That mountain looks like a knuckle against the sky."

"The plant on the window sill could write poetry better than you can."

"That cloud looks like a badly dyed piece of cheesecloth."

"Let's eat dinner on geranium leaves."

"If you close your eyes you will still see the pine tree, the house, and the window."

"Sleep is nothing anybody says it is. It's just that you were going to die only whenever you start to you forget."

"What then is death?"

"Only the forgetful die. The absent-minded just sleep."

"Friday, fish night."

"Egg sauce, you fool!"

"This is not poetry, this is not poetry, this is not poetry."

"Oh."

"Oh."

"I don't want to write poetry!"

"You must."

"Look, there's the desk. Just put your head down on it."

"How funny it looks, so much nearer."

"Close your eyes."

"_____,"

Perhaps this is mere pre-vacation wandering or a touch of spring fever, but I have put down just what passed through my head. And in a minute I shall be asleep.

Dorothy Rockwell, '32

THE MASKER

I heard April, singing in the plum-tree;
I saw April, wearing laces grey.
Gold, and mauve, and dun was she,
Full of sparkling fun was she,
Shaking diamonds down on me
Before she slipped away.

I heard April, singing soft a requiem;
I saw April gently dry her eyes.
Stately walked she through the night,
Clad in blue, and amber light.
Oh! It is a wondrous sight
To see each new disguise.

Katherine Fox, '28

ODE TO THE SUN

O Sun, great traveler of the sky
Where do you like to roam?
Do you prefer the desert's heart
With its lone waste of sand,
To the vastness of the shining sea,
Or the vales with fertile land?

Perchance you love the whole round world,
And journey, as travelers do,
For the joy of beholding the scenes of the old,
Or the pleasure of seeing the new?
What changes take place while you go on your way,
Does the earth change its visage or hue?

Charlotte Marland, '31

“MY OPERATION”

If the conversation is lagging and you are becoming nervous, for you can't think of a thing to say, there is one topic of conversation which will always prove a help in one of those terrible silences—"my operation". Just mention those two words and you'll have everyone, both men and women, clamoring to talk. Personal experiences in this line are universal and we are always eager to tell the whole world just how serious ours was and how long we were in the hospital and all the other particulars of the case. I know that I really don't enjoy hearing all the gory details of my friends' operations, yet I love to make my own very vivid and I am willing to talk as long as I can find a listener. I become quite indignant when interrupted and yet when I sit listening to the boring details of my friend's story I think nothing of interrupting and inserting my personal experiences. As well as I, and all who have it, know this fault, we just can't overcome it, for "my operation" is such a fascinating subject to "me".

As I have said, both men and women react to this topic, but in very different ways. Comparing notes in similar cases is a favorite indoor sport of women. Each tries to outdo the other on the best doctor, the number of nurses, and the terrible medicines they had to take. If one still happens to be taking a pill or a tonic they are the sure victor for this in itself proves theirs was the most serious case. The favorite operation among women is appendicitis and it seems as though they rather pity you if you can't boast an appendicitis operation. Then too women always use "my operation" as an excuse for anything unpleasant. If you ask whether they are helping with the church bazaar or the charity play they must find some means of escape so they fall back on "my operation".

Men, on the other hand, remember the way a certain specialist robbed them. They count all his visits and the duration of each and then when the bill arrives call it a highway robbery, and never can forget it. Men very seldom talk about "my operation" itself and when their wives keep bringing it up they try to make it appear as if it were nothing, but just the same you can see them swell up with pride, for it proves their strength and power. We all like to boast we're different, and yet we all show the same enthusiasm and self pride when those two little words, "my operation", are mentioned.

Mary Jane Manny, '31

TRANSLATION OF AN OLD CHANSON OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED BY FAITH CHIPMAN

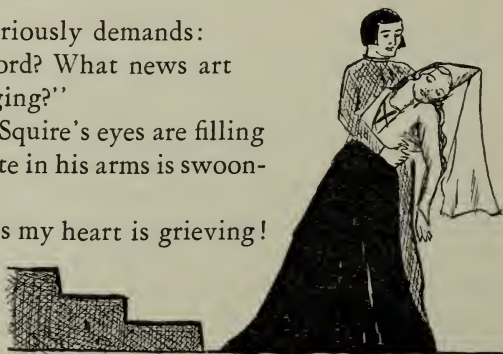


Fair Doette at her window seated
Looks at the book her white hand is holding,
The while her heart on distant lands dwelling
Seeks her friend Doon for her sake fighting,
And over this my heart is grieving.



Below, Doon's Squire wearily dismounting
Halts his steed by the castle steps.
Fair Doette, eagerly awaiting
Longed-for news, the steps is descending.
And over this my heart is grieving!

Fair Doette imperiously demands:
"Where is my Lord? What news art
thou bringing?"
Tears of pity the Squire's eyes are filling
And Doon's Doette in his arms is swoon-
ing.
And over this my heart is grieving!



THE SOLITAIRE-Y CHILD

Upon the yellow blotter fall
Crescendoeed crispy cards.
(An honest sound, for Socrates
And other seeking bards.)
Black jacks, red tens, and sable nines
Upon red queens she places.
Black spots of clubs before her eyes,
Red hearts turn gasping faces,
The screaming diamonds yield the throne
To spades of dismal hue,
The gorgeous ace with beaming face
Is followed by the two.
This honest game is simple and
She fully comprehends it.
Her dormant energy awakes
And quickly she expends it.
Her quivering grip upon each card
Renders all deuces wild;
She has the craze, and nought can faze
The solitaire-y child.

Dorothy Rockwell, '32

LULUA

Alone, it seemed, in the wide expanse of the Syrian desert stood one of the largest and strongest of the Arabian forts. Being the color of the sand it was quite inconspicuous except for the red Arabian flag which flung from the top of the east tower. From the outside one who did not have any imagination would have thought the fort was deserted, but the British, hiding in their tents five miles away, knew better. For in the courtyard within the fort the Arab Sheik was assigning positions and giving orders to his men. There was a general commotion of running about, loading guns, and restless waiting for the expected attack.

Meanwhile in one of the tents of the British camp sat the Captain in charge of that division of the army pondering over a certain piece of paper which he was holding firmly in his two hands. It contained a message from his general stationed in Bagdad. It read as follows:—Dear Jim, Remember what I told you before you left and I trust all will be well. Let nothing interfere with your plans, not even the influence or your love of Lulua. Think before you act and finish what you attempt. We expect you to do your best, no more. A true friend—Bill. “What shall I do,” thought Jim. “Lulua has run after me and here she is, the only woman out in this huge desert. She will be killed if she does not go back.” Just at that moment Lulua, the beautiful, fair Armenian girl, stepped into the Captain’s tent. “What is the matter, Sahib?” she asked in her soft broken English voice.

“Lulua,” said Jim, “I love you, but unless you go away from here at once you will be the ruin of us all. You have deliberately disobeyed me in coming. I told you to remain in Bagdad where I left you and you have not done what I asked.” At these words Lulua fell on his neck, but did not weep. She was too strong a woman for that. She gave him a soft kiss on his forehead, a fond embrace, and hurriedly left the tent without saying a word. Jim rose from the camp-chair on which he was sitting, ran to the doorway of his tent but could see no sign of his sweetheart. “Lulua, darling,” he called, but in vain. This made him more upset than ever. He sat down again and

began to think. He thought over what the General had told him before he left Bagdad. A good opinion in the eyes of the General meant a great deal. The year before he had lost a battle in India just on account of a woman, but he promised he would let nothing interfere this time. Yet here was Lulua, one whom he truly loved, yet he wished he didn't. He couldn't take her back to Bagdad; there was no one good enough whom he could spare to take her and he would not let her go alone. What was he going to do? The attack was to be early the next morning, but what would happen to Lulua?

While Jim was thus thinking over what to do Lulua had hurried down to the oasis near-by where she kept her few belongings, her slave boy, and an Arabian dance costume. She had on her European clothes now, which the Armenians have adopted within recent years, but she quickly slipped on her Arabian cloak and trousers over this and off she went with her slave boy on her camel. No one saw them, for it was late in the afternoon now and everyone was busy. Her camel traveled well and soon was within sight of the Arabian fort. The three hid behind one of the sand dunes, for she did not wish to act too quickly. She made herself look as beautiful as possible, although she wore no jewelry, as few of the Arabian dancing-girls do. Her slave was dressed in a very respectable manner and looked more like a prince than her servant.

Just before three o'clock, Arabic time, Lulua and her escort walked up to the fort entrance and demanded admittance. As the Arabs are most hospitable to each other, the two were cordially welcomed. Mabarak, the slave boy, announced that he had been sent from the Arabian spy at the British camp saying that the attack had been postponed until daylight, for the British were not sure of the exact location of the fort and would be more confident of a victory during the day time. "Hurrah, thank the Lord," shouted the Arabs in their native tongue. "Let us feast and have a merry time tonight then, to keep up our strength for excitement tomorrow."

"I have brought you my daughter, who will dance for you," said Mabarak. "She will entertain you well."

For three hours the Sheik and his men ate, drank and feasted their eyes on the beautiful and expert dancer. They soon forgot themselves and were so drunk that they could hardly see or stand on their feet. Mabarak, having been ordered by his mistress, ran down to the

main fort entrance at the sound of the British horses in the distance galloping on the sand. He opened wide the gates. Before any of the Arabs realized what was happening the fort was surrounded with bullets and the British were entering their building. There was a general scrambling mass of men inside, so intoxicated that they knew not what was happening and even began shooting each other. The Sheik was furious. He managed to grab his gun and was about to shoot Lulua when she jumped at him, grabbed his gun from his hands and shot him right through the heart. He gave such a terrible shriek as he fell over dead that everyone rushed to the spot. Lulua, exhausted from dancing and not wishing to be seen by the Arab or English men who were coming to the scene, slipped behind a curtain into one of the small niches in the wall. There she lay half-conscious and unable to move for three hours until the bloody battle was over.

The British flag was now flying above the fort and the officers and men were triumphing over their victory and over their many captives. "I want to thank you all," echoed the voice of Captain Jim, "for all you've done. And especially do I wish to thank the one who killed the leader of them all, for when he was gone the rest was ours at once. Will that man, if he still be alive, stand up? And we will give him a good hand." No one stood up, but at sound of Jim's strong voice Lulua suddenly realized what had happened and knew who it was. She braced up, threw off her Arab garb and ran out into the court-yard straight into the arms of the Captain. "So you were the one who did away with the Sheik," said the Captain musingly, scarcely recognizing Lulua.

"Yes," she said, "but who told you?"

"Why 'tis you, Lulua. How did you get here? Oh, my darling."

"Mabarak will tell you," she faintly replied. "I love you: that is why I did it."

Mabarak gave the details of the story as much as he knew and Lulua told the rest.

Jim had obeyed the General, but it was because of Lulua that he had come out victorious. They were married soon after their return to Bagdad, and Bill, the General, took the part of best man. Jim and his wife returned to the fort, where they live now in great style, in charge of that part of the land, now British territory. A radio, airplane, and telephone keep them close in touch with the rest of the world.

Gertrud Van Peurse, '31

ONCE I SAW NIGHT

Once I saw Night as she danced gaily through the city;
Bright lights sparkled and twinkled
And lighted her way.
Merry crowds followed her beckoning,
And sorrow was forgotten.

Once I heard Night as she crept through the city;
Tragedy stalked by her side.
A shot—a woman's agonized scream—confusion.
Hurried footsteps beat on the hard pavement;
Then came silence.

Once I felt Night as she trod gently through the city;
She lingered outside my window, then softly came to me.
And laying her cool white hands on my feverish brow,
Smoothing my pillow, she wiped away my tears
And brought me peace.

Constance Hoag, '32

POEM

Among the clatter of the days which slip,
Always the grind of years . . .
The feeble gesture and the passing quip
The grumble of the gears.
A foolish pencil in my flaccid grip,
The ceaseless present leers—
And O, the breach between the cup and lip
Is much too wide for tears.

Dorothy Rockwell, '32

THE DESERTED GARDEN

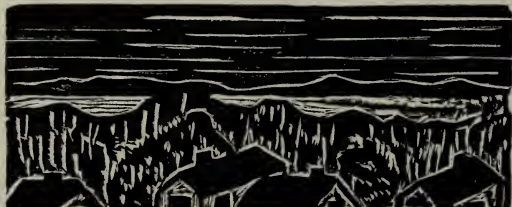
It was Austria, that country so noted for its famous ruined castles perched on top of the high hills. However the castle where I was wasn't very old, nor on a very high hill. It had once been very elaborate and elegant, probably inhabited by some peer, but the place where I was wasn't in its turrets, no, it was in its garden.

It was Autumn and the leaves, those tokens of the season, had begun to fall, whispering emphatically the coming of winter. The ruined walls of the garden were covered with clinging ivy, and the broken pottery, grotesque statues, and fountains, once so blithely gushing full of goldfish and fragrant waterlilies, were cracked and fallen to decay. The fallen leaves gave forth a musty smell and all had a feeling of dampness and dreariness. The sun never seemed to shine so brightly there, and the deep shade gave the gaunt decayed stonework a ghostly appearance. Every object, substance or shadow took the semblance of something fearful and every breath of wind moaned and whimpered and rustled in the leaves.

Once trimmed hedges were overgrown and jagged, and the once mossy green carpet of grass on which the brightly colored peacocks strutted was overgrown, full of burdocks, thistles, brambles and all sorts of thorns which had long ago choked out the dainty fragrant flowers.

The place was full of cobwebs and peculiar cocoons; there were no darting squirrels, nor did a solitary bat which flew over my head give any vitality to the scene. The sun had set and, as I listened, instead of the merry twitter of the birds as formerly only the shrill screech of the owl answered by the piercing cry of the night-hawk could be heard. A solitary cricket chirped and a belated frog mournfully croaked. Except for this all was silent, mysterious and solitary. I felt I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all in the deserted garden!

Susan Johnstone, '32



WHAT WE HAVE AND WHAT WE HAVEN'T AT ABBOT

Bacon but no pork.
A Bass but no fish.
A Bigler but no littler.
A Brown but no black.
A Can (Cann) but no peas.
A Car (Carr) but no trolley.
A Castle but no palace.
Coal (Cole) but no wood.
A Cook but no butler.
A Folk but no dance.
French but no German.
A Hall but no assembly.
A How (Howe) but no why.
A Howl (Howell) but no scream.
A Hunt but no fox.
Hide (Hyde) but no seek.
Ireland but no England.
A King but no queen.
A Marchand but no hair tonic.
A Marsh but no swamp.
Some Moors (Moores) but no heather.
Nickles (Nichols) but no dimes.
A Palmer but no monk.
A Pike but no perch.
A Piper but no pipe.
Two Places but no situations.
A Porter but no bell boy.
Rice but no maple sauce.
A Rock well (Rockwell) but no stone well.
A Tower but no "P. A." chimes.
A Weaver but no spinner.
Wells (Welles) but no water.
A White Hill (Whitehill) but no black hill.
A Wrenn but no sparrow.
Right (Wright) but no wrong.

Virginia Wilson, '34

A MEMORY



C. I.

Poised!
Bare toes clinging to the wet mossy bank.
Sun-tanned maiden
Daughter of the wind
Upon whose naked body
The sun's rays flashed brilliance—
Like a swallow
She dove,
And like an arrow
Cleft the bronze waters of the mountain
stream.

Darting up—
Now sluicing between the water ferns,
Now laughing—
She slid upon the waiting rock
And basked there—
Breathing deeply of nature's glory.

Hiawi trees o'erhung the banks,
The mountain sides rose steep and high,
Barriers from the outside world.
She was alone.

Again she rose to dive,
The waters closed over her,
The last ripple kissed the bank
And for a fleeting moment
There was no sound.

Ah! then 'twas a reality—
But now! A memory, sweet and sacred.

Carol Pike, '31

ALOHA OE

Two figures in a canoe—silhouetted against the golden path of the moon. Beyond them the breakers showed where the coral reef stretched. Far down the beach a flaming light told of a torch fisherman bending to spear eels. Out on the water the two figures moved easily, steadily, while the paddles dipped into the black waves. On the shore a particularly bright cluster of lights shone forth, gay couples were dancing, and haunting melodies drifted out into the night. Anyone who watched this peaceful scene, who saw this couple in the canoe, would not know that for one this marked the beginning of a new life, and for the other a continuation of the same life, but a life into which a deep void had suddenly come, a strange emptiness which was hard to bear.

Mona rested her paddle on her knee, and watched the dripping water glisten a brief moment as it caught the flash of the moonlight. She slipped it alongside of her as she sank to a cushion on the bottom of the canoe, facing her companion. Thoughtfully she gazed into the black night, and hung her hand over the side to feel the cool waters ripple through her fingers. When she spoke her voice was low and soft, and she seemed to be speaking to the air.

"Isn't it queer how all our lives we wait for something to happen and then when it does happen we are disappointed and feel that all the years of waiting have been wasted? I have always wanted to leave Hawaii, to go to the States. Everyone else seemed to come from there and to regard the Islands as a playground. I've tried to see them that way too, and it's only now—now that I'm going away—Oh, Rod—I never before realized that they were home to me, home—and my very life itself."

Rod had stopped paddling, and now he sat silent a moment before answering.

"I know, Mona. It's hard—this breaking off of all the old ties and starting again. But you know, dear, you'll probably grow to like your new life just as well as you have this."

"Oh Rod! You know nothing will ever take the place in my heart of the beauty, the peace and the very life of the Islands. Why, Rod, how could it?" She sighed softly, "I'll miss it all so."

"Your last hour. Which reminds me that it's now eleven and your boat sails at twelve. Is everything ready?"

"I think all the things are at the dock except my suitcase. Will you see to that? Really, Rod, what am I ever going to do without you? You've spoiled me completely. No one else will be able to bear me."

"Don't want them to. You're quite perfect for me, as is."

"Silly." Mona laughed, but the laugh sounded strangely like a sob. It was hard, this breaking off. Soon it was time to leave, and the gay crowd bundled Mona into one of the cars. The strain was beginning to tell and the cheerful efforts seemed to fall a little short. Mona was leaving, Mona—who had always lived here with her aunt. Her mother who had wanted to travel had been quite content to leave her daughter in her sister's care. Now, however, she had decided to settle in New England, and of course she wanted Mona with her. So she was leaving, Mona, who had been their leader, whom they had all loved.

The car drove onto the dock and they all clambered out. Soon the baggage was attended to and Mona was piled high with flower leis, gardenias, carnations, roses, flung around her neck right up to very eyes. Farewells were said, and the tears came despite valiant efforts. As the last whistle blew Mona turned to Rod and pressed his hand, hard.

"You—You'll come back? Soon, Mona?"

"Oh yes, Rod, yes! And you—you'll wait for me?"

"Always, dearest."

She kissed him then and, turning, fled up the gangplank just before it was raised. Leaning over the rail she tossed down multi-colored streamers, which were seized by those on the pier below. These thin gay strips of paper, they were all now that held her to her home. Then as the boat slowly began to pull away, that song of love and yearning was sung, "Aloha Oe". The Hawaiian singers carried it clear and brave, always a song of farewell of sorrow, and of hope.

"Farewell to thee,
Farewell to thee,
The winds will carry back
The sad refrain.
One fond embrace
Before we now must part
Until we meet again."

There was a silence as the last note hung in the air, and was gone. Then with the moving of the ship the paper streamers broke and fell into the water. The ship had left the dock. Mona had left home. With tear-filled eyes she stood there gazing till the last dim shore lights faded. Then she took the leis from her neck and dropped them one by one into the water. A passerby, seeing her, said to his companion, "She must want to forget." Mona, hearing him, smiled through her tears, shaking her head. She well knew the old Hawaiian belief that the leis would drift back to shore calling her relentlessly and some day bring her back. They were her promise and vow. Now she looked into the sky, where soon the first streaks of light would glow and a new day would dawn. Then as the tears blurred her vision she turned and went into the dark, her back to Hawaii.

Carol E. Pike, '31

THE ABBOT SPECTATOR

Unaccustomed as we are to public squeaking, the fact remains. We don't know what fact remains or why it should remain or even if there ever was a fact to remain, but there you are. We were wandering in these noble halls (see "Oh Abbot Beautiful") and all of a sudden—Guess! Somebody asked us if the mail was up. And they didn't say "were up", either. Attention, English department! So we said to them—

"Once upon a time there were three little boxes" and while we were still muttering "hockses, sockses, lockses" they ran away and found they didn't have any anyway. So we fell to looking at the bulleting board. The first thing that hit our eye was the "Horable Mention" list. Now it has always been an ambition of ours to have "Horar" a really worthwhile pastime, and we have always liked "mystary" stories, so we just laughed and laughed and LAUGHED when we saw our name on it. Then we saw a copy of Boners, and that reminded us that we really had something to say after all. Viz: (we have always liked that expression anyhow.) Viz—

Miss Ward: What is a tarantelle?

Our little Correspondent: A poisonous spider.

M. W.: Ditto ditto a polonaise?

O. L. C.: It's found on salads, Miss Ward.

M. W.: Ditto ditto harmony?

O. L. C.: A kind of cereal.

Oh, Gihls, gihls, we just *ran* out of there; can you imagine that? It was all Grieg to us, anyway, and we Brahmsed Miss Ward not to do it again after all that rough Handeling.

It's about time for the list you knew was coming:

Dream a Little Dream of Me—
Exams.

When My Dreams Come True—
Honor Roll.

You're Driving Me Crazy—
Bells.

You've Got That Thing—
Onion salad.

Would You Like to Take a Walk?
Exercise cards.

I've Got Five Dollars—
Bank balance.

Let Me Have My Dreams—
7:28 A.M.

You Do Something to Me—
The news.

Cheerful Little Earful—
That demerit slip.

We feel out of TUNE so we'll SHOW you: (subtle, very!)

Three's a Crowd—
Song Practice.

Tonight or Never—
Graduation.

Sweet and Low—
Prom dresses (?)

New Yorkers—
Well, you know.

Fifty Million Frenchmen—
Friday nights.

Had enough? So have we.

Ah! don't you just LOVE to be cynical?

Finis

SCHOOL CALENDAR

JANUARY

Wednesday	21	Skating party at the pond.
Saturday	24	Return of Royal Dadmun—much enjoyed.
Sunday	25	Vespers. Miss Bailey held out a challenge for the new year.
Tuesday	27	Bridge-dance in Davis Hall—or, dear faculty, <i>was</i> it bridge?
Thursday	29	"If π divided by Agamemnon equals the date of the Magna Charta, what is the syntax of the Elizabethan Age?" Exams!
Friday	30	More Exams.
Saturday	31	And still more!

FEBRUARY

Sunday	1	Miss Kelsey told us of the history of our school and of some of its D. O. G.'s.
Monday	2	Seniors left for Intervale (presque sans chaperon)!
Tuesday	3	Miss Kelsey's party for the day-scholars. Shawsheen Indian pow-wow!
Thursday	5	'31 returned from "a little bit of heaven". Song festival in "rec" room followed by second historical (hysterical) pow-wow of the Shawsheen Indians.
Sunday	8	Mr. Trowbridge of Phillips roused us all by telling us of International Student Service.
Wednesday	11	Perfect weather for the Carnival. Congratulations, Griffins! See Athletic News.
Saturday	14	Alumnae luncheon in Boston, where '31 met D. O. G.'s.
Sunday	15	Rev. Mr. Church of the Free Church spoke on kind thoughts, kind words, kind deeds.
Tuesday	17	Faculty recital. We especially welcomed the opportunity to hear Mrs. Estaver and Miss Ward.
Wednesday	18	Ash Wednesday. Vesper service.

- Saturday 21 One whom we all anticipated, Dr. Stone. "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."
- Tuesday 24 Mrs. Estaver's recital was exceptionally charming.
- Saturday 28 Q. E. D. debate well done. Resolved, that the United States should enter the League of Nations.
Dr. Boyd Edwards in chapel.

MARCH

- Tuesday 3 Gargoyle party to the Griffins was a *circus*, literally. Recorded elsewhere.
- Thursday 5 Compinsky Trio. Concert of stringed music.
- Saturday 7 Miss Ward's recital was delightful!
- Sunday 8 We all enjoyed Dr. James Gordon Gilkey and his talk on "The Untalented Majority".
- Tuesday 10 The Senior class presented "The Professor's Love Story" by Barrie. The parts were excellently cast and very well played. Bravo, Seniors!
- Saturday 14 The student recital in Davis Hall was very finished.
- Thursday 19 No need to tell what this date represents!

APRIL

- Wednesday 1 We all came back again.
- Friday 3 The Reverend Mr. Henry held a good Friday service at Christ Church, to which we all went.
- Sunday 5 Miss Bailey spoke inspiringly at the school's Easter service.
- Tuesday 7 Mr. Pillsbury's animated flower lecture proved very instructive and interesting.
- Saturday 11 Miss Lilian Stone, of the Cincinnati Nursery School, talked about kindergarten work.
- Sunday 12 Dr. Kirtley Mather talked about science and religion.
- Tuesday 14 We listened to Mr. Coon's piano recital with the utmost enjoyment.
- Wednesday 15 The annual song contest was won by the fourth floor front, and the school has two new songs.
- Thursday 16 Miss Eleanor Coit spoke on the Bryn Mawr Summer School for Industrial Workers.

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|-----------|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Friday | 17 | Grand Duchess Marie of Russia spoke at Phillips Academy and Abbot went to hear her. |
| Sunday | 19 | Dr. Burnham talked to the school. |
| Tuesday | 21 | The Spanish department presented a most amusing play, "En Casa de Dona Paz". |
| Wednesday | 22 | Miss Carpenter presided over a most successful gym meet. |
| Saturday | 25 | Miss Nichols favored us with a pleasing violin recital. |
| Sunday | 26 | Rev. Mr. Stackpole expounded optimism to us through a description of evolution. |
| Tuesday | 28 | The Beaux Arts Society presented a series of artistic tableaux. Well done, Lisette! |
| Wednesday | 29 | Miss Ling's rhythmic classes showed us how to relax rhythmically. |

MAY

- | | | |
|-----------|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Friday | 1 | Michail Dorizas spoke on the conditions in Soviet Russia. |
| Saturday | 2 | The Aeolian-Society gave a musicale as given in the court of Prince Esterhazy. |
| Sunday | 3 | Dr. Cutler spoke to the school on gods and demi-gods. |
| Tuesday | 5 | The Radcliffe Choral society entertained the school with a lovely concert. |
| Wednesday | 6 | The annual Abbot Birthday was celebrated. Davis Hall was decked out as a street in Paris, and all the Abbot Parisiennes entertained the visitors in many ways. |
| Saturday | 9 | Abbot Prom. |
| Sunday | 10 | Miss Bailey. |
| Wednesday | 13 | Miss Bailey and Miss Grimes took Wellesley sub-freshmen to Wellesley. |

HERE AND THERE

Miss Bailey visited many places and met a great many people during her western trip in March.

She says, "They say they have a lake in Chicago; but I didn't see it."

She did, however, see the river in Detroit, also many lovely new school buildings (I wonder why) and Mme. Riest, who, she says, cannot breathe in Detroit and pines for the clear sweet air of Andover.

In speaking to various people Miss Bailey was wont to inquire what made them interested in Abbot. Their reply was, "Because we have met so many charming girls from that academy."

* * *

Mr. Howe has been made leader of the choral society at Chautauqua. This society will practise with the New York Symphony Orchestra during the summer months.

* * *

Published this spring, by Houghton and Mifflin, "A Short Guide to Art in Europe", by Miss Howey. It is a small red volume, full of interest and really very useful to our European travelers—and especially those who were her former pupils in art.

* * *

In May Miss Chickering was sent as a representative of the school to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Cum Laude Society at the Tome School, in Maryland.

* * *

Miss Jane Carpenter was the guest of honor at the spring meeting of the Connecticut Abbot Club at Hartford.

* * *

The school enjoyed a short visit from Miss Baker this spring. We were all sorry to learn of her mother's death last February.

* * *

Miss Tryon is planning to take a year's leave of absence from the Girls' High School in Boston next year.

HONOR ROLL

FIRST SEMESTER

Ann Cole	92
Elizabeth Palmer, Mariatta Tower	91
Mary Henderson, Barbara Kidder, Marie Whitehill	90
Clement Cruce, Evelyn Folk, Marian Stewart, Atossa Welles	89
Eleanor Harryman, Mary Jane Manny, Pauline Rogers	88

THIRD QUARTER

Ann Cole, Mariatta Tower	93
Marian Stewart	92
Evelyn Folk, Mary Jane Manny	91
Pauline Rogers, Betty Palmer	90
Catherine Campbell, Constance Chamberlin, Clement Cruce, Eleanor Harryman, Mary Henderson, Barbara Kidder, Frances Scudder, Atossa Welles, Marie Whitehill	89
Helen Allen, Flora Collins, Katherine Howell, Constance Hoag, Dorothy Reinhart, Linda Rollins, Alice Schultz, Janet Simon, Dorothy Stevenson	88



ATHLETICS

GYM DEMONSTRATION

Left, right, left, right! A double file, Gargoyles and Griffins, marched around the gym to the tune of our new marching song, "To a single line, come!" and not a beat was lost. Skipping brought the Danish class to its places on the floor and the snappy precision in the complicated combinations of exercises was admirable. Apparatus was a busy scene and the form was good. Games were exciting; ever see human croquet? All the time club scores were mounting. Next came tumbling. There were hand-stand-flips and then dives over first one, then over two and finally five people. Divers continued through a paper-covered drum and up "for height". Balancing acts were followed by pyramids. The total score of the night was announced in favor of the Gargoyles. And we sang our good-night round and went to bed.

RHYTHMICS EXHIBITION

Spring blossoms made Davis Hall an ideal scene for scarf dances and even for the "fundamentals" demonstrated by representatives of the Rhythmics classes. Miss Ling explained her theories about the work and the girls illustrated them. We find that the Rhythmics classes were able to give a very good account of their winter's work.

RIDING A MAJOR

Something new! Riding is a major sport this spring, meeting three times a week for drill, form, and polo—attempted polo. We hope to make our horsemanship the big event of field day.

FIELD DAY

On Wednesday, May 20, the annual spring Field Day was held with a great deal of success. The weather was perfect; not only did the promising cloudless skies and warming sun spur the participants to even better achievement than ever before, but the same sun precipitated the sale of punch and ice cream, making the day profitable as well as enjoyable. All the events were exciting and excellent: track-meet, baseball, minor sports, and riding drill. There was added interest in the riding because the Gargoyles and Griffins looked so neat and rode so well in the new green and orange coats. A fine spirit pervaded the whole day, and the victory was finally awarded to the Griffins after excellent team-work on both sides.

THE CIRCUS

“The Gargoyles gave the Griffins a Circus in more ways than one”, says the Abbot Calendar about a certain auspicious night in February. For the benefit of those who don’t-quite-remember or for those who would-like-to-see-it-over-again or for those who weren’t-there at-all, there follows a description of the main features of interest.

The menagerie consisted of several fractious and bumptious horses, a long-necked and very convincing giraffe, a nelephant of the best type, numerous barking and wriggling seals, and other true-to-type animals. Each of these had a high-grade and absorbing trick to show the audience, which invariably produced a curious tickling sensation in the ribs of said crowd, causing them to laugh both loud and long. The Fat Clown and the Monkey, being examples of the opposite type, occasioned much amusement. The monkey also gave several hair-raising moments with his feats on the ropes. The tumbling by the clowns with its synonymous perfection caused many admiring sighs and joyous laughs. The band, as customary, played on, in white array and upon vociferous kazoos and other such. The ring-master, complete even to curled moustaches and shiny boots, managed the whole show in a serious manner befitting such a serious business. The side-shows vied in popularity, the wild man in particular being an attraction. And so the show went on, each part as good as the last, and the whole crowned by the pervading good-will of the Gargoyles.

Griffins, it’s up to you next year!

PLAYS

SENIOR PLAY

THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY

By James M. Barrie

PROFESSOR GOODWILLIE	Clement Cruce
LUCY WHITE	Audrie Griffiths
DOCTOR COSENS	Flora Collins
AGNES GOODWILLIE	Evelyn Folk
EFFIE	Dorothy Stevenson
LADY GILDING	Dorothy Welch
SIR GEORGE GILDING	Marie Whitehill
THE DOWAGER LADY GILDING	Harriet Gregory
DOCTOR YELLOWLESS	Katherine Allen
HENDERS	Faith Chipman
PETE	Abby Castle
SERVANT	Linda Rollins

Director: Mrs. Bertha Morgan Gray

Stage Manager: Katherine Allen

Scenery: Mr. Scannell

ACT I—SCENE: Professor's study in London.

ACT II—SCENE: Fields in Tullochmains. About noon.

ACT III—SCENE: In garden of Goodwillie's house in Tullochmains. At night.

SPANISH PLAY

EN CASA DE DONA PAZ

Comedia en un acto

De Carolina Marcial Dorado

Playera—Granados.

Sinopsis—leida por la señorita Griffiths.

Personajes

DOÑA PAZ	Catalina Allen
DOÑA MARIQUITA	Carlota Marland
CARMELA	Cora Budgell
FERNANDO	Mariquita Whittemore
VICTOR	Monica Keith
JOSÉ	Catalina Cook

Musica tocado por la Señorita Hunt.

La accion en el patio de la casa de Doña Paz Epoca actual.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

1865

Death: Adeline Osgood, at Lexington, March 13, 1931.

Death: Cynthia M. Page (Mrs. Kendall Brooks), of Mount Pleasant, Mich., October 29, 1930.

1867

At the national headquarters in Washington of the League of Women Voters there was displayed on April 15 a Massachusetts roll of honor "for distinguished achievement". This included the names of two wellknown Abbot alumnae—Mrs. Emily Fellows Reed, of Boston, and Miss Agnes Park, 1858, late of Andover.

Death: Hannah E. French (Mrs. Jacob H. Schryver), of Columbus, Ohio, February, 3, 1931.

1868

In this fiftieth anniversary year of the Christian Endeavor movement there has been published a life of the founder, Dr. Clark, husband of Harriet Abbott. It is called "A Son's Portrait of Dr. Francis E. Clark", partially written by Eugene, the eldest son, and completed, after his death, by a younger son, Sydney.

1870

Miss Anna Dawes was an after-dinner speaker at the Smith College Alumnae Council held in Northampton in February. Miss Dawes represented the first group of three women trustees nominated by the Alumnae Board in 1889. She served until 1896.

Death: Elizabeth L. Pigott, of Danvers, April 6, 1931.

Death: Catherine E. Warren (Mrs. Duane W. Hitchcock), at Holyoke, July, 1929.

1872

Death: Lilian Waters, wife of Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, at Amherst, May 9, 1931, after a long illness. During the last few years Mrs. Grosvenor has kept in close touch with the school through her granddaughters, Lilian (Mrs. Coville), 1925, and Carol, now a senior, children of Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society. Mrs. Grosvenor's early home was in Millbury, and there in the historic homestead her sister, Mrs. Florence Waters Phillips, 1873, lived until the time of her death, three years ago.

Death: Clara T. Locke (Mrs. Francis J. Thomsen), at Andover, February 22, 1931.

1873

Death: Corrie G. Bancroft (Mrs. Burnham R. Benner), of Lowell, March 22, 1930.

The *Transcript* lately printed in the column headed "On College Fences", a brief account of "Bowdoin's Famous Tablecloth" by President Sill. The cloth belonged to Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs (Kate Smith), and was after her death presented to the college by her sister, Miss Nora Smith. It seems that it was Mrs. Riggs's custom to ask her guests of honor to place their autographs on the tablecloth and the signatures were afterwards embroidered. Among the names, about one hundred in number, are those of W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Annie Louise Carey and Henry Irving. Mrs. Riggs received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters from Bowdoin and used to attend regularly the Commencement exercises.

1876

Death: Elizabeth B. Diman (Mrs. Harry H. Cabot), in Bristol, R. I., October 28, 1929.

1878

Miss Elizabeth Chadbourne continues her valued work in Bible study among church women in New York City. She has a Sunday morning Bible class at the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas with the general subject "Characters selected from Old and New Testament, their influence and soul life". She has also led this spring a Lenten Bible class for women that meets on a week day at the homes of its members.

1879

Death: Ella J. King (Mrs. Harley E. Irish), at Santa Cruz, Calif., March 17, 1930.

1881

Dr. Laurentius M. Nason, husband of Rose Perkins, died in April after a very brief illness. He had been a constant and interested member of the Worcester Festival Chorus for over forty years and had never missed a rehearsal.

1886

Death: Louise W. Pitts (Mrs. Calvin P. H. Vary), at Newark, N. Y., February 7, 1931.

1888

Mrs. Nellie Walkley Beach has been appointed librarian of the Southington (Conn.) library. She has recently completed and published a book begun by her husband, containing reminiscences of the Beach and Walkley families and some account of Dr. Beach's pastorates.

1894

Mrs. Mabel Strong Gilbert is named as a candidate for alumna trustee of Mount Holyoke College. The ballot mentions her long continued activity in club work—she is now vice-president of the City Club of Albany—and her interest in national and civic affairs. She is on the board of directors of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, the Albany Branch of the Foreign Policy Association and the Albany Inter-Racial Council dealing with the betterment of the Negro situation in the city. Mrs. Gilbert's name was brought forward by the Eastern New York Mount Holyoke Club.

1898

Sara L. Patrick is an instructor in Teachers College, New York, and director of the Industrial Arts Cooperative Service, a non-profit-making organization which supplies materials of all kinds for "progressive" teachers.

1899

Catherine Sandford, of New York, writes of her enthusiastic interest and work in the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, which hold a large exhibition every year at the International Flower Show in the city.

1901

An exhibition of Evelyn Carter's paintings—Mountain Landscapes—was held in February at the Ferargil Galleries in New York. The art critic of the *Times* mentions "the reserve and the quality of keen observation on the part of the artist", as well as "the fine design, extraordinary, beautiful color and the interesting use of light." The paintings were of the Dolomites and Lake Como in Italy, and views from Mt. Washington and other New England landscapes.

1908

Mrs. Helen Hulbert Blague is instructor in Music at Smith College. She was a graduate of the college in 1912.

1909

Louise Norpell Meek, of Columbus, Ohio, writes of the birth of a son, James Warfield, March 19, 1931, and of a brief visit from Albert Smith Van Hovenberg, of Texarkana, Ark., and a luncheon which included also Helen Weber Mitchell and Charlotte Gowing Cooper, 1911. Mrs. Van Hovenberg told of seeing Beatrice Lewis Thompson, 1909, at a golf meet in Texas.

1910

Death: Marguerite E. Claflin (Mrs. Harold E. Warner), at Washington, D. C., February 4, 1931.

1915

Birth: A son, Sheldon, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth F. Caldwell (Esther Sheldon Shinn), of Winchester, April 15, 1931.

Marion Brooks has had full charge this year of "Daniel's Den", a gift shop on Commonwealth Ave., Boston, in the absence of the owner, whom she has been helping.

Norma Allen Haine and a friend, who is a pianist and soprano singer, have been furnishing programs this winter for women's club meetings and other social occasions. Charming old-fashioned costumes add to the effect of the music. Mrs. Haine, whose sweet contralto voice was heard at the Centennial Alumnae Luncheon, is a member of the quartet at the First Methodist Church in Hartford, where Grace Kepner Noble's husband has lately become pastor.

1916

Agnes Leslie is in the United States diplomatic service. She was for two years connected with the American Legation at Lisbon, Portugal, and was last summer transferred to Rome.

1917

Birth: A son, Laurence Miner, to Mr. and Mrs. William N. Hill (Elizabeth Graves), of Mountain Lakes, N. J., November, 1930.

Birth: A daughter, Harriet Chapell, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Lattin (Cornelia Newcomb), of Maplewood, N. J., April 30, 1931.

Marguerite Morgan and her two sisters, form the "Morgan Trio"—piano, violin and harp. They gave a concert on March 20, at George Washington Hall, Phillips Academy on the James C. Sawyer Foundation.

1918

Esther Milliken Hopkins, of Foster Center, R. I. (near Providence), has three children, Charles Calvin, three, James Ronald, two, and Lois Janette, one.

1919

Grace Kepner Noble is living in Hartford, Conn., where her husband is pastor of the First Methodist Church. They have three children, Anne Elizabeth, Margaret Helen and little Caroline Jane, three months old.

Ethel Bonney Faber and her family have moved from Cleveland to New York, where Mr. Faber has business interests. There are four children, Richard, Bonney, Jean and Mary.

Mildred Frost Eaton has been elected president of the November Club of Andover.

Birth: A son, Edward Melton, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Parr (Edith Wright), of San Leandro, Calif., August 27, 1930.

1920

Margaret Ackroyd is teaching "class piano", a new plan for children in which the work is considered part of the daily school routine. Because of the competition, this method works very well and the children "adore to practice".

Birth: A son, John Tyler, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Miller (Elizabeth Hawkes), of Trenton, N. J., January 12, 1931.

Birth: A son, David Huntington, to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin P. Clark (Charlotte Vose), March 22, 1931. Mr. and Mrs. Clark's address after June first will be 50 Pullman Ave., Kenmore, N. Y.

1921

Birth: A daughter, Dorothy Kimball, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Hardwick Bigelow (Marion Kimball), of Newtonville, February 25, 1931.

Marriage: Dorothy Virginia Martin to Lieutenant William Houck Buracker, U.S.N., of Luray, Va., at Rancho Sante Fe, Calif., March 11, 1931. Address: 817 B Ave., Coronado, Calif.

1922

Marriage: Marian DeWitt Rugg to Harley Beall Caywood, at St. Louis, Mo., April 10, 1931. Address: 4951 Laclede St., St. Louis, Mo.

1923

Marriage: Eleanor Fernald Noyes to George Joyce Roedel, at Newburyport, February 14, 1931. Address: 116 Walnut Ave., Wayne, Pa.

Engagement: Elizabeth S. Flagg to Sterling Dow (Harvard, 1925), of Portland, Me. She expects to be married early in June and to sail at once for a two years' stay in Europe. Mr. Dow will complete his work in preparation for the Doctor's degree at Harvard.

Birth: A son, Allan Winfield, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Allan W. Buttrick (Helga Lundin), of Mamaroneck, N. Y., March 31, 1931.

Elizabeth Eaton is assistant to the Curator of the Addison Gallery of American Art, at Phillips Academy, Andover.

1924

Birth: A daughter, Mary Colby, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Williamson (Margaret Colby), of Norwood, January 18, 1931.

Marriage: Hester Howe to Rev. Kenneth Cheney Gesner, at Marlboro, April 7, 1931. Address: 111 Virginia Rd., Waltham.

1925

Birth: A daughter, Joan Eyre, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Van Wagenen (Ruth Davies), of Syracuse, N. Y., January 27, 1931.

Marriage: Natalia Mercedes Jova to Hiram Bookstaver Odell, Jr., at New York City, January 23, 1931. Address: 71 Washington Square. So., New York City.

Engagement: Virginia E. Thompson to Frank E. Camp, Jr. (University of Michigan), of Detroit, Mich.

Laura Scudder took the leading part in "Thank you", a play given by the Four Arts Club of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas in New York City.

1926

News has been received of the recent death of Dorothy Pease's mother. Dorothy is now working with the Charity Organization Society, Hartford.

Marriage: Alice Christine Abrahamson to Theodore Gurney, at Kittery, Me., August 23, 1930. Address: 9½ Pinckney St., Boston.

Adelaide Black is a secretary at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York.

Suzanne Loizeaux has a position in the office of the Plymouth (N.H.) *Record*. She has a variety of duties, including proof-reading and editorial writing, besides her work as advertising manager.

Word has been received of the recent death of Virginia Spear Houghton's father.

1927

Abbot girls graduating from college this year—Wellesley: **Jane Graves**, June Hinman, Pauline Humeston, Mary Belle Maxwell; Vassar: Margaret Creelman, Katherine Keany, Mary Roe Knight; Connecticut College: Jane Fitch; Smith: Helen Ames, Ruth Perry, Beatrice Stephens, Helen Connolly; Jackson: Edna Marland; Wheaton: Alma Stantial.

Elizabeth Shaw is studying professional dancing in New York.

Maeda Elmer is studying voice in New York and taking courses at Columbia. Her family has recently moved to Hartford.

Marriage: Priscilla Chapman to Stephen Webber Ryan, at Winchester, April 25, 1931. Address: 9A Ware St., Cambridge.

1928

Elizabeth Whitney is studying professional dancing in New York.

Camille Sams is at Connecticut College this year.

Isabelle Bartlett has been elected president of the Senior Class for next year at Connecticut College.

Lucy Sanborn has been awarded one half the Charles Hinchman Memorial Scholarship, which is given to students who show marked interest in their major subject.

Rosamond Wheeler, who is the correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* at Smith, will take her junior year in France.

Dorothy Field, who is at Wellesley, will take her Junior year in France.

Betty Hulse, from Vassar, will take her Junior year in Germany.

Engagement: Frances E. Anderson to Julian Henry Richmond (Dartmouth '31), of Yonkers, N. Y.

Ruth Cushman is a New England junior "Durant Scholar" at Wellesley.

Engagement: Virginia Gay to Dr. Frank Christian d'Elseaux.

Margaret Graham has been elected business manager of the *Mount Holyoke College Monthly*.

Engagement: Beatrice Lane to John C. Mercer.

1929

Barbara Elliott, a sophomore at Connecticut College, is majoring in Art and is working enthusiastically on some projects in applied design, such as mechanical toys. She expects to teach clay modelling at a Girl Scout camp for a short period this summer.

Marriage: Frances Condit Cobb to Benjamin Charles Russell, at Everett, July 16, 1930. Address: 14 Bodwell Terrace, Millburn, N. J.

Cleo Higgins, now Mrs. Amos Towle Leavitt, is studying at Barnard this year. A son, Amos Towle III, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt, October 29, 1930, in New York City.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	FRANCES SCUDDER
<i>Vice-President</i>	KATHERINE ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	DORIS ALLEN
<i>Treasurer</i>	GERTRUD VAN PEURSEM

SENIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	CONSTANCE HOAG
<i>Vice-President</i>	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Secretary</i>	JULIA WILHELM
<i>Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY REINHART

JUNIOR-MIDDLE CLASS

<i>President</i>	MARY ELIZABETH BURNHAM
<i>Vice-President</i>	CATHERINE CAMPBELL
<i>Secretary</i>	HELEN RICE
<i>Treasurer</i>	CLARA SHAW

JUNIOR CLASS

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH FOSS
<i>Vice-President</i>	ANN PLACE
<i>Secretary</i>	RUTH STOTT
<i>Treasurer</i>	OLIVIA GRANT

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

<i>President</i>	MARGARET O'LEARY
<i>First Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY HUNT
<i>Second Vice-President</i>	DOROTHY STEVENSON
<i>Third Vice-President</i>	BARBARA GRAHAM
<i>Secretary</i>	MARY JANE MANNY

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	MARY SMEAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	FAITH CHIPMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE NORTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRIET GREGORY

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA LILLARD
<i>Treasurer</i>	CONSTANCE HOAG
<i>Secretary</i>	HARRIET BOLTON

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

<i>President</i>	MARY SMEAD
<i>Vice-President</i>	FAITH CHIPMAN
<i>Secretary</i>	FLORENCE NORTON
<i>Treasurer</i>	HARRIET GREGORY
<i>Captain of Gargoyles</i>	MARY BACON
<i>Captain of Griffins</i>	LISETTE MICOLEAU
<i>Head of Hockey</i>	MARIE WHITEHILL
<i>Head of Basketball</i>	LUCY DRUMMOND
<i>Head of Tennis</i>	JANET SIMON
<i>Head of Riding</i>	ELIZABETH LATHROP
<i>Head of Hiking</i>	ABBY CASTLE
<i>Assistant Head of Hiking</i>	HELEN ALLEN
<i>Head of Golf</i>	VIRGINIA BROWN
<i>Head of Croquet</i>	GEORGIA THOMSON
<i>Head of Volley Ball</i>	KATHERINE ALLEN
<i>Head of Baseball</i>	HELEN RICE
<i>Head of Track</i>	LONA MATHES

ODEON

<i>President</i>	ELIZABETH PIPER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	DOROTHY BOLTON

Q. E. D.

<i>President</i>	GERTRUD VAN PEURSEM
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	HELEN ALLEN

"A" SOCIETY

<i>President</i>	JANET SIMON
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARY BACON

PHILOMATHEIA

<i>President</i>	ABBY CASTLE
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	MARIE WHITEHILL

A. D. S.

<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	CLEMENT CRUCE
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L. B. A.

<i>President</i>	LISETTE MICOLEAU
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	CONSTANCE HOAG

AEOLIAN

<i>President</i>	CATHERINE IRELAND
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	CLARE O'CONNELL

CHOIR

<i>President</i>	MIRIAM BASS
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FIDELIO

<i>President</i>	BETTY BIGLER
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